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TEMPERANCE BANNER.

"IN HOC SIGNO VINCES."

VOL. I. LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1883. NO. 1

SALUTATORY.

With this issue we fling our banner to the breeze, and start upon a voyage on the sea of journalism with a consciousness that the sea we have to navigate is beset with danger on every hand. Its surface may present an unruffled appearance: beneath may be deep and unexplored caves. We shall aim to steer clear of Scylla on the one hand, and Charybes on the other.

In presenting the BANNER for public favor, it is fitting that this initial number should contain the object for which the enterprise was inaugurated. The flood-gates of intemperance are opened wide, and with its united energies threaten to inundate the world with misery, and woe, and want. To aid in the suppression of this evil, and blockade the emigrating tide of inebriates to drunkard's graves, will constitute the leading feature of the BANNER.

Whisky-making and drunkard-making will receive no favor at our hands. We shall pour shot and shell into the camp of the enemy, and raise no flag of truce, seek no ambulance, ask no armistice, or beat a retreat until victory shall perch upon the banner of temperance.

Our purpose will be to impress the reason, rather than the emotion of our readers. We hope to make the BANNER a welcome visitor in every family, carefully excluding from its columns everything of a vitiating tendency. With this brief outline of our object, we send it forth as Noah did the dove, with the hope that it may return with the evidence that the surging waves of intemperance are being assuaged.

SAMUEL JACOBS.

A WORD TO OUR CITIZENS.

It is perhaps known to you that the temperance society of this city has disbanded. It is to be hoped, however, only temporarily. Self protection imperatively demands that some measure be inaugurated that will hold in check the evils of dram drinking, and enforce the law. Nothing will serve this purpose more effectually than the publication of a live temperance paper. The BANNER has been started for the avowed purpose of kesping alive the temperance sentiment. In order that it may subserve that purpose, it behooves the friends of temperance to lend a helping hand by enrolling their names among the list of patrons, and paying $1.50. The enemy we have to encounter is a formidable one. Emboldened by the recent temporary victory, they are loud in their denunciations against temperance, and will bend every effort to crush out the last vestige of the temperance sentiment of the country. Shall we lose the vantage ground we have gained in our warfare against the whisky traffic, and suffer ignoble defeat in one of the boldest and grandest works of civilization? Never before in the history of the country did duty and interest demand of us more vigorous and concentrated effort in stirring the Angio-Saxon blood and save her from the indescribable horrors of the rum traffic? Will you aid us in planting the BANNER on the ramparts of the enemy, where it may proudly waive over a people disenthralled.

—The legislature has adjourned. Let the people thank God and take courage.

—Some men are beer kegs in the morning, and kegs of beer in the evening.

—Some members of the last legislature will hear it thunder in the "sweet by and by."

—Had the amendments been submitted they would have been adopted by 30,000 majority.

—The liquor league legislature has adjourned and gone home to square accounts with their constituents.

—The majority of the recent legislature have killed the amendments temporarily and themselves politically.

—"Keep temperance out of politics," says the whisky league. Consent, as soon as soon as you take whisky out of politics.

—All honor to those members of the General Assembly who had the courage to defend the right. Let the liquor League element be relegated to private life; the people have no more use for them.

—Some of the most thorough scholars and forcible writers within and without the State have promised occasional articles for the BANNER, with this assurance on their part we unhesitatingly promise our readers first class original reading matter.

—We respectfully ask those temperance people who relied upon the pledges and platforms of the several parties what opinion they may have of political pledges, political platforms and political mountebanks.

—Never since the foundation of the government has there been such an uprising of the people against the whisky traffic. There is not a Ssate in the Union where prohibition is not discussed more or less.

—O ye wise solons the eyes of an outraged and insulted people are looking straight at you. You have unceremoniously sat down upon the will of the people, and now the people will sit down upon you.

—We have mailed sample copies of the BANNER to a number of persons throughout the State and beyond its limits. Those of them who may be favorably impressed with the new adventure can indicate it by remitting $1,50 to the editor.

—Jefferson and Jackson at no period in their lifetime were afraid to trust the people, nor were the people afraid to trust them. In good old Democratic days Legislators were the servants of the people, but this order is now reversed, they are the masters.

—Hon, T. B. Helm has consented to write up the history of Cass County for the colums of the BANNER. These articles will alone be worth the subscription price of one paper. As a historian Mr. Helm has no superior in the State, and what he presents to the public in that line will be altogether reliable.

—Each issue of the BANNER will contain a Church Directory. The number of the traveling public who make it a point to spend the Sabbath in our beautiful city, and feast upon the good things for which our hotels are so celebrated, can also readily find the location of any church they may desire to attend.

—We have concluded to devote one or more colums of the BANNER to the interest of agriculture. Our farmers are cordially invited to occupy this space with such articles as shall tend to aid them in this honerable and honest calling. Articles for publication should reach us by Tuesday of each week to insure their publication on Saturday following.

—60,000 citizens of Indiana all voters asked the privilege to vote on the amendment, 25 Senators in their majesty said "No Sirs, you can't have it." It remains to be seen if 25 defenders of whisky are more powerful than the people. Thank God, the highest tribunal in this country is the people their will is law, their word is power, their decision is destiny and from their verdict there is no appeal.

—On Tuesday last Mrs. Alford consort of Dr. L. A. Alford closed her eyes on every thing that bears the index of earth. She was a devoted christian for more than 50 years, was identified with the Baptist church. She has passed into that region where sorrows never arise. We greatly sympathize with the bereaved friends and hope they may bear the affliction with chrisitian resignation.

—The beautiful church edifice belonging to the German Lutherans of this city was laid in ashes on Tuesday morning last. It was the spiritual home of a large and respectful portion of our german citizens. The loss is estimated at $35,000 such a calamnity touches every fibre of manhood and awakens feelings of profound regret. The pastor loci Rev. H. J. Jox has suffered to the extent of all his household effects including a large and well selected library which contained some rare works not easily replaced. It is a sad sight to see those good people bewailing their loss.

That Truck.

—Some people learn wisdom only through great calamnities. Had the fire department been armed with an efficient truck the Luthern church could have been saved. Under the miserable pretext of a false economy $35,000 worth of property has been laid waste. To cripple the efficiency of the Fire-department is reprehensible in the extreme. Had the $1900 Truck been retained one of the most beautiful church houses of the city would be standing to-day. Those who so vehemently opposed the "Red Wagon" can now reflect upon the folly of their course. One such lesson taught us by this calamnity should be enough for all time to come. Let us hear no more about the "red wagon."

PEN PICTURE OF INTEMPERANCE.

Paint intemperance. Who is competent to the task! What painter can dash upon the canvas lines dark enough to portray the evil! What artist has ever entered the inmost recess of the heart and explored the painful agonies of the soul of him upon whom the poisonous fangs of this viper have been fastened! Who can trace the lines of distress that so deeply mark the countenances of those who are the suffering subjects of this gigantic evil.

Paint the evils of intemperance! No mortal lives who can depict the whole story of its woes. Exageration is impossible. The fancy becomes weary and falters before it comes up to the fact. The minds eye cannot take in the countless miseries of its motley train. No human art can put into a picture lines darker than the truth.

Put into such a picture every conceiveable thing that is terrible and revolting, paint health in ruins, hope destroyed, affections crushed, prayer silenced, love departed, live seperated, character blighted, wealth gone, friend ship lost, despair visible.

Paint the eye once beaming with sparkling beauty and vigor, loosing all its brilliant splendor, the memory once strong, now wavering and deceitful, the mind naturally quick and active losing all its lively tone, paint all the shoots of genius rapidly pining away and the wretched soul throwing off all religious restraint, launching his bark in the open sea, literally setting sail for ruin!

Paint the chosen seats of parental care of filial piety, of brotherly love, of sisterly affection, of maternal devotion, all vacant, paint all the crimes of every hue, paint home a desert, shame a tyrant, and poverty the legitimate child of vice and not its prolific mother.

Paint a house the interior of which is the scene of the most revolting character, the rendesvous of the wrecks of humanity quaffing the noxius bowl, and every glass going on a mission of misery and death, and vibrating along the most delicate chords of the sweetest music of life, disturbing its most important harmonies. Paint young men listening to the bravadoes of wrecks recunting their wonderous exploits in evading the vigilance of the Police, mocking at the Christians serious thoughts of God, judgement and eternity.

Paint the dark valley of the shadow of death peopled with living slaves, paint a landscape with trees whose fruit is poison and whose shade is death, with mountain torrents tributary to an ocean whose very waves are fire, put in the most distant background the vanishing vision of a blessed past. and in the foreground the terrible certainty of an accursed future, people the scene with men whose forms are tenanted with tormented souls, with children on whose lips no smile can play, and women into whose once fair cheeks furrows have been burnt by scalding tears and anguish of broken hearts.

Paint a maelstrom with a boat launched upon its outer circle and the waters playing harmlessly around it. Paint a man floating without oar or helm, and each successive sweep, swifter and more diminished and driving at last over the first inward declivity of the edge of the awful tunnel, paint a terrific roar of mighty waters rushing through the subteranean outlet, paint the man loking down the yawing abyss, and hearing the roar of a thousand thunders ere he makes the final plunge into the awful vortex below.

Paint the angelic nature of man thus rushing head-long to ruin. This done and you will be constrained to say of your horrible picture. "The half has not been told."

In our next issue we will give a pen picture of Temperance.

OUR MOTTO.

When Constantine was marching at the head of his army from France to encounter his rival Maxentius in a conflict on which his whole empire depended, oppressed with anxiety, he prayed that some god should aid him, when in the heavens and higher than the sun a luminous cross appeared emblazoned with these words "*In hoc signo vinces*," which being translated, is as follows: In this sign thou shalt conquor." He did conquor, and even afterwards the cross was displayed as the banner of the Caesars.

The warfare now being waged against the most cruel and relentless enemy of the race, is one on which the future glory of our Government depends, and the happiness of the people is involved. An amaranthine wreath awaits the hero of this mighty conflict. On their banner, which hangs upon the outer battlement of temperance, is inscribed "Onward!" and at each successive achievment they exultingly exclaim EXCELSIOR!

Wanted to Know.

If the insane asylum will be located at Logansport?

If the liquor element is to run the State of Indiana?

Whether Uhl's mill is shut down for the want of water?

If the contemplated street-railroad will be a fixed institution?

If it is not about time to have another gold brick on exhibition?

Whether law is not intended to prohibit crime, not regulate it?

If licensing saloons has not been a signal failure for 200 years?

If the Pharos will be the corporation paper after the spring election?

If the saloons of Logansport will support the TEMPERANCE BANNER.

Who will be the candidates for the city offices at the ensuing election?

What railroad has more obliging and efficient officers than the P., C. & St. L.?

Whether Logansport was ever in a better financial condition than at present?

What city can boast of better and more accommodating hotels than Logansport?

If the Liquor League have the effrontery to ask more license than they now possess.

If Major McFadin has any more Indians to bury? If so, whether it would not be better to cremate them?

If the leaders of the Republican party are not making an egregious error in turning the cold shoulder towards the temperance element of the State?

Another Pioneer Gone.

George M. Jeroloman is dead. After a lingering illness of varied severity during the past two years or so, he yielded up his imprisoned spirit, at one o'clock, on the morning of March 2d, 1883, at the age of nearly seventy-three years. Between five and six o'clock on the preceding evening, his condition began to grow more critical, and from that time forward until within half an hour previous to his death, he suffered the most intense agony, when, as if the disease had spent its force, he rallied again, enjoying a season of quiet rest, in full possession of his faculties. Thus, when the summons came, he passed to the repose of the higher life without a struggle—closing his eyes as if to undisturbed slumber.

He was born on the 10th of May, 1810, on his father's farm, in Somerset county, New Jersey, where, pursuing in early life the avocation which his father had marked out for himself, he possessed a vigorous constitution and a more than ordinary active mind. having in the meantime acquired such an education as the times and locality afforded, at the proper age he became a student in the office of Dr. Schenck, an eminent physician of his native State. Upon the completion of his preparatory studies, he entered the principal medical college of New York City, where he graduated with the honors due to an apt and faithful student. Soon after his graduation he came westward seeking a location, about the the year 1834, and in 1835 settled in Logansport, and commenced the practice of his profession under the most favorable auspices. As an auxiliary to a successful practice he opened a drug store, in which Dr. John Litle then recently located here, took an interest, and the firm was known as "Litle and Jerolaman," during its existance. On the 3rd of march, 1839 the partnership was dissolved, Dr. Jerolaman becoming the sole proprietor. From that time, during the succeedten or twelve years, that business occupied almost his entire attention, eventually giving up the practice of medicine except among chosen friends. At first his practice was chiefly among the Indians, who were then quite numerous here, and in the capacity of physician in charge, he accomplished the emigration of that people to their new home beyond the Mississippi, in the year 1838 or 1839.

March 8, 1840, he was united in marriage with Miss Margaret Weakley, by whom he had three children, daughters, of these, one died early in life, the others we beleive are still alive. subsequently, his wife died also, and January 14 1847, he was married again, this time to Miss Mary Rush, three other daughters were the fruit of this second marriage, and one of these, also with the widow, still live to mourn the loss of an affectionate father and husband.

Several weeks prior to his death, while in feeble health, he was removed temporarily to the residence of his daughter, Mrs. W. H. Snyder, on Market street, where he received all the care and attention that duty, love and affection could bestow. In the last hour, while his life was slowly ebbing away, he was surrounded by his sorrowing family, who only sought relief from their tender watchful care, when the spirit of the loved one had taken its flight to a more congenial clime.

The funeral took place on the afternoon of Sunday, at 2 o'clock, from the residence of Major W. H, Snyder. A large assemblage of friends and acquaintances were present and attended his remains to their last resting place. Peace to his ashes.

Alexander H. Stevens.

The death of Alexander H. Stevens, Governor of Georgia, leaves a gap in the ranks of southern politicians that will remain unfilled for some time to come. He was one of the most remarkable men of the past half century. Springing from obscure parentage, like most of our great men, he attained an eminence that comparatively few men of this age acquire, and retain at the srme time the respect and confidence of the whole country independent of party. For forty years he was the servant of the people alike in his own state Legislature as well as in the halls of Congress and his powerful influence was felt by all who came in contact with him. He entered congress in 1843 and served until 1859. During this time and prior to it he was always an ardent Whig and supported the principles of that party with vigor and earnestness. In the campaign of 1860 he supported Douglass but was outspoken in hiscomdemnation of any movement towards secession in the event of Mr. Lincolns election. Notwithstanding his avowed ideas in reference to secession he was elected vice President of the confederacy and served as such through the late war. He argued against secession as a matter of policy not as a question of principle and in espousing the cause of secession he simply abandoned what he regarded as good policy to cast his fortunes with those who putting policy aside were clearly in the right. At the close of the war he was arrested at his home in Crawforsville, Ga., and sent to Ft. Warren in Boston Harbor, but within four months he was released and returned to his home. He was elected to the United States Senate in 1866 but his state not having complied with the condition of reconstruction he was not admitted to that body. In 1874 he was again elected to congress and served in that body until last fall, when he was elected Governor of his State. He was always ambitious to be Governor of Georgia, and although his friends protested against his acceptance of the nomination last fall, he made the canvass, and after election, assumed the duties of the office with as great gratification as if it had been the first honor ever conferred upon him. But, as his friends feared, the task was greater than he could perform. The vexations and perplexities of the office wore upon him, and it was a labor to perform its duties. A great deal of fault was found with him because of the too free use of the pardoning power, and he was frequently imposed upon, but he had a tender heart and could not resist the appeals of the friends of convicts who interceded for mercy.

He will be buried upon the plantation near the house where he was born, and where his parents lie.

Police Law.

The Metropolitan Police law enacted by the recent legislature has been warmly supported by its friends and vehemently opposed by its enemies. The former consisted mostly of Republicans, and the latter of Democrats. The friends of the law maintained that the police force of Indianapolis and Evansville have been for years a body of corrupt polititians who never failed to use their official position in the interest of the Republican party. Those who opposed the law claimed that the citizens who receive the benefit of the police force in the protection of life and the preservation of property should be compelled to pay for the same, and that it was unjust to tax the State at large for the special benefit of the two cities to which the law alone applies.

The residence of Peter Dennen, of Montague, Muskegon county, was burned on the morning of February 26. The hired girl, named Mary Burr, and three children, aged five, three years and one week, perished in the flames. Mrs. Dennen barely escaped from a sick bed in her bare feet.

RUM BLOSSOMS.

Three-fourths of all German beer is brewed from potatoes.

Missionaries in India are finding a new obstacle to the success of their teachings. It is drunkenness.

Wm. Handy was stabbed and killed by a man named Ladusky, in Chicago, recently, in a quarrel over a drink of beer.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan, one of the noblest of Irish patriots, says: "If temperance were brought to the front, as it onght to be, Ireland would be free in five years."

A man named Shook, a drunken, worthless character, beat his wife nearly to death, in Louisville, Sunday of last week. He served a term in the Indiana state prison under the name of Jim Russell. He came near killing his wife last spring.

Bob Watson and Jothan West had a row in front of Watson's saloon at Franklin, Saturday night. Watson struck west with a brick, and is said to have cut him slightly with a knife, when West drew a large knife and seriously cut Watson in the neck three times, and stabbed him in the left breast, the latter cut being slight and not of a dangercus character. The fight grew out of a game of cards. Both were arrested.

An unaccountable murder was committed at St. Joseph, Mo., between 8 and 9 p. m. Peter Ryan, an old man of about 60, and a pretty hard case generally, smothered his wife the bedclothing. It is supposed that, returning home drunk, and finding no supper, and no preparations for any, he became enraged and murdered his wife. He acknowledged the crime, and is under arrest.

Three Evansville negro boys, Frank Downey, Willie Crump and Jim Lefis, aged thirteen, twelve and nine years respectively, stole a top from Willie Garraty, a white boy, aged ten years. They refused to give it back. Garraty said he would tell a policeman about it, when Downey said: "I will kill you before you shall tell on me." The negroes then attacked Garraty with a club and bricks, killing him almost instantly. Officer Cahill arrested the negroes and slated them on the charge of murder.

E. J. Terry, a farmer in Chesterfield county, S. C., had not been married a year before he fell in love with another woman, and although his wife was all that love and devotion could be, he determined to make himself a free man, As the law will not grant a divorce, he purchased a box of "Rough on Rats," mixed it with whisky, and gave his unsuspecting wife a drink at night, and the next morning the neighbors found her corpse in bed and Terry missing. The citizens will swing him as soon as caught.

The fearful loss of life at the burning of the Berditscheft Circus a few months ago is said to have been due in large measure to the fact that, it being New Year's day, half the audience and all the firemen were drunk. The fire originated in a half open cask of kerosene which stood at the entrance to the stables, and from which the lamps were refilled as soon as they went out. One lamp hanging down above the cask fell into it, and in a moment the building was in a blaze.

The Danes are conducting a vigorous war against drunkenness in their capital, Copenhagen. The number of public houses is to be reduced from 1,350 to 300. No showily dressed girl is to be allowed to stand behind a drinking bar to fascinate youth of the other sex. Landlords are forbidden to serve out drink to any peason under eighteen years of age, male or female, or to any one already under the influence of drink. A drunken person is to be conveyed to his or her dwelling in a covered carriage, at the expense of the landlord in whose house he took the last glass.

Edward Tetter, of Cleveland, O., was awakened at 5 o'clock on the morning of Feb. 27, by a knocking at the entrance of his house, on Factory street. On opening the door he was shot in the left breast by one of three men outside, all of whom at once attacked him with murderous intent. Though desperately wounded, Teller made such a vigorous resistence that he succeeded in seizing a revolver which one of them carried and was about to open fire when the assailants fled. Neither they nor their object is known. Tetter will probably die. His ante-mortem statement has been taken. A Bohemian laborer has been arrested on suspicion of being one of the gang.

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THE TEMPERANCE BANNER.

BY SAMUEL L. JACOBS.

LOGANSPORT, : : INDIANA

PRESIDENT ARTHUR recently received a dozen bottles of whisky, with a note rom the agent of it requesting him to taste of it and kindly send him his opinion of its quality, to be used as an indorsement. The agent received the dozen bottles by express two days later, and a letter by mail from Mr. Phillips, the President's secretary, stating in somewhat satirical language that the President was indifferent to the merits of the whisky and declined to sample it.

THE judiciary committee of the lower house of the Pennsylvania Legislature has favorably reported a bill providing that if the authorities of Philadelphia will furnish, without cost to the State, suitable accommodations for the executive business, and for the sessions of the Legisla'ure, that city shall be made the capital of the State.

THE boom to secure the release of Sergeant Mason, who tried to shoot Guiteau, does not seem to work up as anticipated, and the prospects of his release are not any better now than they were several months ago. In the meantime "Bettie and the baby" are living quietly on their farm in Virginia. Mrs. Mason occasionally visits Washington. It is understood, however, that at the expiration of his term of office President Arthur will grant a pardon to Sergeant Mason.

IN a murder case in California, which was appealed to the Supreme Court, the only defense made was "insanity from the long continued use of intoxicants." The lower court charged the jury that "insanity produced by intoxication would not destroy responsibility when the party when sane and responsible made himself voluntarily intoxicated, and that drunkenness was no excuse for crime, but it was a circumstance for the consideration of the jury in determining the degree of crime." The Supreme Court held that the charge was correct, and affirmed the judgment.

THE recent decision of a United States District Judge in Missouri tends to make of the postmaster a person enjoying greater immunity from physical assault than does Pugilist Sullivan himself. A country postmaster in the above State was assaulted by a drunken man. Although there was no actual interference with the mail, the Judge before whom the assailant was arraigned imposed a fine of $100, under an old act of Congress, which declares that "any person who shall knowingly and willfully obstruct or retard the passage of the United States mail shall be liable," etc.

THE Indianapolis Journal says: "A special to the Journal from Elkhart gives the particulars of the recently reported 'faith cure' at that place. It seems that the 'procuring cause' was a devout person in Boston, who fixed upon 3 o'clock of a certain day when prayers was to be offered, and that it was 'precisely' 3 o'clock at Elkhart on the day named when the cure was effected. There is a difference in time between Boston and Elkhart of about sixty-five minutes, so it would seem that the 'faith cure' is limited, as it were, by human circumstances and conditions. We do not quite grasp the matter, but it would appear as if a cog were out of this miracle somewhere."

THE most extraordinary punishment which is, perhaps, on record is to be found in Morrison's "Account of Germany:" "Near Lindau I did see a malefactor hanging in iron chains on the gallows, with a mastive dogge hanging on each side by the heels, as, being nearly starved, they might eat the flesh of the malefactor before himself died by the famine: and at Frankforde I did see the like punishment of a Jew." The only thing which may serve to lesson our surprise at this shocking refinement in cruelty is the reflection that it happened in a country so pre-eminent for the horrid nature of its punishments that no one can be prevailed upon to accept the office of executioner but he who, by being the son of a hangman, is obliged to be trained up, and take upon himself the necessary employment.

THE will of ex-Governor Morgan gives a fraction less than $800,000 of an estate of $6,000,000 to charitable and benevolent purposes, including gifts of $200,000 to Union Theological Seminary; $200,000 each to the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, to the Board of Home Missions, and to Williams College; of $80,000 each to the Supplementary Fund for Clergymen's Salaries, to the Manhatand Eye and Ear Infirmary and to the Presbyterian Hospital, with smaller bequests of $5,000 to $2,500. To his wife he gives his house and a million of money, and the income for life of a million. To forty other relatives he gives $407,500, and leaves balance of his estate in trust for his grandson and namesake. A host of friends are remembered, and household servants receive $8,000 each. The Tribune says the will of the late Governor sustains the reputation for generosity which he showed in life. Bequests are left for charitable and educational purposes. This benevolence is not to flow in a narrow channel but flows over a wide field of good work.

JIM ELLIOTT, the pugilist, who was killed last week at Chicago by Jerre Dunn, a similar character, had an unenviable record and his life is a dark review of continuous crime: Elliott has been a thief nearly his whole life, having served nearly twenty years in prison for crimes he had been convicted of. Before the fire, he used to make his headquarters in Chicago, one of his pals at that time being the well-known Mike Garrity. He was arrested by Pinkerton with Billy Forester and several other burglars for attemsting to rob a bank at Wilkesbarre, Pa., but the whole party broke out of jail and escaped. Afterward Elliott was arrested in Philadelphia for garroting Hughey Dougherty, the negro minstrel, who had his nose broken. He was sentenced to the Eastern Penitentiary for this, and served over ten years there. He was a pal of John Gordon when the latter "fell" in Iowa, and Elliott fought Gallagher at Detroit to get money to secure the release of Gordon He had also been arrested in New York for crimes, and was known to detectives as one of the most desperate men in the country—a pickpocket, a burglar and a prize-fighter. He had been in Chicago this last time for about six months. Elliott wolud seem to have made good use of his spare time when locked up, as he was well read and very intelligent, having a good knowledge of several languages, living and dead.

A SPECIAL telegram to an Indianapolis paper graphically describes the closing scenes of the recent congress. The dispatch is published Saturday and reads: The accumulated work of two years is crowding upon the last hours of a dying Congress. The pressure is tremendous—150 members are going out of the House many of them to return no more, and they are struggling to get last-chance bills through. It is a scramble and a rush. The people of Washington are taking an intense interest in the proceedings of Congress, and they crowd the galleries by thousands. The press at night is greatest. Multitudes swarm to the Capitol, filling every nook and corner of the great building, taking possession of the galleries, the corridors, reception and committies rooms. The House end is the most attractive, and every inch of the space assigned to spectators is gobbled up before the hour arrives for business to begin. Members rush hither and thither with their ladies trying to find seats that have been overlooked They find the galleries full to overflowing, and they storm and fret and fume, anxious to anchor their charges, and doubly anxious to get back on the floor fearing that something important might be rushed through or stampeded to death in their absence. The diplomatic galleries are seized and filled in an instant, and when there is no such thing as finding a vacant seat anywhere or an inch of standing room men, women and children wander disconsolately up and down the corridors, take refuge in commtttee rooms or crowd into the gallery entrances, straining to catch a glimpse of the scene below. The buzz and hum of a thousand voices fill the hall, and those who are unaccustomed to the confusion and uproar of the bear-pit go half wild trying to keep the run of business. To a great majority of the spectators the proceedings are absolutely devoid of meaning; they make nothing out of the din, but there is action, and action is what they want—not dry statesmanship. When an exciting incident occurs the great audience awakens to a lively interest in what is going on. It delights in episodes like that of Thursday night. An occasional knockdown or set-to with hard gloves or bare knuckles would be relished as a seasoning not too rich for the popular palate. It is doubtless a grievious disappointment to many that none of the gentlemen see fit to go down into the ring and fight, but the constant recurrence of spats answers as a substitute.

IMPORTANT EVENTS.

DEATH OF A. H. STEPHENS.

Alexander H. Stephens died Sunday morning at his home in Georgia.

Hon. Alexander H. Stephens, Governor of Georgia, was a notable man, and has filled no inconsiderable space in the history of the times. He was born in Wilkes County, Ga., in 1812, graduated at the university of that State in 1832, taught school, read law, engaged in the practice, and entered politics. After several terms in the Georgia Legislature, he was elected to Congress in 1838, and re-elected continuously for sixteen years, when he declined further service. He ran as Presidential Elector for the State at Large in Georgia, on the Douglass and Johnson ticket in 1860; was elected to the Secession Convention in Georgia in 1861; opposed and voted against the Ordinance of Secession in that body—but gave it his support after it had been passed, against his judgment as to its policy; was elected by that convention to the Confederate Congress, which met at Montgomery, Ala., February 4, 1861, and was chosen Vice President under the Provisional Government by that Congress; was elected Vice President of the Confederate States for the term of six years, under what was termed the permanent Government, in November 1861; visited the State of Virginia on a mission under the Confederate Government in April, 1861, upon the invitation of that State; was one of the Commissioners on the part of the Confederate Government at the Hampton Roads conference in February, 1865; was elected to the Senate of the United States in 1866 by the first Legislature convened under the new Constitution, made under the Johnson policy, but was not allowed to take his seat; was elected to the Forty-third Congress in 1873; was elected to the Forty-fourth, Forty-fifth, Forty-sixth and Forty-seventh Congresses. Last fall he was elected Governor of Georgia, as a regular Democrat, by a majority of 62,357 over his Independent Democratic opponent. Mr. Stephens was a man of feeble constitution, and for most of his life was a constant sufferer. In spite of his poor health, his clear and vigorous intellect enabled him to keep at the front in public affairs. He was a highly intellectual man, a severe student, close thinker and a fine constitutional lawyer. Mr. Stephens' influence in public affairs was always beneficial and elevating. He was a real statesman, and, excepting his connection with the Confederacy, a genuine patriot.

A NEW ELDORADO.

There is much excitment in Fulton and Hamilton counties, New York, over the discovery of gold, and considerable numbers are flocking to that section. The Benson Mining company has made the first "clean up" ever made by a gold-mining company in this state. The amalgam from this "clean up" gives about $750 of gold. A sample of ten pennyweights and nineteen grains of this amalgam yielded $4.61 in pure gold. The metal is of a bright yellow, and more resembles Australian than California gold. The gravel from which this result was obtained was taken from the surface and down to a depth of fifteen feet, and the average yield is about $3.75 per ton. The present cost of mining and milling this gravel is 87 cents per ton, and the mill can work fifty tons every twenty-four hours.

In one day seventy-two tons were worked. Assays of this gravel made by mining experts and chemists all over the country run from twenty-five cents to $75 a ton. The receipt of the product of the mine caused great excitement, and it is now claimed that Northern New York gold fields are no longer an experiment. Another mill is almost ready to start up, and four more are ordered and will be in operation early in the spring. The best yard wood can be purchased at the mines at $1.63 per cord, and this is used for fuel at light expense.

THE EPISCOPAL BISHOPRIC.

The Diocesan Convention held at Indianapolis to elect a Bishop to succeed the late Bishop Talbott, resulted in the election of Rev. Isaac L. Nicholson, S T. D., of Philadelphia. He is forty-two years old, married, and has two children. He is a native of Baltimore. It is believed that his administration of the Diocese will be marked by a broad and liberal spirit.

STAR ROUTE TRIALS.

The government has concluded its evidence in the star route cases, and the defense begun their testimony. Congressman Belford testified regarding the check Rerdell swore Belford received. He insisted on stating that he had not received a cent, after the court refused to allow him to make the statement, and he was fined $100 for contempt.

The Marquis of Lorne.

Brooklyn Eagle.

I never saw a more striking instance of the utter failure of caricatures to convey any real idea of their subjects than in the case of the Marquis of Lorne. If the caricatures have shown anything and have given any idea of the husband of the Princess Louise, it was certainly that of a weak and puny man, with spindle legs an effeminate face and a generally henpecked appearance. This has been done so often, and he is so thoroughly grounded in the minds of most Americans as a mild young man, quite content to play second fiddle to the Queen's daughter that nobody was prepared for the man he really is. When he was pointed out to me I could scarcely believe that it was he. The Marquis is above the average heighth with a powerful and expressive face, highly expressive eyes, and the figure of an athlete. He steps like a man, talks with decision and energy, and insists on being treated with a distinction that is due the son of the Duke of Argyle, the son-in-law of the Queen, and the reigning Governor-general of a powerful British province. I begin to suspect that the Princess Louise does not twist His Nibs around her finger quite as much as is supposed. He does not impress one as a man that can easily be twisted. I guess if the true state of the case were really known the Marquis realizes his utter inability to do anything with the wayward woman whom he was forced to marry in order that her reputation might be saved from scandal.

Curious Epitaphs.

An article in the February number of Macmillan, entitled "Churchyard Poetry" contains several curious epitaphs collected by Mr. Harrison. On a tombstone in the Isle of Wight is inscribed:

To the memory of Mastha Grim,
She was so very pure within,
She cracked the shell of her earthly skin,
And hatched herself a cherubim.

A Mr. Charles Lamb, not Elia, sleeps beneath the words:

Here lies the body of poor Charles Lamb,
Killed by a tree that fell slap bang.

A churchyard near Bury St Edmunds has the following couplet:

Here lies the body of Deborah Dent,
She kicked up her heels and away she went.

Devonshire supplies another equally good:

Here lies John Meadow,
Who passed away like a shadow.

N. B.—His name was field, but it would not rhyme.

The force of advertising, as Mr. Harrison says, could no further go than here:

Here lies the landlord of the Lion,
He's buried here in hopes of Zion;
His wife, resigned to heaven's will,
Carries on the business still.

THE BABY'S BANK.

"No," said the engineer, as he closed one valve and opened another, "I wasn't always an engineer. I wasn't anything for a long time. I had the knowledge in my head all the while, but it was lost under a heap of rubbish. What fools men are when they're left to themselves sometimes! Now, look at me. Would you say I was ever a tramp?"

A tramp! His white, muscular throat—white and wholesome under the coal dust—his strong, well-knitted frame, clear eye, and firm hand denoted a man of pluck and courage—a practical worker, not the idle, nerveless, relaxed object which is denominated a tramp, and which is a blight on the face of nature. No; this man, guiding the good engine Mohawk, was never a tramp, and we told him so.

"But I was, gentlemen," he said cooly sighting a long stretch of road over the backbone of his engine, and letting her out a little for a dead level heat. "I was not only a tramp, but the meanest kind of one, and I worked harder and suffered more to get into that condition than I ever did to reach this," and he looked proudly at the polished trimmings of his flying steed.

"I'll tell you how it was," he said at last, as he slowed up to round a curve and then went easily on past the fields clad in their summer verdure, past woods that were panoramic in a flash of beauty, and away into the open country. "I was a tramp—no matter how I come to be, or why. I lost home, friends, self-respect, all that makes manhood—but I didn't wear a red ribbon at my watch charm then, and my brain was muddled—there is many more like me—and I went from bad to worse, but I had never broken the laws, never wronged anyone, but myself, when I fell in with some fellows who thought they had found a tool, and they had. They say every man has his price, and they offered me mine; it was the price of my soul, too, and I agreed to take the money and do the work."

"It was this—to sneak around and get acquainted with the inside of a house—the house of the richest man in the place, and to show them the way; they said I looked the most respectable for the purpose. Gentlemen, you wouldn't trusted one of the gang with a 10-cent bit, least of all me as I looked then, but I felt almost proud of the compliment, and that afternoon I was to go up to the house to look for work or to ask for food, just as it happened to strike me, when there was no one home but the women folks, and look around to see how we would get in that night—for robbing and perhaps murder was what they meant.

"It was just such a pleasant, peaceful afternoon as this, and all the doors and windows open and not a soul saw me as I lounged in through the garden and up to the veranda. The gang I had fallen in with had made one mistake—they had kept me sober for the work, not clear-headed, but sober enough to make me feel that I was doing a mean, dastardly trick, to make me for the first time in many a day ashamed of my own company. But I'd gone so far I must go on. I had walked up the steps and into the house without seeing a soul, and I stepped into a long, cool room, and there I saw on the mantel, in a great gold-framed glass, a white face, and two red, bloodshot eyes—my own; but what a fright they gave me; and then I saw something else, a small iron bank such as children keep pennies in. It was made of latticed bars of wrought iron, and between every bar was the gleam of quarters and half dollars, and smaller gold coin. I hadn't a penny to my name. I was hungry, tired, footsore, and disgusted with what I had undertaken. It came over me like a flash that I could take this money, and get out of the gang; it would be a dishonesty, but not such as this they had planned. I reached out my hand and stopped. There at my very feet on a white lace pillow, and all white and fluffy like an angel—lay the loveliest baby I ever saw in all my life! She was asleep, but as I looked at her in startled wonder, she opened her eyes as wide and as bright as daisies, held up both pretty hands, laughed like a bird singing, and said 'Joe, Joe,' which wasn't my name at all. I didn't touch the baby's hand, and I didn't touch the baby. While I stood there a pale little woman came out of her room and nearly fainted when she saw me, and I sat down there and told the whole story, and asked her to have me sent to jail for protection to myself and others; she sent for her husband, and all the time we were talking the baby laughed and cooed, and called me by the name she gave me, 'Joe,' and the rest of the gang were waiting at the turn of the road for me to come back to them.

"I didn't give them up—it wasn't worth while, when I had put the people they had designed on their guard, and they left the town that night; I didn't go to jail; the man whose house was to be robbed gave me some work, but I didn't reform all in a minute, and he never could have reformed me at all—it was the baby did it. She trusted me; when I felt the old boy getting the better of me I went to the baby and she smiled at me and I grew strong right off—it made a man of me. I never could tell what she saw in my face to make her help me in that way, but it wasn't of this world. She knew that she could save me, and she did. That was ten years ago gentlemen, and I am more of a man to-day than I ever was, and it's her doing."

"She must be quite a large girl now," we said inquiringly.

"Maybe so! I don't know how that is some folks say they don't reckon them by months and years! I'd like to feel she's the same sweet smiling baby, holding out her hands in that confiding way and call me that same name—but I never wanted any one else to use the name since she said it the last time. She was going to sleep never to wake up, the doctor said; they told me she would't know me, that I would disturb her. I went in on my knees, I crawled up to the bed and looked at her; dear saint, she was as white as the sheets and her pretty curls never stirred a hair, and her sweet eyes closed and I groaned in my heart, for I thought she was gone, and then she opened her eyes and there came a great struggle for breath; and oh, my God, I'd have died to help her, and she just looked at me and put one hand up—I fancied she pointed up there—and she smiled on me, and says all at once: Joe! Joe! and then she made her mother understand that she wanted something. It was the little bank, and she wanted me to have it I took it to humor her and thought I'd give it back to her when she got well. And then she smiled again, and I listened to hear her say: 'Joe!'—and all was still. You see I could never go wrong now; but how did she know about that little bank and my wicked thoughts? And she forgave and loved me too, pretty dear. The smoke makes me cry. There's our depot at the next station, and we're running on schedule time, as you see, gentlemen."

Infant Suicide in France.

Miss Ada Leigh, of whose remarkable work in Paris we gave some account in our issue of December 23 last, writes to yesterday's Times to record the terrible fact that inlant suicide in France has actually destroyed twice as many lives in four years as her orphanages contrived to save in eight years—that is, that the energy thrown into infant suicide has been more than four times as productive of result as that of the charity which she dispenses. One hundred and ninety eight boys and forty girls under the age of fifteen, she tells us, destroyed themselves in four years, and of these two hundred were over twelve years of age, twenty-one between twelve and ten, four over ten years, six below it, and one only seven. Surely in no other country except France does not merely despair, but that impatient intolerance of misery which cuts its way out of life rather than await the end, invade the mind of such babies as these. French children must be premature, as well as most miserable, when they have recourse to suicide; they must have learned to believe that death is a remedy, and that they can not, or may not depend on the kindness of the living, before the age at which most English children have been made acquainted with either belief.

Family Man's Acceptance of a Challenge

Two friends happening to quarrel at a tavern, one of them, a man of hasty disposition, insisted on the other's fighting him next morning. The challenge was accepted on condition that they should breakfast together previous to their going to the field at the house of the person challenged. When the challenger arrived next morning according to appointment, he found every preparation made for breakfast, and his friend, his wife, and children all ready to receive him. Their repast being over and the family withdrawn, without the slightest hint of their fatal purpose having transpired, the challenger asked the other if he was ready to attend. "No, sir," replied he, "not until we are upon a par; that amiable woman, and those six innocent children, who just now breakfasted with us, depend solely upon my life for their subsistence; and until you can stake something equal, in my estimation, to the welfare of seven persons, dearer to me than my right hand or my right eye, I can not think that we are equally matched." "We are not, indeed!" replied the other, giving him his hand; and they became firmer friends than before.

The Horrible Traffic in Girls.

Pall Mall Gazette.

Horrible and revolting as have been the revelations as to the export of English girls to Brussels and Paris, that trade is trivial compared with the vast organized system which prevails in Germany, Austria and Roumania for the sale of young women to dealers in human wares all over the world. They are regularly bought, shipped and consigned like any other kind of cattle. The European slave dealer has his agents and his travelers, who, under the disguise of theatrical agents, supply the maisons de tolerance of the world, from Hong Kong to Buenos Ayres with helpless victims. "I met a German girl," says Herr Joest, "who had been sold in this fashion, at Chitka, on the far side of Lake Balkal." When once they pass into the hands of their purchasers their doom is sealed. Nor is there any hope of escape from the prison-house to which they are consigned.

How New York Rich Men Began Life.

Pittsburg Post.

Many of the Wealthiest men in New York began poor. Jay Gould was a cowboy, James R. Keene came from England with $20 in his pocket, Rufus Hatch began by dealing in "garden sass," D. Appleton kept a grocery store, James Watson was a country clerk, Henry Villard was a reporter, Leonard W. Jerome was a printer, H. B. Claflin was a Vermont school-teacher, Charles O'Connor was born of the poorest of Irish parents and Peter Cooper was a hatter's apprentice.

Columbus Junction claims to be the horse metropolis of east Iowa.

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES.

J. A. MACON.

You may notch it on de palin's as a mighty reaky plan,
To make your judgment by de clo'es dat kivers up a man,
For I hardly need to tell you how you often come across
A fifty-dollar saddle on a twenty-dollar hoss,
An' wugin' in de low groun's, you diskiver as you go
Dat de fines' shuck may hide de meanes' nubbin in a row!

I never judge o' people dat I meets along de way
By de places whar dey come fum and de houses whar dey stay;
For de bantam chicken's awful fond o' roostin' pretty high,
An' de turkey buzzard sails above de eagle in de sky;
Dey ketches little minners in de middle of de sea,
An' you finds de smalles' 'possom up de bigges' kind o' tree!

SHORTS.

Kansas has as a million of people now

Buttons are small for dresses, large for wraps.

How to get out of a scrape—let your beard grow.

All laces are fashionable, and this is to be a lace season.

The traveling cotton-gin is a new enterprise in the south.

A French doctor says Bismarck is good for twenty years yet.

Fully $500,000 is invested in truck farms around Savannah.

Greek priests, unlike Catholic priests, have wives and children.

More than 3,000 Central freight cars pass Batavia. N, Y., daily.

The timbered lands of Arizonia embrace an area of 5,760,000 acres.

They are planting orange groves all along the Mississippi coast.

If men do us an evil turn we write it in marble; if a good one in dust.

One Rochester store has graduated a dozen married clerks in a year.

An Ulster, N. Y., man has an apple, preserved in spirits, grown in 1787.

Subscriptions have been opened at Berlin for the sufferers by the floods in America.

Clasps on the collars in and the neck of dress take the place of brooches and lace pins.

The one railroad in all Greece is five miles long and each mile of it took a year to build.

Gambetta's father has a large collection of his son's letters which he proposes to publish.

Goode, the assailant of Queen Victoria in 1837, died in the Breedmoor lunatic asylum the other day.

Georgia has had sixty-thre governors from 1733 to 1883. The first governor after Oglethorpe was Stephens.

Bits of The Tariff and Revenue.

Representative Carlisle, the most prominent candidate for speaker, next session, says the tariff bill is a hodge-podge, and that the Forty-eighth Congress will go over the work again.

A tobacco dealer gives it as his opinion that the rebate clause of the revenue bill will cost the government $3,000,000 o $4,000,000 on tobacco and cigars alone. The rebate is on whole packages, and dishonest dealers can systematically swindle the government out of large sums.

Comptroller Knox says the passage of the new act relieves national and state banks and private bankers from a tax which, on an average, amounted to $1,000,000 a month.

A great amount of additional labor is thrown upon the Secretary of the Treasury by the passage of the bill, as he must define the law in every particular. On one point alone which will be sprung the Secretary will have to make a $3,000,000 ruling, and others of equal importance may develop.

Pittsburg iron masters interested in the tariff have been unanimous in their declarations that under the law a reduction of wages of all classes of workmen will be necessary. If this is presisted in it will very probably result in a general strike. a large number of employes asserted that any attempt to reduce wages will be stubbornly resisted. Bradford manufacturers are disappointed over the new law; while Chicago operators say it is more injurions to iron interests than any legislation within half a century, aad that the only means of keeping the mills open will be by a sweeping reduction in wages and putting them at such a point that laborers, in turn, must have cheaper board. Poles Bros.' mill at Pottstown, Pa., which was stopped some weeks ago, on account of uncertainty about the tariff, started Monday, but the men struck after one heat, on account of a notice that wages would be reduced.

Saved by Clutching a Horse's Tail.

Salt Lake Tribune.

Albert Dougherty, one of the drivers between Green River and Big Sandy, who was caught in the storm on Wednesday evening and lay out in the ice and snow forty-eight hours, was brought in to-night by private conveyance. Dougherty was unable to mount the horse after abandoning the stage, and the way he succeeded in traveling was as follows: He took hold of the sagacious animal's tail and let it drag him. When his hands became so benumbed that he could no longer retain his grasp, the animal would stop and come up to him and patiently wait until Dougherty would again entwine his hands in the tail, when the horse would resume the journey.

3,500 sewing machines were lost in the flood at Newport.

UNLESS.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

Who has not suffered does not guess
  What pleasure is. Who has not groped
In depths of doubt and hopelessness
  Has never truly hoped.—
Unless, sometimes a shadow falls
  Upon his mirth, and veils his sight,
And from the darkness drifts the light
  Of love at intervals.

And that most dear of everything,
  I hold, is love; and who can sit
With lightest heart, and laugh and sing
  Knows not the worth of it—
Unless, in some strange throng, perchance,
  He feels how thrilling sweet it is,
One yearning look that answers his.
  The troth of glance and glance.

Who knows not pain, knows not, alas!
  What pleasure is. Who knows not of
The bitter cut that will not pass,
  Knows not the taste of love.
O souls that thirst, and hearts that fast,
  And natures faint with famishing,
God fondle you and safely bring
  You to your own at last.

FROM OVER THE SEA.

It is a strange story. I shall never tell it while I live—this story of mine; but perhaps, after I am gone, some who live after me will like to read it. They might have thought me mad, or believed me given to falsehood; but when they see this paper, yellow with time, and signed by one who no longer dwells on earth, they will take the tale as I mean it.

I was named Marjorie Franklin, and was born at Newport over eighty years ago. There I lived till I was seventeen. I had every advantage that a young lady of that age could have, and I was always taught to remember that I should some day take my place at the head of an elegant establishment—that one day I should be no longer plain "miss", but "my lady," for I was betrothed to my English cousin, whom I had never seen, and who, as the eldest son of a dead peer had inherited his title as well as his estate upon coming of age.

I had heard that my cousin was handsome and talented, and I had no fear that I should not be happy, although I had never seen him; and as the time approached on which his visit was to be expected, for he was coming soon, and to stay until we were married in this land of mine, I felt much the sort of light-hearted expectation with which I looked forward to my first party.

The day of my cousin's visit drew near apace. We knew that he was to sail in the next vessel that left for New York. At that time there were no steamships, and the date of the arrival of a vessel was problematical.

However, he would come—I never doubted that. My wardrobe was replenished; I had robes of all the high, bright colors that became my brunette beauty; I had laces and buckles, gloves, fans and combs, chains and ribbons, kerchiefs and scarfs; and when I had tried all these things on, and surveyed myself often in the glass, with my hair dressed in twenty different styles, I longed for my future husband's coming chiefly that I might wear all this finery. Every day I examined the letter-bag for the letter which should tell of the Osprey's arrival, and that of my titled cousin with her. But the vessel was delayed; the winds had been unfavorable; and though she was over-due, nothing was yet heard of her.

We sat together, my mother, my father and I, in the garden one evening. The air was clear, the twilight still lingering, though the moon had risen. We spoke of the Osprey.

"Many a gallant vessel has been wrecked" said my father, "Seldom have summer storms been so cruel. I shall be glad to have news that the ship that comes to us is safe."

"God grant it," answered my mother.

"And bring my cousin Alfred safe to land," said I. "I am tired of waiting for him."

"The Osprey is safe,' said a voice at my elbow. 'She is in port."

I turned with a start. We all rose to our feet.

A strange young gentleman stood before us. He was as beautiful as the Apollo Belvidere, and as pale as the marble from which that statue is carved. He smiled. It was a sad smile. He bowed low, and seemed to wait for some one else to speak.

"You bring news of the Osprey. Then you are———," began my mother.

"Let me call myself what you called me a moment ago," interrupted the gentleman, turning toward me. "Let me say I am cousin Alfred."

Afterward we all remembered a strange thing. Our warm and courteous greetings were all in words. There was no hand shaking, no touch of any kind. He was the son of my mother's sister; but she did not kiss him, nor did he kiss her.

"But how did you come? Where is your baggage?" asked my father in a little while. "I never heard wheels nor the tramp of horse. My dear nephew, how did you manage to come on us so suddenly?"

My cousin laughed. It was not a gay laugh.

"That is my little secret. I will puzzle you with it for a while," he said. "At present confess that you do not know whether I dropped from the sky or came floating through the air. I felt too anxious to see my cousin, my betrothed wife, to wait to be brought in the regular fashion."

He had made a little pause before he said "to be brought." He made another after it, and I saw him shudder.

"Are you cold, cousin?" I asked.

"All but my heart," he answered.

"And you must be weary," said my mother, "and hungry, too. I will have supper prepared at once. Meanwhile come in doors. My dear, we may like to sit outside here, but perhaps our guest may not."

"Certainly, certainly," responded my father.

He stepped forward as he spoke, and pushed open the long windows that opened from the drawing room to the veranda.

"Come in," he said. "Come indoors nephew."

At that moment my mother called him She needed the keys of the wine cellar, and his aid in the choice of the wines, and he left us.

"Come in, cousin Alfred," said I.

"Cousin Marjorie," he answered, "do not ask me indoors. The evening is too beautiful. Will you not walk with me this once under the moon? You are not afraid of me, are you Marjorie.

I laughed a little.

"Why should I fear you?" I asked. "You are no stranger. I have always heard of you. I will walk with you gladly."

I walked beside him. I looked down. He looked at me. We passed from the garden and turned toward the beach, and came at last to the ruins of the old building over which there had been so much talk lately. Then we called it the old mill.

"They say it is centuries old," said I.

"And so many lives have run their course and ended in the tomb, while these stones still remain," he said sadly. "Man dies, and these insensate things outlast him. Yet, while he lives, what a glorious thing to be a man!" He paused. His eyes glittered in his beautiful white face.

"Think of it, beautiful Marjorie," he said. "Think of me, your cousin Alfred—young, strong as a giant, rich, powerful, and with you for his bride. You, you bright young thing, think of a man like that with all before him, and suddenly all is gone, and death leads him he knows not whither."

His glance, his voice, his words frightened me.

"Cousin Albert, are you ill," I asked. "Perhaps we had better go home."

"You shall go home," answered my cousin. "You sweet, young, living thing, I see fear in your eye. You tremble. Give me one moment more. It is so sweet here on earth under the moon—with you and love. And you have all life before you; give me one moment more."

"My beautiful cousin is certainly deranged," I said to myself.

"I have not yet saluted you, Marjorie," he said. "May I not kiss your hand, I your betrothed husband?"

Oh, his sad voice! I let him take my fingers in his own, and he bent and pressed his lips to them.

As he did so I felt no touch of human flesh and blood, but through all my frame thrilled strange electric flashes, I could not speak or stir, but as I stood, turned, as it seemed, to stone, I saw the beautiful form before me fade away. It did not move from the spot where it stood, but even as I regarded it I saw it change into a white vapor and slowly melt into the air

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I knew no more for hours. Then I was aware that they had borne me into the house and restored me to myself, and I lay on the great chintz-covered sofa trembling with the memory of what had passed.

Out in the darkness, beyond the windows, the servants went to and fro with lanterns, searching vainly for the man who had come and gone so strangely—for none believed my story.

But now there was heard the clatter of a horse's hoofs, a man alighted at the gate, asked for my father, and was shown into our presence.

A seafaring man, tall and bronzed, wearing a look that spoke of no good tidings. He took a seat offered him, and addressed my father.

"Sir, I am the second mate of the Osprey, and I come to you with evil tidings. I regret to bring them, but I have no choice."

"Proceed, sir," said my father. "The Osprey has met with some disaster?"

"No, sir," replied the sailor. "The Osprey is in port, unharmed by all the evil weather she has encountered on her voyage; but when she sailed she had on board a passenger, a young nobleman who was crossing the ocean, it is said, to visit his affianced bride. The name recorded on our books is—Alfred, Lord Hardinge."

My father bowed his head.

"My wife's nephew," he said, "and betrothed to my daughter."

"Sir," continued the sailor, "when we reached port that nobleman was no longer with us. I must tell the tale. He was drowned in mid-ocean, swept overboard by a great wave. We warned him of his danger, but he would not remain below."

"How long ago did this happen?' asked my father in a faint voice.

"A month ago," replied the second mate of the Osprey.

Then he drew from his bosom a miniature set in diamonds.

"This," he said, "had been placed in Captain's care. It was to be presented to his bride, Lord Alfred's own portrait.

I sprang from the couch and caught it from him, and I saw the face that had faded into the air in the moonlight beside the old mill. And I knew it was the spirit of my cousin that had come to me. But we said nothing to the honest sailor. He was well entertained, and went his way again. And we three kept our secret well.

As for me, that ghostly kiss left by my dead betrothed upon my fingers was the only one that ever touched them.

THE STATION AGENT.

His Ways and Manners—Peculiarities of the Man at the Junction.

Peck's Sun.

Men who travel a great deal never cease to wonder how it is that the crossest depot agents that can be found are nearly always located at the junctions, where there is nothing but a depot and a store and a saloon, but such is the case. A traveler gets to a junction and goes into the depot to find when the next train goes and the ticket-window is closed. He looks around and finds that the agent is helping to unload freight, or is upon a side-track coupling cars, or is over across the track helping a farmer kill hogs, or has gone to the adjoining town with a team to carry some passengers. Or, if the agent is in the office, he has got more business than the general manager of the road. You speak to him, and ask a question, and his brow corru gates, and he goes on counting a pile of one-doller bills, and acts as though he thought he had a dim idea that he had been spoken to, but he waits until he gets the money in the safe, and turns the knob, and then he answers you so short that you almost conclude to walk to the next atation, and then he bustles out of office and locks the door, and you think he has gone to attend to some important business upon which depends the fate of the road, and you go out and walk on the platform, and pretty soon you see him helping his wife to ring out clothes, or you see him out in the back yard hanging clothes on the line, or splitting railroad ties for wood. You may be a millionaire, and you may pay your hostler more than the junction agent as a salary, but he looks upon you as a three-card monte man, and locks the stove door for fear you will put in a stick of wood or steal the lining out of the stove. The agent is in his element when a train is a few hours behind, and he sits at the telegraph instrument working as if the work rested on his shoulders. You listen to the constant click of the instrument, and you would give a $10 note to know what is going on over the wires. Occassionally he will laugh at something the instrument says, and when you think the news of the world is coming over the wires and is stored in that massive brain, the agent turns to a country galoot, who has on a blue drilling roundabout, and his pants in his boots, and who wipes his nose on his mitten and says: "There is going to be a dance at the hop-yard at Johnston Siding to-night, and they want us to come up on No. 4." Then you realize that the agent all these long hours that you have been watching the varied expressions of his calm mysterious face has been chaffing with the female operater at the next station, and as the country galoot takes a chew of plug tobacco and says he will go and brush up a little and put on a clean shirt before No. 4 comes, and the operator says they will have a daisy time at the dance, you go out on the platform and try to get acquainted with the fellow who runs the horse-power wood-sawing machine. There is no man who knows more than the junction agent about every thing if you can draw him out. Though only four trains a day stop at his station, and they only stop for a minute to let off some poor devil who has got to get off there, the agent is in his element for a brief moment. He addresses the conductor as "Jim," or "George," or "Billy," and asks, with a show of interest as deep as a division superintendent would have, where he passed "No 1," and if "No. 6" is going to be on time. He may ask something about the railroad stocks, and you imagine that he is bulling the market when the chances are that he hasn't got $11 left from his last month's salary. If he was polite, and did not seem to own the road, you would like him, but when he snubs you, and treats you as though information was worth more than your ticket, you hate him, and if you should hear there was talk of promoting him to a station where there were six houses, you would want to prevent it. There may be some rule by which the crossest man on the line is given an isolated junction.

Billiards for Girls.

Two girls of this city having heard that Elizabeth Cady Stanton advised billiards for girls, concluded to profit by the advice of so wise a counselor, and the other day when the men folks were all down town the girls in question adjourned to the billiard room to have a game.

"What shall we play?" asked the elder.

"Why, billiards, of course."

"I know, you silly thing, but there's different kinds of billiards. I mean what kind shall we play. There's discount, and hundred or nothing, and pin ball, and fifteen pool."

"Oh, I don't know; which is the nicest?"

"Hundred or nothing's easy; maybe we had better begin on that.'

"All right."

"Well, why don't you get your pole and shoot? it's your first shot."

"No it ain't, either; we have to choose for shot."

"That's so; well, here; ock-a—bock-a—bon-a—crock-a—ock-a-BOCK-A-TUSE. There, it's your first shot."

"Why, you mean thing! Tain't no such thing.'

"Don't you call me a cheater, or I'll tell ma you take pickles to bed with you."

"Well, I don't care; ocka-bocka ain't fair; you know you always said it wasn't in ketcher."

"Well, do it yourself, then."

"One err-y—orr-err-y— ick-or-y — ann—fill-i-son—fall-i-son—nick-o-las—John. Que-vy—qua-vy—English—navey—stinkum—STANKUM—BUCK! There, now, I told you so; you have to shoot."

"Well, I'll shoot, but tain't fair. What are you laughing at, you little fool?"

"Te-he-he. You ain't got no chalk on your stick; you know a heap about billiards, you do."

"You think you're smart now, don't you? Well, you ain't. You dasent put chalk on only when you maka a run, there! I guess I've seen pa a hundred times."

"Oh, you big story teller, I saw pa put chalk on his stick a thousand times in one game and he never made more'n two in his life. George says pa's a chump in billiards."

"You horrid, nasty thing! What did ma tell you about being slangy? If I don't tell on you, I'm a goat."

"Whatch you doin' yourself! Better mind your own self. Goody! goody! Now see what you've done," as the other made a lunge at the ball with a tipless cue and tore a forty inch slit in the cloth.

"Well, you made me do it;" then she pulled the other's hair, they both cried, and the tournament was over.

A Typical Arkansas Character.

A correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal says: Colonel Archibald Yell, of Arkansas, I knew from my boyhood. He was born in Bedford county, Tennessee: received an academic education; studied law, and practiced at Shelbyville, the county-seat. He was a gentleman of popular manners, and took to the people as a young duck takes to a pond. In 1825 he was elected a Representative to the Legislature by an overwhelming majority, He was an enthusiastic admirer of General Jackson, who was then a candidate for President. In 1829 a tornado swept over Shelbyville demolishing a number of houses, and killing a number of persons. Sometime thereafter I heard Colonel Yell remark in a jocular vein, that the reason his law office received no injury was that it contained a file of General Duff Green's United States Telegraph. This journal was then an ardent supporter of General Jackson. Early in the first Presidential term of the old hero he appointed Colonel Yell United States Judge for the district of Arkansas. In 1835 he resigned this office and became a candidate for Congress. He had a competitor at the beginning of the canvass, but soon scared him off the track. Here hangs a tale, and I must tell it. The two were to dine together on a certain day, and came across some men who were shooting for beef. Colonel Yell asked them if they would allow him to take part in what he called their "game." On receiving their assent he alighted, made several shots, and won several quarters of beef. He then inquired: "who are the poorest families in the neighborhood?" On being informed he sent them all the beef he had won with his compliments. Mounting their horses they soon arrived at a campmeeting on the wayside. There they tarried for several hours. When the competitor thought it was about time to be moving on, he searched all over the campground for Colonel Yell, but could not find him. At length he went up near the altar, and there stood Colonel Yell singing at the top of his voice: "How Firm a foundation Ye Saints of the Lord." The reader can imagine his surprise. With some difficulty he succeeded in getting Colonel Yell out from amongst the brethern, took him to one side, and said: "I'm off." "Of where," asked Colonel Yell. "Off the track," responded he. "I see it is perfectly useless to run against a man, who, on the same day, can shoot for beef with the ungodly and sing pious songs over the mourners at a camp meeting." Col. Yell was elected, and re-elected in 1837, serving until the 4th of March, 1839. In 1840 he was elected Governor of the State for four years. In 1845 he was again returned to congress, but resigned in 1846 to serve in the Mexican war. He was mustered into service as Colonel of the First Arkansas Volunteer Calvary, and was killed on a gallant charge upon the enemy at the battle of Buena Vista, February 23, 1847.

The Bad Boy as An Early Riser.

Peck's Sun,

"What was it about your folks getting up in the night to eat? The hired girl was over here after some soap the other morning, and she said she was going to leave your house."

"Well, that was a picnic. Pa said he wanted breakfast earlier than he was in the habit of having it, and he said I might see to it that the house was awake early enough. The other night I awoke with the awfulest pain you ever heard of. It was that night you give me and my chum the bottle of pickled oysters that had begun to work. Well, I couldn't sleep, and I thought I would call the hired girls, and they got up and got breakfast to going, and then I rapped on pa and ma's door and told them the breakfast was getting cold, and they got up and came down. We eat breakfast by gaslight, and pa yawned and said it made a man feel good to get up and get ready for work before daylight, the way he used to on the farm, and ma she yawned and agreed with pa, cause she has to or have a row. After breakfast we sat around for an hour, and pa said it was a long time getting daylight. and bimeby pa looked at his watch. When he began to pull out his watch I lit out and hid in the store-room, and pretty soon I heard pa and ma come up stairs and go to bed, and then the hired girls they went to bed, and when it was all still and the pain had stopped inside my clothef, I went to bed, and I looked to see what time it was, and it was two o'clock in the morning. We got dinner at eight o'clock in the morning, and pa said he guessed he would call up the house after this, so I have lost another job, and it was all on account of that bottle af pickled oysters you gave me. My chum says he had colic, too, but he didn't call up his folks. It was all he could do to get up himself. Why don't you sometimes give away something that is not spiled?"

The grocery man said he guessed he knew what to give away, and the boy went out and hung up a sign in front of the grocery that he had made on wrapping paper with red chalk, which read: "Rotten eggs, good enough for custard pies, for eighteen cents a dozen."

A Story of Thackeray.

London Letter.

I heard a curious story of Thackeray last night, and believe it to be unprinted. Thackeray was one day sauntering away from the Garrick Club, then close to Covent Garden, and, strolling through Cranbourne Alley, stopped opposite a pie shop around which several urchins of both sexes were congregated, looking with wolfish eyes upon some pork pies which the baker had just placed in the window for sale. Thackeray had a great kindness for children and dumb animals; in fact for any creature that could not hit back if injured, so his soul was touched by the hungry-looking children. Calling the tallest, a slip of a girl some eleven or twelve years old, he gave her half a crown, telling her to buy five six-penny pies, take one for herself, and give the others to her little companions. Presently he saw the girl with five pork pies, one in her hand and the others in her apron, making off at her best pace. Overtaking her he reproached her for taking all and not giving her friends any, whereupon the girl screamed out: "Let me alone, you nasty, dirty old beast, or I'll call a policeman!" The novelist, it is needless to say, dropped this Flower of St. Giles like, as he said, "a hot potato," and never dabbled in practical philanthropy again. He took a cynical pleasure in relating the story as an instance of early depravity. All who know anything of juvenile vice in London will understand that there is nothing wonderful in the incident, except that the girl spent all the money in pies instead of pocketing, if she had a pocket, the silver.

Guides to the Capitol.

Washington Special.

At last one of the gang of swindlers who watch for visitors to the Capitol, charge them for admission and play other confidence games upon them, has been arrested. The amount in question is very small; but the man arrested is an old offender, and if he is held it will go far toward breaking up the band of sharpers which have so long plied their vocation about the doors of the capitol. Mr. Wiggin, of Massachusetts, told the story to the police. H said that he arrived in the city yesterday and took a walk to the Capitol. As he was entering the West, door he was accosted by a young man who asked him if he was a stranger. He replied that he was. The guide then pointed across the park, remarking that "that was the Potomac," and that was "the Washington monument," and a number of other such remarks. As he was about to enter the building the guide demanded seventy-five cents for his services, and showed a badge, stating that he was a guide and must be paid. Mr. Wiggin gave him fifty cents, but the guide insisted on the full amount. Mr Wiggin then made complaint to the Capitol police, and the confidence man was arrested. A few days since this crowd sold a stranger an entrance ticket to the Capitol for $2. The same crowd carry season tickets to the Capitol for which they have been known to ask $12.

A North Carolina Gold Mine.

Fayetteville Special to Boston Herald.

North Carolina has a bonanza king who now counts his wealth by the hundreds of thousands. The lucky man is John Barnes, of Moore county. A few weeks ago his earthly possessions consisted of half a dozen half-starved coon dogs, and a twenty acre lot of barren land in Moore county. About a fortnight ago Barnes discovered gold on his farm. He prudently kept the secret to himself and moved the precious metal as best he could. He obtained more than one hundred pounds of gold, then disposed of a portion of his land for $143,000, reserving a large share for himself. Barnes is now considered the wealthiest man in Eastern North Carolina. Barnes is preparing to build for himself a handsome residence a short distance from the spot where he discovered his gold mine. The coon dogs, who were his constant and almost sole companions in his poverty, are to be kindly cared for.

Why Judas Was Ruled Out.

Every year an abbreviated version of the 'Passion Play" is presnted at San Antonio, Mexico. Last Christmas there was no Judas in the cast. The leaders explained his absence by saying that the year before the other apostles had to choke him black in the face before he would give up the thirty pieces of silver, and they had decided not to allow him to have a hand in it at all this time.

Ze Commemorative Coin.

Pittsburg Telegraph.

Nicolini was in Pittsburg when he first saw the new five cent piece. Eyeing it carefully, he remarked: "An' zis is ze new Nickel-ini. I am ver' much oblige zat ze Pittsburg people sey should make ze commemorative coin for me. But zat picture of my wife on ze odder side, it is ver' yer' hor-ri-ble."

A LITTLE SPICE.

A fellow feeling that doesn't make us wondrous kind—the pickpocket.

Common motto for New Jersey bank officials—Let us all learn to respect each other's convictions.

A young lady of Syracuse, N. Y., being asked the time last Sunday evening, replied: "Five minutes of Smith."

The Reno (Nev.) Gazette says there is in its office a pet crow that chews tabacco. A case of quid pro crow, as it were.

A story writer has finished a sketch called "Lifted Out of Herself." Probably the heroine went yachting and got seasick.

Mr Dayton has been arrested in New York for stealing a volume of poems. It is supposed that he took them to read to his mother-in-law.

"But my dear children, why do you carry that open umbrella in this fine weather?" "Beeause when it rains we can never get it, mother takes it then."—Fliegende Biatter.

A henpecked husband read an account of an Illinois clergyman who dropped dead as he was about to unite a couple in marriage. "Ah," he sighed, heavily, "the minister who married Sallie and me postponed his death until after the ceremony.

Odd Stories from Far and Near.

Houma, La., has a thirteen-year old girl with a light brown beard two inches long.

At Snapps, in Woodruff county, Ark., a well flows water that is as sour as vinegar.

Spurgeon has been jailed in Nelson county, Va., for stealing the feathers from his neighbors' geese.

A very large snow-white heron was killed recantly at Meacox Bay, L. I., by Wm. Squires, Jr., of Bridgehampton.

A ticket twenty years old was tendered and accepted recently on the Consolidated road for a ride between Hartford and Boston.

A man employed in the comb works at Wappinger's Falls, N. Y., converses and writes in seven languages. He is in reduced circumstances.

A loaded gun fell from the ceiling where it hung in a house at Englesville, Pa., and a child playing in the room was instantly killed by its accidental discharge.

In Cass county, Ill., there is not a person of color, and there never was a ballot cast in the county by a negro, nor a seat occupied in a school room by a colored child.

A fox pursued by hounds was seen coming directly for the house of Mrs George Kingsbury, of Chaplin, Conn. She opened the doors front and rear, and shot it as it bounded through.

So overwhelmingly in debt is Pickens county, Alabama, that property can hardly be given away. A few days ago 365 acres of fine timber land and a mill in good condition brought but $210.

On a Vicksburg church spire a large hawk perched itself upon the cross, and it remained five days. Then some one shot it. The hawk had no sooner fallen than another took its place. It still sits there, to the disturbance of the superstitious.

On the back of Miss Delia Moncrieff, of Boston, is burned in by lightning a representation of the large elm tree which stands within a few feet of a plaza where she was sitting when the house was struck by a thunderbolt. She suffered no injury whatever.

Cary the Informer,

Communication in N. Y. Paper.

"The first introduction into public life of James Carey, town councillor of Dublin who on Saturday named the Phœnix Park murderers, is both characteristic and interesting. Cary is a bricklayer, and was foreman for Mead & Co., the largest builders in Ireland. A few years ago the corporation of Dublin gave out a contract to an England firm for a new system of sewers, which was awarded only after a sharp competition. The sum stipulated was so ridiculously low that it drew the attention of workingmen every where in the United Kingdom. The press stigmatized the job as a swindling operation, and made fun of the English sand, English brick, English cement and English water, which were being carried from England in special tanks made for the occasion, the contractors claiming that it was better than Irish water. There was a prospect of trouble ahead until Carey had printed in the Dublin papers a long expose of the way the Englishmen did their work. He said that it would all cave in inside of a year. The English contractors did not wait to prove him a liar, but departed at once. The corporation continued the work, and used only Irsh material in its completion. Carey was for a long time the biggest man in Ireland. His name was in every ones mouth, and he was chosen to represent Trinity Ward, the Murray Hill of Dublin and the hot-bed of Toryism, in the Town Council.

Indian Expeerince.

"Indians are like children," said Mr. Kirkpatrick, in recounting his adventures to a reporter of the Philadelphia Times. "If you gain their confidence you can do what you please with them. I never made a promise to an Indian that I did not keep, and that is why I made plenty af friends among the tribes. They like bravery, too, and will not hurt a man who shows no fear when overpowered. When the Indians get you in a corner, if you stand up, bare your breast, and tell them to shoot, they will never do it. I have had to do that twice in my life, and so speak from experience; but I never knew them to kill a prisoner who defied them."

Temperance Banner

SAMUEL JACOBS & Co., - PROPRIETORS.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Catholic.

St. Bridget's—North-west corner of Wheatland and Heath. Rev. B. Kreger, pastor. Services—Mass, 8 a. m. and 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. Vespers, 3 p. m.

St. Joseph's.—Northwest corner Second and Market. Rev. H. Koehne, pastor. Services—Mass, 8 and 10 a. m. Vespers, 3 p. m.

St. Vincent de Paul—South side of Spencer, between 8th and 9th. Rev. E. P. Walters, pastor. Services—Mass, 8 and 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. Vespers, 3 p. m,

Presbyterian.

First Presbyterian Church.—South-east corner of Spencer and Seventh streets. Rev. W. E. Loucks, pastor. Serxices—10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 9 a. m.

Broadway Presbyterian Church.—South-west corner of Ninth and Broadway. Rev. E. S. Scott, pastor. Services—10.30 a. m and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m.

Baptist.

Baptist Church.—North-east corner Seventh and Broadway. Rev H. L. Stetson, pastor. Services, 10. 30 a. m. and 7.30 p.m. Sunday school, 12 m.

Christian.

Christian Church—South-west corner of Ninth and Spear streets. Rev. Wm R. Lowe, pastor. Services—10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m.

Episcopal.

Trinity Church.—Northwest corner of Seventh and Market. Rev. E .H. Peruker, rector. Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.

Evangelical.

German Evangelical Church.—North-east corner of Wheatland and Brown. Rev .... pastor, Services 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 9 a. m.

Lutheran.

St. Jacobs'.—North-east corner Ninth and Spear. Rev. A. J. Jox, pastor. Services, 10 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.

Methodist Episcopal.

African Church (colored).—Southwest corner of Market and Cicott. Rev. T. A. Alexander pastor. Services, 10,30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 3 p m.

Broadway M. E. Church.—North-east corner of Eighth and Broadway. Rev. J. H. Ford, pastor. Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

Market Street M. E. Church.—South side of Market, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth. Rev. M. S. Metts, pastor. Services, 10,30 a.m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.00 p. m.

Cumberland Presbyterian.

Cumberland Presbyterian Church.—North side of Broadway, West Side. Rev. A. W. Hawkins, pastor. Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday School, 2.30 p. m.

LOGANSPORT.

The author of the following article has had the honor of being Mayor of Logansport for six years. During that period he has received numerous communications propounding certain interrogatories touching Logansport, similar to the one herewith given to the public, and has concluded to answer them through the columns of the BANNER.

DEAR SIR—We contemplate moving our shops to a more favorable shipping point, and write you for information regarding freight rates to and from your city, and what inducements, if any, your city give manufacturers to locate with you. Our business will reach near a quarter of a million this season. We also have good substnantial bulding here that we will sell very cheap, and olso have a good general repair business being the repair of saw mill machines, threshing engines and separators, general farm machinery and also a large general blacksmith business. Any information or letters of inquiry will receive present attention.

Yours truly.

The city of Logansport so called derived its name from Logan an Indian chief who was celebrated for his friendship toward the early settlers of Cass County, and who by his numerous acts of kindness erected for himself a monument enduring as time itself.

Logansport is situated in the junction of Wabash and Eel rivers, which are spanned by eleven bridges and justly entitles it to the name of "the city of bridges," as well as "the city of natural advantages."

The early settlers soon conceived the idea of erecting a village on the spot where the business portion of the city now stands, probably never dreaming that they were laying the foundation of a city that was destined to take rank among the first cities of the state. Had anyone in those days predicted that the sun of 1883 would dawn upon a city containing some 16,000 inhabitants with 75 miles of graded streets 12 miles of gas mains, and 12 miles of water mains, he would have been regarded as visionary, and yet this very thing has been accomplished by the pluck and energy of those who have resided here from that day to the present time.

If the waters of the two rivers referred to could be utilized it would be ample to drive the entire machinery of the state, which fact makes Logansport one of the most inviting places for manufacturing establishments in the state. Persons in quest of locations of that kind would do well to examine the inducements we have to offer before locaing elsewhere.

Our educational facilities are the pride and boast of our citizens. Large substantial and commodius school buildings ornament all parts of the city affording opportunities for teaching "the young idea how to shoot." These structures are built after the most modern and improved style, and clearly indicate the importance which our citizens attach to education. The amount of money expended in this direction is the best investment the city ever made, and will be a blessing to generations yet to come. Logansport is proverbial as a place of health, the early settlers as a general thing lived to a ripe old age, and there descendant baid fair to do the same, every countenance is an index to health. There is comparatively speaking very litttle sanitary regulations required. The accumulations of garbage and decaying vegetable matter calculated to engender disease is carried into our rivers. The longevity of our citizens is an incontrovertable evidence of the healthfulness of the place, at this writing our minds rests upon a large number of persons who have passed their three score years who are as vivacious to-day as they were 30 years ago. No city in the State of the same population can show a lower death rate than Logansport.

Our fire department is inferior to no other similar institution in the State. It has been in practical operation over four years, and during that period we have suffered to a very limited extent by the ravages of fire. Thus it will be seen that we are not only protected in our persons by the healthfulness of the place, but our property also by a well regulated and efficient fire department.

Our railroads run out in the direction of all points of the compass, East, West, North and South. Southeast and Northwest, Northeast and Southwest. Thus connecting us with all the large cities on the continent, giving to our farmers swift and immediate transportation for their surplus products, and to our merchants and business men speedy means to replenish their stock on short notice.

These railroads disburse monthly from $30,000 to $40,000 to their employes, which finds its way through the avenues of trade, giving life and energy to the business interests of the city.

Building material for cottages and houses possessing the properties of beauty and durability are not wanting. The clay used in the manufacture of brick has been pronounced to be of the best quality. Sand, gravel and stone are inexhaustible, together with an abundance of timber for all practical purposes.

Our church edifices would do honor to cities of greater pretentions than Logansport. These are filled on each Labbath with a devoted people who respect the sacredness of Sabbath and the sublimity of the Christian religion. Connected with these are flourishing Sabbath-schools where children are taught the rudiments of Christianity, and whose voices sweetly blend in singing:

"Hold the fort for I am coming.

Our mercnants and business men are men of probity, energy and enterprise, our mechanics and laboring men are frugal, honest and industrious. The legal and medical professions are represented by gentlemen of integrity, ability and skill, nor are our citizens disposed to be selfish, but stand ready to accord to others the advantages o the city of their choice. The universal sentiment of our people is come "yet there is room." With this brief and imperfect sketch which ought to have been confided to better hands we close the subject with

Yours truly.

GOLD DUST.

Envelopes were first used in 1839.

Anæsthesia was discovered in 1844.

The first steel pen was made in 1830.

The first air pump was made in 1654.

The first lucifer match was made in 1798.

Mohammed was born at Mecca about 570.

The first iron steamship was built in 1830.

The first balloon ascent was made in 1798.

Coaches were first used in England in 1569.

The first steel plate was discovered in 1830.

The first horse railroad was built in 1826-27.

The Franciscans arrived in England in 1224.

The first steamboat plied the Hudson in 1807.

The entire Hebrew Bible was printed in 1488.

Ships were first "copper bottomed" in 1783.

Gold was first discovered in California in 1848.

The first telescope was used in England in 1608.

Christianity was introduced into Japan in 1549.

The first watches were made at Nuremburg in 1477.

First saw-maker's anvil brought to America in 1819.

First almanac printed by George Von Furbach in 1460.

The first newspaper advertisement appeared in 1652.

Percussion arms were used in the U. S. army in 1630.

The first use of a locomotive in this country was in 1829.

Omnibusses were first introduced in New York in 1830.

Kerosene was first used for lighting purposes in 1856.

The first copper cent was coined in new Haven in 1687.

Nine-tenths of all the collars and cuffs sold in this country are made in Troy.

Goshen claims to have the largest wheel barrow factory in the United States.

We use 21,000,000 spools of thread a year, and three or four thousand cords of wood in making the spools.

The first glass factory in the United States was built in 1780.

The first printing press in the United States was worked in 1620.

Glass windows were first introduced into England in the eighth century.

The first steam engine on this continent was brought from England in 1753.

The first complete sewing machine was patented by Elias Howe, jr., in 1846.

The first attempt to manufacture pins in this country was made soon after the war of 1812.

The Society for the promotion of Christion Knowledge was organized in 1698.

The first prayer book of Edward VI. came into use by authority of Parliament on Whitsunday, 1549.

The first temperance society in this country was organized in Saratoga county, N. Y., in March, 1808.

The first coach in Scotland was brought thither in 1565, when Queen Mary came from France. It belonged to Alexander Lord Heaton.

The first daily newspaper appeared in 1702. The first newspaper printed in the United States was published in Boston on September 24, 1796.

The first telegraphic instrument was successfully operated by S. F. B. Morse, the inventor, in 1835, though its utility was not demonstrated to the world until 1842.

The first society for the exclusive purpose of circulating the Bible was formed in 1805, under the name of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The Colinization Society has exported 21,000 persons to Africa. This has involved 176 voyages. It is a remarkable fact that not one of the vessels carrying emigrants to Liberia has been wrecked.

A ruby of five carats is worth twice as much as a diamond of the same size, and one of ten carats three times as much as a diamond of corresponding size. A perfect ruby is the rarest of all stones.

The first Union flag was unfurled on the 1st of January, 1776, over the camp at Cambridge. It had thirteen stripes of white and red, and retained the English cross in one corner.

There are in the United States 52 theological seminaries, where 2,000 young men are in training for the ministry. About 200 professors and tutors are engaged in the work of teaching these young men.

Beyond the Mississippi there are 1,200,000 square miles not settled by white men, and of this area 240,000 square miles, embracing much of the best land, are included within Indian reservations, while much of the remainder consists of mountainous tracts lands inaccessible or sterile, and arid regions which cannot be irrigated.

A Washington Territory official says there are four pursuits which a man can follow in the northwest with more show of success than elsewhere, viz: wheat raising, mining, lumbering and fishing. The wheat belt extending from Boise, Idaho, to Walla-Walla, W. T., containing 50,000,000 acres of land.

Shall we Meet Again.

The following is one of the most brilliant paragraphs ever written by the lamented George E. Prentice:

"The fiat of death is inexorable. No appeal for relief from the great law which dooms us to dust. We flourish and fade as the leaves of the forest, and the flowers that bloom, wither and fade in a day, having no frailer hold upon life than the mightiest monarch that ever shook the earth with his footsteps. Generations of men will appear and disappear as footsteps upon the shore. Men seldom think of the great event of death until the shadow falls across their own pathway, hiding from their eyes the faces of loved ones whose living smile was the sunlight of their existence. Death is the antagonist of life, and the thought of the tomb is the skeleton of all feasts. We do not want to go through the dark valley, although its dark passage may lead to paradise; we do not want to go down into the dark grave, even with princess for bedfellows. In the beautiful dream of "Ion," the hope of immortality so eloquently uttered by the death-devoted Greek, finds deep response in every thoughtful soul. When about to yield his life a sacrifice to fate, his Clemanthe asks if they should meet again; to which he responds: "I have asked that dreadful question of the hills that look eternal—of the clear streams that flow forever—of stars among whose fields of azure my raised spirits have walked in glory. All are dumb. But as I gaze on thy living face, I feel that there is something in love that mantles through its beauty that cannot wholly perish. We shall meet again, Clemanthe."

Presidential Aspirants.

The history of this country proves that no man who has had an exceeding ambition for the Presidency ever reached it. This was the bane of Clay, Cass, Webster Scott, Douglass and Greely, neither of whom ever reached the proud distinction, although each of them received the nomination for the position. This bit of history ought to teach ex-Senator McDonald a lesson, and induce him to apply air-brakes. Unless history for once fails to repeat itself, Joe will never be president.

The decree regulating the liquor traffic in Bussia, recently signed by the Emperor, is one of the most stringent character. There is to be only one liquor shop in a village, and where two or three villages are almost contiguous one shop must suffice for their combined inhabitants. The publican must be a native of the place, appointed and paid by the common council, and must sell food as well as liquor. If he allows anybody to get drunk, he is liable not only to dismissal, but to fine and imprisonment. If any Russian village is reported to the authorities as addicted to drunkenness, the sale of liquor may be interdicted for as long a period as may seem necessary.

THE PRESS.

THE IOWA DECISION A QUIBBLE.

New Albany Public Press (Dem.)

The decision seems to be made upon a mere technicality and quibble and is unworthy of great minds that ought to fill the Supreme bench. The amendment ought to stand on its own merits or fall on its demerits.

WHAT SHOULD BE DONE WITH LIQUOR.

Albion New Era.

For the time being we should endeavor to deprive as effectually as possible the liquor seller of the power of evil, until the whole accursed system of legalizing the making of criminals and paupers could be wiped out by constitutional prohibition.

THE AMENDMENTS SHOULD BE RE INTRODUCED.

Bloomington Telephone.

Would it not be wiser to start new, reintroduce and have the amendments submitted, when, if they are passed, their legality will be beyond question, and no power but the voice of the people can reverse them? It will, we believe, save the amendments from certain defeat.

A LIQUOR SELLER'S TRIUMPH.

Richmond Palladium.

It may be taken for granted that the Democrats will kill the amendments at the present stage, and the temperance people must begin their work over again. The whole action, so far, may be regarded as a triumph of the liquor seller through the aid and assistance of the Democrats.

THE RIGHT OF PETITION ABOVE PARTY.

Frankfort Banner.

The question of the right of people to petition for and have submitted to them, amendments, is above party; it is one of the inalienable rights of the people, and they will jealously guard and defend it. The present majority may postpone action upon these amendments; to do so will be their political death.

THE AMENDMENTS LEGALLY BEFORE THE LEGISLATURE.

Kokomo Gazette.

The amendments are as legally before the present Legislature as they ever were before any Legislature. They have a legal precedent and the opinion of ex-Governor Baker certifying that they are legal. The Legislature has the amendments. It hasn't the slightest excuse for not acting on them except pure cussedness.

THE AWFUL POWER OF A JOURNAL CLERK.

Union City News.

It does seem silly that so slight an error, especially as there are hundreds of reliable people who could testify to the passage of the law, cannot be remedied without so much cost and trouble. As it is, a clerk is mightier than the Assembly, as he can by an omission, intentional or otherwise, undo all the work of his masters.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND TEMPERANCE.

Rochester Tribune.

Temperance has been one of the outside planks of the Republican platform, as we understand it, since the organization of the party, and now that other planks have been fully utilized, those more remote must be moved to the center. We don't want any weak-kneed journal or men as leaders who are willing to barter principles for party success. It is better to be right than to be President.

THE DEMOCRACY AND THE LIQUOR LEAGUE.

Crawfordsville Journal.

The Democratic party is running the Legislature, and the liquor league is running the Democratic party; and the servants dare not disobey the mandates of their master. The pledge of the Democratic party to submit the amendments to the people is to be disregarded and shamefully broken. The rank and file of the party will whine for a few days and then quickly submit to the decree of the liquor league.

THE PEOPLE MUST SHOW THEIR POWER.

Richmond Palladium.

The popular theory that the people rule is beginning to be understood as a popular delusion. It will be well, if the people desire to preserve their rights, that they take the matter in hand and let demagogues understand that this is not only in theory but in practice a government of the people, by the people and for the people, and that those who will not trust the people with the management of their own affairs shall take back seats until they learn the true principles of government.

DON'T KNOW WHAT SHOULD BE DONE

Jeffersonville News.

It is hard to tell which is best for the cause now, defeat or success in the Legislature. Every failure injures the cause, and should the Supreme Court fail to sustain the amendments, the result will be disastrous in the extreme. If there was a certainty of these amendments being overthrown by our Supreme judges, it would be better to abandon them and commence anew, and see that no such stupid and fatal blunders are made again.

THE LIQUOR POWER MUST BE PUT DOWN

Rushville Graphic.

The time is almost at hand—will reach us at farthest in this generation—when that aggressive power (the liquor interest) must be met and put down, or else we must bury our convictions and tamely submit to the humiliation of being absolutely governed by it. We have faith enough yet in the higher instincts of humanity to believe that when the necessity of making a choice is forced upon us, the better and more humane impulses will again prevail and the baser will again be put under.

TEMPERANCE BANNER.

Logansport Journal,

The first number of the "Temperance Banner," edited and published by Mayor Samuel Jacobs, will be issued in this city next Friday. The "Banner" will be devoted primarily to the advocacy of the cause of temperance, but will also include other features required to make it in all respects a welcome and useful visitant at every home and fireside. Mr. Jacobs has espoused the cause of temperauce with all his heart and mind, and has given proof of his ardor and sincerity by his nerve and courage in abandoning the associations of a long life to dedicate his powers, and influence and labors to the greatest reform of the age. The Banner has a field of labor before it ripe for the harvest. In this city and county the cause of temperance languishes for lack of inspiration, advocacy and leadership. The same conditions prevail in a great many counties of the State, but underlying all this apparent apathy there is the smouldering fire of discontent and indignation on account of the treatment that has been given to prohibition and amendment submission. There's work for the Banner in stirring this fire into a sweeping blaze, and for this work Mr. Jacobs is well qualified in temperment, training and education. The time appears to be propitious for his venture upon the sea of journalism; he is a skilled and daring navigator of such craft, and the journal trusts that he may find favoring breezes wafting him to the post of success and prosperity, with the Banner waving broudly at the masthead.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

A Delphi school teacher, named Baer, has been heavily fined for brutally beating a young lady pupil of sixteen.

Saturday night incendiaries burnt a house valued at $500, on the farm of John A. Hardy, five miles south of Crawfordsville.

Samuel Dawson, who has lived alone as a hermit within two miles of Glenwood for some twenty-five years, was found dead in his hut the other day.

Miss Holly, Orangeburg, S. C., was burned to death the other night, her dress catching fire from a gate. She was to have been married the next day.

William Thompson, a well-know cattle and ranchman, twenty miles from Council Bluffs. was frozen to death by being caught in a blinding snowstorm.

John J. Lancaster, and George W. Quissenberg, have been arrested a few miles east of Vincennes for stealing a horse from a gentleman named Borman, in Duboise county.

Harry Haehl, a young German employed in the malt house of George Gardner, at Shelbyville, committed suicide, the other day, by shooting himself in the head.

H. A. Stober, a character well-known about Wabash, dropped dead the other morning. He was apparently in good health, and was preparing to go about his day's work.

Isaac Evarth, living about five miles southeast of Rockville, committed suicide late Friday afternoon, by taking morphine. His wife had deserted him and gone to the road.

A saw-log was hauled to a mill in Wabash county which measured fifty-two inches across the end, and the scales, which have a capacity of twelve tons, would not weigh it.

The town of Carlisle, is stirred with a sensation in the fact that the wife of Rev. W. A. Smith has left her husband, charging him with obliging her to build the fires in the morning.

John Voiler's residence, located five and one-half miles north of Madison, and occupied by W. C. Golay, was burned about mibnight of the 23d ult. The fire caught from the chimney.

The dead body of an unknown female colored child, ten years old, was found in the Ohio river at Hanover the other day. The child was probably drowned during the flood.

Last Tuesday night a large barn, four miles below Rockport, belonging to Thomas Snyder, and containing several thousand bushels of grain, was upset by the flood and the grain washed away.

Caroline Bernheimer, a widow, fell through a sky-light, directly upon a rapidly running rip-saw in Blair's packing box factory, in York street, New York, and was immediately cut in twain.

Peter Schmidt, son of August Schmidt, who lives on the Mount Vernon road, near Evansville, was engaged in cutting down a tree, when the tree fell upon him, serving his head from his body.

Mrs. Patrick Casey, living five miles north of Rosemond, Minn., cut the throat of her child, four years old, and then her own. When found, the child was dead and the mother died soon after. The woman was insane.

Patrick Flanigan, one of the most prominent Irish citizens and prosperous merchants of Richmond, was thrown from his buggy last evening and sustained injuries that will render him a criple for life, if he survives the accident.

At Laurel, twelve miles south of Connersville, John Coulter, one of the most desperate men, in Franklin county, a one-armed man, blew off his only hand with a dynamite cartridge while trying to kill fish.

Fire at Fowler, Benton county, destroyed two saloons and a dwelling house, yesterday morning. Loss $2,000 The saloons were owned by John Morry and Thomas Dufice, and the dwelling by John O'Brian.

Two counterfeiters named Waters and Welch, were arrested at Springfield, Ill., yesterday morning, they had about $3,000, in counterfeit money upon their persons when arrested. They claim that they live at Evansville, and are engaged in the commission business in that city.

A large barn belonging to Philip Cook, in Washington township, Elkhart county, was burned. Two horses, a cow, a number of hogs, about sixty tons of hay, a large amount of grain and machinery were all burned. The loss is about $3,000. His insurance policy has just expired.

A. H. Rice, a harness maker of Laporte, and an old and respected citizen, committed suicide early one morning last week by hanging himself in his shop. He was seventy-six years old and was married last April to Mrs. Fields, aged thirty-six years. Fear that his family would come to want caused the act. A son, also a harness maker, hung himself in the same shop some years ago.

Farm and Household.

A ton of straw is now made into 1,000 feet of boards.

The traveling cotton-gin is a new enterprise in the south.

Fully $500,000 is invested in truck farms around Savanna.

They are planting orange groves all along the Mississippi coast.

An Ohio man got 1,042 bushels of tomatoes off two acres last year.

The timbered lands of Arizona embrace an area af 5,770,000 acres.

Over $6,000,000 worth of feathers are exported from South Africa every year.

It is estimated that the daily sale of natural flowers in Paris realizea some $20,000.

Estimates fix the cotton crop of this country last season at an agregate of 6,700,000 bales.

Prairie hay was recently selling for $13 per ton at Bismark, Dakota, and wheat for 85 cents per bushel.

The whole province of Ontario has 201,000 farms, and one of our States, Illinois, goes ahead of this figure by 54,000.

Good horses for business purposes, sound, and weighing from 1,100 to 1,200 pounds each, command from $140 to $175 each in Denver.

An English company will plant five thousand acres of alfalfa in the coming spring on their to-be model farm twenty miles from Denver.

A French stallion has recently been imported by William L. Scott, of Erie, Pa., which is said to have cost when delivered nearly $100,000.

An Oregan sheep raiser claims that sheep raised in that state are about 20 per cent. heavier than those raised in either California, Nevada or Colorado.

The number af hogs slaughtered and salted by Chicago packers since November 1 to date is 2,43,1000 against 2,330,000 for the corresponding period a year ago.

It is estimated that in the two Carolinas, Georgia and Louisiana, a total population of 200,000 people, white and colored, are dependent upon the cultivation of rice.

The Canada Pacific railroad company have given notice that they will carry wheat and fuel at the rate of 1 cent per ton per mile—a pointer for American Pacifics.

A fourteen-year old boy in Sumter county, Alabama, made three bales of cotton, eighty bushels of corn and one hundred bushels of potatoes last season without assistance.

Bermuda grass, once accounted a curse by southern farmers, now turns out to be a blessing. Now they say it is an enricher and preserver of the soil and the best of stock food.

A company with a capital of $450,000 has been incorporated in Pennsylvania for the purpose of manufacturing sugar from beets. The factory will probably be located at York.

When Denver, Col., was just laid out it was on a barren and treeless plain, and the first of the thousand of now beautiful shade trees of that city was planted only fifteen years ago.

A lemon grown in Mexico was on exibition in St. Louis recently which measured 19 inches in circumference one way and 13 inches the other, was 8 inches high and weighed over three and one half pounds.

United States senator McPherson is the owner of a 1000-acre farm in New Jersey and he is spending a great deal of money in converting it into a dairy farm, with the intention of keeping about 200 milch cows upon it.

In England there is an average of, three sheep to every four acres of land while in this country the average is one sheep to thirty-four acres. English farmers depend on their sheep very largely for fertilizing their ground.

It is estimated that the number of hogs, beeves, veals, muttons and lambs killed annually in the United States for food puoposes amounts to about 50,000,000 head, and that their aggregate weight would be about 4,480,000 tons.

The new building erected by the United States Government at White's Manual Labor Institute, Wabash county, is now ready for occupancy, and the twenty Indian children to be educated there are to be brought from the west next week.

Fowls are fond of pepper at any time, particularly the red, or Cayenne pepper; and now that the weather is cold, care should be taken to give them small quantities at frequent intervals. It acts as a tonic and improves their general condition.

A colony is being formed in the vicinity of Wabash to remove to Dakota this spring. A party of thirty men is on the point of starting on a prospecting tour. The movement is growing, and at least thirty families are determined upon going.

There is a wind engine erected in Geneseo, Ill., the arms of which are thirty feet long, and its power equivalent to that of an eight or ten horse power steam engine. It is used for pumping water for stock, grinding feed, shelling corn, churning, etc.

It is said that an unusual breadth of acres in central New York will be planted to hops the coming season. The present exhorbitant prices obtained for the article are stimmulating their cultivation more widely than ever both in Europe and this country.

The number of hogs over six months old in Kansas, in 1881, as reported by state officers who had gathered the information, was 1,228,583. This was slightly less than in 1880, the number for that year being 1,281,630. The number in 1870 was 206,587 and in 1875, 293,658.

Farmers should remember that their boots and shoes may be rendered water proof by applying copal varnish to the soles until the leather will not absorb any more. The cost is trifling and keeping the feet dry particularly in cold, wet weather is of the utmost importance.

There are forty acres of tillable land belonging to the State near the penitentiary, north, at Michigan City. During the past year there was raised upon these grounds 800 bushels of potatoes, 250 bushels of tomatoes, 250 bushels of radishes, 106 bushels of beets, 30,000 heads of cabbage and forty bushels of cucumbers.

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TEMPERANCE BANNER.

"IN HOC SIGNO VINCES."

VOL. I. LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1883. NO. 2

—Read the BANNER.

—Circulate the BANNER.

—Subscribe for the BANNER.

—Drunkeness is a social nuisance.

—Beer fills the body, and the body fills the bier.

—Intemperance degrads labor and destroys homes.

Read the call of the Grand Council on 4th page of this issue.

—Saloons are the head quarters of every corrupt political ring.

—Every drunken man's ballot imperils every sober man's interest.

—The voice of 60,000 votes was drowned by the clamor of the whisky ring.

—The temperance reform has been carried to a point where no power can turn it back.

—The rum-seller is engaged in a business, good for none, dangerous to all, deadly to many.

—Of all the proximate causes or occasions of crime, non is so prolific as intemperance.

—The question now prominent before the public is, Shall the vending of intoxicants be treated as a virtue or a vice?

—Let us beware of the fatal delusion that even the very best license law possible would bring about the great reform.

—The power of the whisky ring in politics is absolutely alarming; and yet it is said, Keep temperance out of politics.

—It must have been a pityful sight to see the liquor league standing over the last legislature dictating its policy. Blushes are in order.

—A friend remarked to us this morning "you have not much respect for the majority of the late legislature." Why should we? They had no respect for themselves.

—We call attention to an article elsewhere under the caption "humanity vs. society." This article was furnished the BANNER by a well known and worthy citizen of this city.

—That portion of the State Senate who succumbed to the demands of the whisky league ought to have purchased a through ticket and fled to another clime, and then sent for their families.

—It has been said that the voice of the people is the voice of God. "If this be so the voice of God was not heard by the recent legislature, but the voice of the liquor league and that other gentleman were heard.

—We have met with almost unprecedented success in our new enterprise thus far, kind words of encouragement reach us every day, and from every quarter. We hereby tender them our most sincere thanks.

—To the credit of our citizens be it said that they are responding nobly towards the erection of the Luthern church, the amount already subscribed warrants us in saying the church will be rebuilt in a short time.

—The first prohibitory law enacted in the United States was enacted in Maine in 1852, by a democratic legislature and signed by a democratic Governor. The next was enacted in Kansas by a Republican legislature, and signed by a Republican Governor.

—To the scurrilous attack made upon us in last Tueaday mornin's issue of the Journal, we have no reply. This paper was started on too high a plane to indulge in personal abuse. We believe that an editor can be a gentleman as well as any other man, moreover our Bible teaches us not to "cast pearls before swine.

—An ingrate is one of the most despisable creatures in God's creation. He always returns evil for good, abuse for kindness and vituperation for favors and is as devoid of honor as Satan is of piety. He is a marked, singular and shameless monstrosity in a world of benevolent beings. It is a blessed thought that few such persons belong to Logansport society.

—Father Matthew the great Irish temperance apostle, who is said to have administered the pledge to 700,000 people before passing to his reward, left the following testimony:

"The principle of prohibition seems to me to be the only safe and certain remedy for the evils of intemperance. This opinion has been strengthened and confirmed by the hard labor of more than 20 years in the temperance cause.'

TEMPERANCE WORK.

The work at this juncture devolving upon temperance people is not so much the work of portraying the evils of intemperance, as devising some effective measures to suppress them.

The means heretofore employed have been found inadequate, for the obvious reason that they were not aimed at the root of the evil. Dry up the fountain and the stream will disappear. Intemperance is a tree whose fruit is poison, and whose shade is death. The time has come to pluck up that tree and cast it into the fire, root and branch.

The trouble with the temperance people is, the want of harmonious action in regard to the mode and manner of conducting this warfare. Not so with our enemies. They are a unit. with them there is no medium ground —no half-way station; no compromise; and they are as fixed in their purpose as the everlasting hills. With us it is not so. We are divided in sentiment as to the best course to be adopted, some maintaining that we should adhere to moral suasion, and put forth more vigorous efforts in that direction. They seem to have forgotten that moral suasion has had its day, and when heretofore employed had reference to the reformation of the individual. They seem to overlook the further fact that we have entered upon the last stage of this noble reform; that our field of operation is enlarged, and embraces in its geographical range a class of citizens who are impervious to moral suasion. You could as easily pluck the sun from its orbit, or roll a tide of desolation into the starry world, as to successfully prevail upon them to abandon their nefarious business. It would be equally as consistent to insist upon the abandonment of Gatling-guns and iron-clad men-of-war, and substitute in their stead, the bow and arrow and the ancient stone and sling in repelling the invasion of a foreign foe.

The enemy is now entrenched in a fortress as impregnable as a rock, and laughs at moral suasion. Let me ask How were the slavery and the odious corn laws of England abolished? Did the opposers of these evils prevail upon the people to refrain from the business of dealing in human flesh? Did they admonish them to cease purchasing bread that was taxed? Did they even invoke the aid of Parliament to restrict and regulate these evils? Not by any means. It was not until the memorable Elizabeth Herrick, of England, and a clergyman named Thompson, of Scotland, lifted their voices against the infamy of slavery. It was not until Cobden, and his adjunct, Mr. Bright, of England, thundered their eloquence against the corn law and aroused the people in the strength of their might to demand of Parliament the repeal of use obnoxious laws. Who believes in his heart that if all the people of England and Scotland had been morally persuaded, that those unjust laws were wrong.that they would ever have been abolished without an act of Parliament.

Can any man entertain for a moment the idea that intemperance, with all its concomitant evils, will ever be suppressed by moral suasion!. Nothing less than the interposition of the strong arm of the law will ever accomplish a work so noble in its purpose and so fraught with good. The liquor league would cheerfully accord to us moral suasion, on condition that we allow them to do the voting.

- Public Opinion.

Unquestionably public opinion is the ruling planet in our national horoscope. To employ the language of judicial astrology it hath entered and it stands flaming and dominant in the "cusp of our house of life," and be its influence baneful or benign, it is our destiny to work out the problem of our nation's existance beneath it. Whatever may be true to monarchies, no great public enterprise can be sustained in opposition of popular will. It is omnipotent the dictum of an English casuist was that a government of the people contained within itself the elements of its own destruction. If we pronounce the picture of the historian a carricature and no likeness, may we not assign the reason for it, which is the blindness of prejudice in mistaking an accidental perversion of public opinion for its inherent and total depravity. But whether the validity of this reason be affirmed or denied the power of public opinion remains a "fixed fact." We cannot deny it if we would, and would not if we could. It is the most august and potent engine wielded on the continent.

How important, therefore, that public opinion be properly directed. It is as potent for evil as for good and its power is none the less,although it may be in the direction of evil. If it be assented that the fate of our republic is yet to be decided—that the experiment is yet in progress, and the problem yet insolved, it still remains true that the chief agent in the experiment, the radical element in the problem is public opinion.

Assuming that an individual has made himself familiar with the political statues of the country, would he be thus enabled to sketch our condition in respect to the highest element of civilization. We think not.

The vasciating tendency of our people is so evident, and their opinion subjected to so many changes that what to-day is applauded to-morrow is decried. We are a heterogenious people almost every nation on earth has its representatives here. In our vast domain are poured together a million discordant elements from every quarter of the globe. The "English monarchist," the "American republican," the "gay Frenchman," the "ploding German," the "voluptous Italian,"the "Law-abiding Scotchman," the "passionate Spaniard," the"calm Quaker," the "rudy Roman," the "rugged Irishman," the "Bronzed Jew," are here thrown together and commixed. Every grade of intelligence from the most abstruse learning to the most unlettered ignorance. And these extremes compounded with religious and political prejudices may be found there. then is a vast field for the statesman and philanthropist to exercise their wisdom and skill. The adjustment of these elements so dissimilar is a work of immenee magnitude. A pure,wholesome, public sentiment, rightly directed, would make us a nation of temperance with all that it implies. No power can prevent an end so desirable but the fatuity of the people themselves. Purity of motives, honest endeavors and united action are the great elements of success. No people should suffer a false political economy to preside over the legislature of a nation,or a corrupt party spirit to sap the principles of the constitution for the sake of its own sinister and selfish ends.

CAPITAL AND LABOR.

Two agencies are necessary to develop and build up a country. These are capital and labor. These agencies should be adjusted so that they would move in harmony with each other. The one in the absence of the other could accomplish nothing. Gold is sometimes called capital and yet you may pile it up high as the moon and broad as the circle of the earth. In the absence of labor it would amount to no more than when it lay in the bowels of the earth a thousand years ago. The precious metal now deeply buried will remain absolutely useless until labor stretches forth its arms and drags it forth from its hiding place. We have no war to make on capital, on the contrary we invite it amongst us. We say to capital, feed us, carry us, clothe us, educate our children and we will pay you, but when you undertake to rule, rob, or oppress us we will thunder forth one united remonstance against you.

The immortal Lincoln once said: "Capital owes its existence to labor, nor could it have existed but for the reason that labor first existed. Capital is the fruit of labor and therefore labor deserves the higher consideration.

It has been ascertained that four hours labor of productive industry will support the entire population of the country. The remaining six hours therefore must be surplusage. The important question to be solved is, who shall have this surplusage? We hold that it should be equally divided between capital and labor, as the matter now stands, the fruits of the six hours labor are swallowed up by taxation and the payment of interest on capital,any man can see at a glance that this tends to make the rich richer and the poor poorer. The immortal Jackson near the close of his brilliant career said: "Freedom from monopolies and priviledge class and all will be well." The tendency of capital is to centralize, monopolize and control. They have grown rich, and the laboring man correspondingly poor. This injustice would not exist if right prevailed.

—Any person so desiring can have a sample copy of the BANNER sent to any address free of charge, by giving us the name and Postoffice address.

—Wife-beating is of too frequent occurrence in these days of boasted civilization.

The Wabash County Agricultural Society have decided to enlarge their fair grounds, and make a half mile track and other improvements.

HUMANITY vs. SOCIETY.

Scarcely one week rolls round but that we hear of the ruin of some unfortunate damsel. She passes beneath the surface of society, and and is heard of no more. Thus one by one somebody's daughter, somebody's sister, is lost in the frail bark of giddy life. No one stops to ask the cause. No one has either time or inclination to give advice or consolation to the wayward child or the broken hearts at home. Have you a daughter? Have you a sister? Have you a father's affection for a child? Have you a father's sympathy for a sister? Then remember that these lost girls have fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters, too, who once looked with pride on the idol of their home, where love and affection for one of their own can never die. No! not all of them. But it is still more heartrending to know that there are those who are out in the cold world without father, mother, sister or brother, destitute of the common necessary comforts of life. No friends to hear the last clods of dishonor fall on their coffins—buried from society, lost in the rumbling of busy life, with wakeful nights as their companions, and bitter tears their consolation, till at last a little ragged mound in some potter's field is all that is left to mark the resting place of some mother's prattling little darling. No mourners follow in the procession. No minister performs the last solemn rites. No loving kindred are left to care for her grave and strew roses there. In a few months the site is covered with underbrush, a fitting emblem, indeed, to the world of boasted humanity. She had no father to care and provide for her. She had no mother to love and warn her against the many snares and dangers on her way through life. She had no brother to lead and protect her. She had no loving sister to set her an example. No! she was "only a poor orphan girl," and a "pot-slinger." No one ever called to say to her, "go with me to church, to Sabbath-school, or to an evening social." She had no silks to rustle in the breeze; no fur hat decorated mith oftrich plume; no diamonds to sparkle in candle-light or sun-light. Unfortunately she was not versed in Shakespeare, Milton, Byron, Homer, Virgil, or any of the renowned poets. But doubtless at one time she was as worthy by nature and moral character as those who sport silks, plumes or diamonds, or render up their fine poetical quotations. But fate, alas! was against her; poverty could not find a home in society. Hence the tide of ingratitude swept her out of existence. We are pleased to give our own daughters the advantage of schools and colleges in conjunction with years of practical training that they may successfully start out in life. but the poor girl was forced to embark in the same difficult voyage with all these advantages against her, and society lifted up her tyrannical hands in "holy horror" when she failed. She was not allowed to eat at the same table with those whom she so faithfully served, receiving as her reward at the close of each day a severe reprimand from her mistress for not having done this, that or the other thing differently, without even one friendly advice as to how things should be done.

Again, if by dint of the strictest economy and most persevering industry she procured but one respectable suit, how soon it was whispered around society circles that "she was only a poor hired girl." "She never could have come by such an outfit honestly." On the one hand it is readily seen that she was neglected for want of respectable wearing apparrel, and on the other she was ostracised after toiling day and night as an honest and worthy servant to procure the same. What was left for her to do? Let those who are surrounded with luxury, blessed with a happy home and all the comforts of life, place themselves in her situation, and mould an answer to suit themselves. Imagine how often her poor heart failed within her as she retired at night to bathe her pillow with tears, without a soul to care for her or to comfort her. Is it any wonder that she came to the conclusion that she could do nothing that would merit respect; that she gave up in despair; that she lost all confidence in herself and humanity, that she was beneath the welcome of society; and that at last she was led to do that which was worse than nothing. Then the die was cast, her fate was everlastingly sealed, and she was forever branded as an outcast. She was not ever permitted to reform. She did wrong, she was passed, and her last ray of hope was gone.

While to-day the cause of her ruin sails in high life, admitted into the society of the "upper tens" of the world, poor Bridget has not even a wooden plank to mark her grave. Is it not high time that our worthy ladies should be more zealous in lending a helping hand to the poor and unqualified of their own sex, and with an iron hand exclude questionable men from their parlors? It is not just that in cases where two parties are found equally guilty of the same offense, that the stronger should go scot free and the weaker be exiled for life. As soon as men are given to understand that they will be held accountable for their immoral conduct equally with women, society will profit by the result, and the reward of justice will be dealt out accordingly.

PEN PICTURE OF TEMPERANCE.

Paint temperance? To do this requires not the pen of angels dipped in holy fire, or the tints of heaven, and environed with living light, to dash upon the everlasting canvass visions of a blessed home, of raising happiness out of ruins, and unfold the glories of redeemed man, and portray the joys of that world beyond the stars. Paint home a paradise, and man communing with his maker. A fruitful field of flowery promises; a garden without a tempter; every heart throbbing, every eye kindling, every tongue praising, and all voices sweetly blending in accents of devotion to God: and angels bending with delight among the listening stars to catch the rising joy and waft it to their native skies.

Paint the family a sanctuary, and religion hallowing that home; prayer in the morning, thanksgiving at the table, and family devotion at night; with a group of congenial spirits, social virtues in the highest style, the amenities of affection conspicuous, gems leaping in the coronet of love, a wife's heart bounding with joy, and children with smiles playing upon their ruddy lips.

Paint mortal man as natures God had formed him; paint health to the frame; vigor to the mind; joy to the heart; comfort to the soul; light to the eye; music to the ear; strength to the memory, embowered with roses, fledging his wings for new delights; cheered by the smiles of divine favor; social virtues rising in his soul, and smiling as they rise, and brighten as they take their flight.

Paint the sky without a cloud: the sea without a wreck; the air without disease; the land without a desert; the whirlwind restrained the lightning chained, the thunder hushed, the volcano extinguished, the reign of harmony begun, and the primeval brightness of creation realized; paint the arm of tyranny broken; the cause of satan restrained; the banner of the cross unfurled, and its graceful folds waving in the breezes wafted from the island of the blessed; hatred lost in love; falsehood bowing to truth; love taking the place of law.

Paint a temple whose towers are high as the dome of heaven, with a foundation deeper than the pillars of the earth, and the first rays of the morning sun playing upon its dazzling summit, and the last rays of the sinking orb lingering upon its sublime height, and you have a temple of honor, glorious to behold, and dedicated to temperance, truth and love. Paint all these, and you have a picture that would challenge the admiration of angels, and cause a divine smile to radiate on the countenance of the unveiled God. Such a picture is now in the hands of artists who are giving it some touches of masterly skill. The eventful period of its completion is fast coming on, when the inhabitants of earth will look, wonder and admire.

—To-day is St. Patrick's day. All nations,ancient and modern, have had in their history such epochs or eras which they have continued for ages to commamorate. In ancient times the Jews had their year of Beleas, which they observed as a Jubilee. The Greeks had their Olympiad, which they celebrated by national games and gladiatorial exhibitions. The French their Ides of March. The English their Gun Powder plot. The Irish their St. Patrick's day.St. Patrick flourished in the 5th century. He was born on the 5th day of April 373 of the Christian Era, and died about the year 493,or perhaps 495. According to these figures he reached the good old age of 120 years, then closed his eyes on every thing that bears the index of earth and passed into that region where sorrows never arise. He is said to have founded 365 churches and administered with his hands the rite of baptism to 12,000 human beings. It is not to be wondered at that the Catholics delight to reverence his memory, and they do so with the same feelings that our Methodist friends revere the name of John Wesley, or the Presbyterians the name of John Calvin,and the Reform church the name of Ursinus.

RUM BLOSSOMS.

Last month 10,000 cases of champagne were imported by New York houses.

There are 10,000 beer saloons in New York city. There is a movement to reduce the number to 2,000.

Delmonico's, Ned Stoke's, Hoffman house saloon, and other resorts of that kind in New York, always keep on duty a retired pugilist as "peace maker," to "bounce" drunken and unruly customers.

A few days ago a little girl, about nine years of age, was seen wallowing in the middle of one of the streets of Connersville in a beastly state of intoxication. She had been sent for a bottle of whisky, and had helped herself.

George Panton, the son of a Free Methodist clergyman, and himself a well-known resident of Elgin, Ill., wound up a spree by shooting William Smith through the head, killing him almost instantly. Smith was Panton's tenant.

In Jersey City a middle aged German woman, named Francesca Corait, had her husband arrested for attempting to burn her alive. She said that while drunk he had poured kerosene all over her clothing and then attempted to set it on fire.

A Pensylvania man who was mean enough to rob his needy family of food to buy rum was lately horse-whipped by the vigilants. A Connecticut man for a similar offence was spanked with a red-hot shovel in the hands of a squad of indignant women neighbors.

Several Princeton students have recently been suspended for having a noisy carousal at a hotel over a visitor from Harvard, and for having wine at their rooms. The students have been ordering wine from New York, and the faculty propose to put a stop to it.

At Bluffton the other day the jury in the murder case of Martin Thayer brought in a verdict of murder in the first degree and assessed the punishment at imprisonment for life. The trouble between King and Thyer originated over a beer faucet which resulted in King shooting and killing Thayer.

"I am a temperance man—very much in favor of the cause—was born so, and never was anything else—but —" The devil is highly pleased with all Christians who make statements closing like the foregoing, with a "but." They are among the very best timber to keep the liquor traffic going that his satanic majesty can get.—

A majority of mankind live nearly as animals—man only degrades himself. There are no drunkards and gluttons except among men. Animals keep well within the laws of health. Man violates them by wholesale. There is much to draw us toward the inferior animal with sympathy.—Henry Ward Beecher.

"Now, Sam," said an Austin millionaire, and a prominent church member, to his colored porter, "this getting drunk on Sunday must cease. Why is it that you desecrate Sunday continually, by becoming intoxicated." "Bekase, boss, whisky costs so much, I hasn't got any money left ober to get drunk wid on Monday. If I had de money I would desecrate Monday, too."—Texas Siftings.

The Hon. W. H. Arnoux said the other day: "There are 566 miles of streets in New York, taking in all the annexed districts, only about 370 of which, however, are built up. The 9,075 places licensed for the sale of liquor, which according to the law must be required for the actual accommodation of travelers, give eighteen to the mile, or one to every 300 feet for the entire length of the streets, or in the 370 miles of improved streets, twenty-four to every mile, or one in every 220 feet. Is there a place on this footstool that can show a necessity for such accommodation for thirsty travelers? With reference to the effect of liquor upon crime, Sir Matthew Hale said 200 years ago, after twenty years of experience, that four fifths of the crimes of violence were the product of excessive tavern and ale-house drinking. Baron Kelley attributes two-thirds of the crimes to intemperance. The facts are the same in this country as in England. In two years the arrests in this city have amounted for intoxication to 27,050 males and 18,656 females; for drunk and disorderly conduct, to 10,710 males and 5,597 females. Mr. Gerry says that of the 5,270 children cared for by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children from 1879 to 1882, two-thirds have or had intemperate parents."

Temperance Banner.

BY SAMUEL JACOBS.

LOGANSPORT, : : INDIANA.

FLOODS as well as fires have their ludicrous incidents. At Jeffersonville a lady was found by a rescuing party sitting on a chair which was placed on a table in the center of the house. In her arms was a large Shanghai rooster, which she clung to and would not part with. Both were saved.

JEM MACE, the prize fighter, came to Washington a day or two ago. It is said that the first thing he inquired for was the spot where President Garfield was shot. He was conducted to the ladies' waiting room and shown the small brass star which marks the place where the late President received his death wound. Reverently removing his hat, Mace looked at the star for a moment, and then, turning to his wife said: Darling, put yer fut on it, just for luck."

IT is told of "General" Booth, commander of the English Salvation Army, that he has, in connection with his wife, so enlisted a daughter of the Rev. Charlesworth that she refuses to go home, and declines to listen to his pleadings and commands. It is said, also, that "General" Booth declines to interfere in the unhappy father's behalf. If the father would soundly thrash the "General" it might be highly beneficial all round, and set a pious example.

THE Indianapolis *Journal* aptly refers to an inexcusable journalistic evil: "It is a trifle discouraging to young men striving for greatness to read as much about Elliott, the dead pugilist, as about Stephens, the Southern statesman. The progress of Elliott's body to New York and its reception there have been attended to with scrupulous fidelity, and all the incidents noted and telegraphed over the land. The question for young men to solve is: Shall I be a pugilist and a bully, or a statesman and a gentleman."

A LITTLE story concerning Mr. Kenna, the recently elected Senator from West Virginia, shows that his mind is not wholly absorbed in the dry duties of statesmanship and that the honors heaped upon him hove not turned his head. Mr. Kenna was commenting, in conversation with some friends the other day, on his good fortunes in political life. He detailed the various steps by which he had been promoted since the close of the war, going to the State Legislature, to the House and then to the Senate. "It has been a great satisfaction to me, of course," he said, "and I, of course, am very grateful to my friends for it, but I tell you frankly, gentlemen, that none of these have given me as much genuine pleasure as the fact that my hound pup took the premium at the dog show the other night.

THE æsthetic instincts and artistic tastes of that portion of the American people who have been so greatly edified by traveling troupes of trained dogs and intelligent donkeys are to receive a further stroke of culture next season. An able manager passed through Chicago a few days ago direct from the far West with a party of Indians which he had obtained from one of the reservations, including bucks, squaws and papooses, together with a car-load of ponies and several genuine cowboys. This powerful combination will form one of the popular attractions next season.

THE colony of os riches lately planted in California has taken kindly to the glorious climate. One female bird has demonstrated this fact and distinguished herself by laying an egg, two of them in fact, and promising more. This commendable act on her part has so encouraged the ostrich farmers that a corporation with a capital stock of $30,000 has been formed for the purpose of raising the birds. A tract of 640 acres has also been secured near Anaheim, in Los Angelos county, which will be under the superintendence of Dr. C. J. Sketchley, formerly of Cape Town and an experienced ostrian farmer.

THE Phœnix Park, the scene of the assassination of Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke, for which so many prisoners are now on trial contains two thousand acres, and is entered, like Hyde park in London, by a stately gateway. It is surrounded by a solid coped wall, and is the playground of the Irish metropolis, civil and military, and contains bits of leafty bower and grassy glen in which solitude, pure and simple, may be realized. It contains statues of Lord Carlisle, Lord Gouge, and a hideous granite obelisk, frequently referred to in the evidence, two hundred feet in height, recording the exploits of Wellington. The spot where the assassination took place is about half a mile from the entrance, and is overlooked by the vice regal lodge, the semi-official home of the Lord Lieutenant, which looks exactly like a twin to our While House. It has, however, the advantage of many mountain views of great beauty. A little further on are the official residences of Mr. Trevelyar and Tom Burke's successor.

THE new internal revenue bill absolutely abolishes the following taxes: On capital and deposits of banks and bankers, and of national banks, except such as are now due and payable; and on and after the first day of Jnly, 1883, the stamp tax on bank checks, drafts, orders and vouchers, and tax on matches, perfumery, medical preparations, and other articles imposed by schedule A following section 3,437 of the Revised Statutes. The tobacco tax is reduced from sixteen to eight cents per pound, and producers are permitted to sell at retail one hundred pounds annually, the reduction to go into effect May 1, instead of July 1. The last permission will be one of great benefit to the small tobacco farmers, while not all they desire. There is a contemplated reduction of $11,000,000 in the sugar schedule. Now 99 per cent. of our sugar imports pay 2.45 cents per pound Nearly this proportion will now pay between 1,90 cents and 2 cents per pound The new law proposes that up to 13 Dutch standard all sugar shall pay 1.40 cents a pound, 4.100 for every additional degree on the polariscope over 75 degrees. The total estimated reduction by the combination bill is, as has heretofore been stated, between $70,000,000 and $80,000,000; but of this, as of the effect of the new tariff schedules upon industry and business, there can be nothing approaching certainty until the experiment has been tried for some time.

AMONG the countless incidents of the late flood in the Ohio one deserves to be chronicled. A resident of Indiana, above Evansville some distance, lived in a house immediately on the bank of the river. The overflow caught him unprepared, and rose so rapidly that he was unable to get out with his family. First he placed them on tables, and finally when the water drove him from these perches he broke a hole through the ceiling and put his wife and children in the garret. The tide still rising, he became alarmed lest his house should be swept away; so he knocked off a few boards at each end of the garret, and from the holes attempted to signal passing steamers to come to the rescue. Still another day passed, and night found the water nearly up to the eaves. With no light to relieve the penitent gloom, and with a mad river rushing by on every side, his situation was well calculated to inspire terror and dismay. The wretched tenants were too frightened to sleep, and sat through the long hours wondering when the end would come. At length, with a fearful crash, a huge tree struck the house, and all thought that death by drowning was inevitable. The eldest son, speaking of this supreme moment, said: "When that struck the house, I heard dad do something he never done afore in his life: he got down on his knees and prayed like the very devil!" The prayer or something else saved them, and when morning came a passing steamboat sent a boat and rescued them. One thing is morally certain: in event of another flood, that family will not be caught by it.

Lincoln and One of His Old Friends.

Nashua, N. H., Telegragh.

In February, 1860, Mr. Lincoln made a trip to New York, where he was engaged to lecture in Cooper Institute on the 27th of the month. After the delivery of this lecture he came on to New Hampshire, and spoke in Manchester and Concord. While on this journey he stopped over night with a friend in Lawrence, sharing his humble quarters in preference to the better ones of a hotel, for this friend was poor. The next morning Mr. Lincoln proceeded to fill his engagement at Manchester. Weeks and months rolled by, filled with the stirring scenes of a presidential campaign, in which Mr. Lincoln was the central and remarkable figure. Mr. Lincoln was elected, and in March, 1861, was in augurated. One evening, a little later, there was a reception at the White House. The crowd was almost a solid and impenetrable mass. It surged about the President, and it was with extreme difficulty that many were enabled to take him by the hand. Suddenly there was a commotion, and a voice was heard to exclaim, as its owner came elbowing his way through the throng: "Abe! Abe!' Mr. Lincoln looked up, and recognized and warmly greeted his Lawrence friend. The next day, in the privacy of the White House Mr. Lincoln wrote a request to the collector of the port of Boston to make a place for his Lawrence friend.

Silk Handkerchiefs and Sore Throats

Dry Goods Bulletin.

Sore throats vanish when encircled in a silken kerchief. This is established beyond peradventure. The grandmothers knew all about this a hundred years ago. They believed, too that silk would cure all other diseases, and some of them thought it would heal a broken leg "if only taken in time." We do not go so far as that, but we know that silk will absorb and store electricity as readily as a Leyden jar. It forms an essential curtain for the electric cylinder, and, rubbed with quicksilver, has a mysterious power that imparts force to its retention. The curative force of silk is due to its electricity, and the medical faculty recommend silken hose and skirts for a thousand diseases. As we are not professional we only take silk by the throat and know its wonderful powers. We will give a sure receipt: when you have the throat trouble, give a nice, clean hand handkerchief to your sweetheart, with a request to tie it around your neck. If you are not cured, or choked by tender hands, we have made a mistake. The more expensive the kerchief the surer the cure because your pet takes so long to examine the quality and get it just right, so it won't hurt. Try it, and go home cured. We expect silk handkerchiefs will advance in price when this matter is understood.

MR. BOWMAN, a divine of Harrison Co., captured and handcuffed a young man who had seduced his daughter, a short time ago, under the promise of marriage. The young man is now offering to marry he daughter if he is released.

HOPE DEFERRED.

The tender trouble of her eyes
Is born of hope deferred; the tears,
In witness of her grief, arise
From day to day, through all the years.

And often in her sleep at night
Are visions beautiful to see,
And in the darkness there is light;
And this is half her misery.

For dreams of vain delight are one
With weary waking thoughts of pain,
For when the happy night is gone
The dreary morning comes again.

And joy and sorrow fill her eyes,
When friends surround her; sudden tears
Whon quiet and alone arise
Frem day to day, through all the years.

STEPHENS' SINGULARITIES.

A Few Illustratioes of Some of the Dead Statesman's Peculiarities.

Collected from Various Sources.

The great Mirabeau wished to die to the sounds of delicious music, and have the odor of sweet flowers wafted over his death bed, and Chopin, when gasping for breath, begged that they send for a certain gifted pianist, and play for him one of his favorite airs. Alexander H. Stephens, who after a life cradled in suffering and hounded through its course of seventy-one years by horrible physical tortures, passed away midnight Saturday, wished "to die in harness." He did. Elected last year to the position of Governor, he literally died in the traces. His career has been one of the most remarkable of any man of the century, and will ever be a living monument of the triumph of mind over matter, of brain over physical force. His career has been an interesting and distinguished one. Perhaps no public man in the country ever surmounted greater difficulties, and in the end was crowned with such ultimate success. His family were of English origin, respectable, but not of high social position. He worked as a boy on the plantation and had meager schooling. His parents left him a penniless lad, and charity opened the way for him into the university, but when he graduated he taught school until he earned enough to repay the money he had borrowed. Many great men have arrived at eminence from poverty, but few have had disease added. He was a sickly boy, morbidly sensitive, and of melancholy disposition, and has all through life been racked with most painful diseases. He was admitted to the bar when only twenty-two, and weighing eighty-five pounds, and offered a partnership of $1,500 a year, but his love for home anchored him to the spot of his boyhood. He lived on $6 a month made his own fires, blacked his own boots, and made $400 the first year. He joined the Presbyterian church in those days, as he had found a friend, who loaned him the money by which he went through college, in Charles C. Mills, his Sabbath-school teacher.

The second year of his practice he owned a horse, which he groomed himself.

When he first started in the practice of law at Crawfordsville he passed every morning a shoe factory, and as he was hurriedly walking by, one of three negroes, who were drinking from a tin pail their morning coffee, suddenly suspended operations and one asked:

"Who is that little fellow that walks by here so fast of mornings?"

"Why, man, that's a lawyer."

The third negro shouted aloud with a genuine negro guffaw. "A lawyer, a lawyer you say. Yah, yah; that's too good." In less than six months Stephens saved that negro, who had mirrored popular opinion of the struggling boy, from the penitentary by picking a flaw in the indictment. But these were the early wrestles with poverty, for he was very poor.

There were no railroads in those days, in Georgia, and on one occasion, when the court was held in Washington, Ga., he wanted to attend there in a style befitting his profession. Too proud to borrow a horse from a friend he walked ten miles to his uncle's, carrying his saddlebags containing a change of clothing upon his shoulder, and asked the loan of a horse. His change of clothing consisted of a pair of thin white cotton pants of cheap material, and just before he entered the town he halted his horse under a big oak tree, and changing his unmentionables, he entered town in style.

Dr. Samuel Johnson, who used to lay in bed until his washwoman washed and ironed his only shirt, was uot put to much greater shifts.

He was barely started in life before he was prostrated by sickness. In 1837 he was confined to his room for months, and when moved was carried from room to room like a child. When convalescent he took a horseback trip through the mountains of Georgia. In the following year he was again laid low by illness, and advised to take a sea voyage. He went by water to Boston, and entered Boston harbor, passed by Fort Warren May 25, 1838. Exactly twenty-seven years after to a day he stopped at Fort Warren as a prisoner of war, May 25, 1865. Such is one of the remarkable coincidences of his lifetime. For several years he was a member of the lower and afterward upper House of the Georgia Legislature. Here he won a fame that extended all over the State as a logical and shrewd debater and orator of great power.

ANECDOTES.

Many anecdotes are extant of the mistakes made in regard to him, His head was so small, his body so emaciated, that few, at first sight, could believe him to be the great Stephens. Once, while vice-president of the Confederacy, on his way to Richmond, he was taken at Danville by a presumptuous official for some country boy. He produced his certificate of identity, signed by his county clerk, but the pompous official declared that "it was two thin," and would undoubtedly have conscripted him, but for the fact that he looked too weak to pack a musket. On another occasion he saved a drunken soldier from being put off the cars for disorderly conduct, and when the fellow had sobered up enough to regain some of his senses, he asked the name of his benefactor, and on being told that it was Vice-president Stephens, simply sighed and said, "such is fame." On another occasion he was invited to a commercial convention at Charleston S. C., where he was expected to make a the great speech of the occasion. Arriving quietly at a hotel kept by a lady, he threw himself on a lounge to obtain rest The bustling housewife was keeping everything in apple-pie order, for the benefit of her distinguished guest, and wishing to start up the country youth as she supposed he was, in as mild a manne as possible, when two portly country merchants arrived she said: "Wake up, my son, and let these gentlemen have this seat."

Despite his withered, pinched-up form, puny body, holding a big soul, he was one of the greatest anecdotists and one of the most interesting conversationalists of the age. Not old Barton with his mimicry, or Sam Ward with his elegance, brought out a point so clearly and inimitably as the great Georgian. One of his best stories, and which many have heard him relate in that irrisistable manner, was about the Peter Bennett speech. A certain Dr. Royston sued Bennett, who was a farmer, for his bill for medical services. Mr. Stephens told the farmer that he could make no defense. "Never mind," said Bennett. "I want you to speak the case." Stephens replied: "You had better speak yourself," and was much surprised when the farmer said: "I will if Bobby Toombs won't be too hard on me.' Toombs promised, and Peter began: 'Gentleman of the jury, I ain't no lawyer and no doctor, and you ain't nuther, and if we farmers don't stick to-gether these here lawyers and doctors will get the advantage of us. I ain't no objections to lawyers and doctors in their place, and some are clever men, but they ain't farmers, gentlemen of the jury. Now this Dr. Royston was a new doctor, and I sent for him to come and doctor my wif's sore leg. And he did, and put some salve truck on it, and some rags, but it never done a bit of good, gentlemen of the jury. I don't believe he's no doctor no way. There's doctors as I know is doctors sure enough, but this ain't no doctor at all."

The farmer was making headway with the jury, when Dr. Royston said: "Here is my diploma."

"His diploma," said Bennett, with great contempt; "that ain't nothin', for no piece of paper ever made a doctor yet."

"Ask my patients," yelled the now thoroughly enraged physician.

"Ask your patients," slowly repeated Bennett; and then deliberating; "ask your patients? Why, they are all dead." Then he rapidly enumerated case after case, most of them among the negro servants and in the immediate neighborhood, of such of the doctor's patients as had succumbed to his pills and powders, and continued: "Ask your patients! Why, I should have to hunt them in the lonely graveyards and rap on the silent tomb to get answers from the dead. You know they can't say nothing to this case, for you've killed 'em all."

Loud was the applause, and farmer Bennett won his case.

AS AN ORATOR.

Before the war Stephens ranked as one of the most powerful orators in Congress. His hair fell in long black masses over his fine forehead, his cravat was tied in a sailor's knot, and an immense gold chain ending in a heavy seal gave him an outre appearance. His arms and legs were long, complexion sallow, while his voice was high-pitched, inclining to the falsetto, yet he always commanded the closest attention. His points were made rapidly and apparently without effort. The midnight oil never flashed forth its sickly glare in his eloquent passages. He gradually unfolded his subject like the leaves of a book. His memory was remarkable and served him to good purpose, while his powers of sarcasm and invective were second to none. He was feared as an antagonist and sought for as an ally in debate. He has been compared to Randolph, of Roanoke. Both were sensitive, morbidly sensitive plants. Both were fearless in debate and action. Randolph fought duels; Stephens challenged Herschel V. Johnson and Gen. B. H. Hill, yet both refused to fight him. Both were powerful in Congress; both diseased; yet Randolph was cynical and misanthropic, all gall and wormwood, embittered, perhaps, by suffering and disease; yet Stephens conquered his pains, and was as modest as a schoolgirl, and as amiable and genial as possible. Both were fond of their homes and birthplace, and both were ardent devotees to the doctrine of State rights.

Capt. Boycott's Position.

A few years ago Captain Boycott had to be escorted by a strong military force from his house to the railway station on his way to England. He made a visit to America, and finding no place like home returned to his boy cotted house and set about the work of making his peace with the people. He went at it so earnestly and with such honest intention that he is now free to go where he pleases without police protection.

AN Iowa paper tells of a citizen "holding a joint discussion with neuralgia."

HISTORICAL ITEMS.

Cyaxares, the first prominent leader of the Medes, burned Nineveh 625 B. C.

The last triumph ever held in Rome was that given to Stilicho in 404, when he drove Alaric out of Italy defeating him at Potentia and Verona

The Prince and Princess of the early Egyptian dynasties were buried in small pyramids which clustered about the larger ones devoted to the Kings. Subjects were only allowed to have truncaned pyramids.

One of the reasons why the touch of a King or Queen regnant was supposed to cure disease was probably that a piece of gold from the privy purse was given to each person touched. These coins were called touch pieces, and the fashion of giving them was introduced by Henry VIII.

The name Plantagenet belonged originally to the house of Anjou, and it is derived from an adventure of Falk, the first Earl, who, having committed some crime, in remorse went on a pilgrimage to Rome, where he was scourged with broom twigs (planta genesta), and from that circumstance assumed the name.

The use of cork for making jackets, as an aid to swimming, is very old. We are informed that the Roman whom Camillus sent to the capitol when besieged by the Gauls put on a light dress and took cork with him under it, because, to avoid the enemy, it was necessary for him to swim across the Tiber.

The head-dresses of the ladies in 1776 were remarkable for their enormous height. The coiffure of a belle of fashion was described as "a mountain of wool, hair, powder, lawn, muslin, net, lace, gauze, ribbon, flowers, feathers and wire." Sometimes these varied materials were built up tier upon tier like the stages of a pagoda.

Feng Ying Wang was the name of the person who introduced printing into China, and in 932 A. D. advised the Emperor to have the Confucian classics printed with wooden blocks engraved for the purpose. The first books were printed in a regular manner, and in pursuance of a decree in 953. The blocks were not ready until 973, when they were put on sale.

In the year 1784 eight bales of cotton grown in the United States were sent to England, where, upon arrival, it was seized and condemned by order of the privy council, on the ground that so large an amount of cotton could not possibly have been raised in America. This year the cotton crop of the United States will be not far from 7,000,000 bales.

SHORTS.

Well trained—Railroad employes.

A brilliant gathering—cluster diamond.

Eight of New York's 25 governors are living.

Delaware is to prohibit lottery advertisements.

Olive suits most blonde faces as well as brunettes.

Simon Cameron will be eighty-four next Thursday.

Victor Hugo was eighty-one years old, February 26.

Barbers say that all razors get tired, and need a few weeks' rest.

Mount Vernon parties are plentifully organized in Washington.

No matter how large the amount gas bills are always light ones.

Four turbaned Turks are working on a railway at Amsterdam, N. Y.

The making of wax-paper for wrapping caramels is a large business.

The envelope product of the country amounts to 7,000,000 per day.

A Westpool, Mass, man, insane on history, claims to be 243 years old.

Painesville, Ohio, grocers "veneer ice with butter, and sell it for solid."

Ten of the twenty-four aldermen in New York city sell liquor by the glass.

The finest shops in a China city are these devoted to the sale of coffees.

The best fire-escapes is when your wife gets up in the morning and makes it.—[Ex.

The public works erected by the Italian government last year cost over $50,000,000.

I think it not best to dispute where there is no probability of convincing.—[Sensible Man.

The average boy, when sent on an errand, develops wonderful "staying qualities."

Because he has worked as a heeler the shoemaker can not set himself up as a doctor.

Wives who flirt with other wives' husbands are called in London "husband snatchers."

Nathan Crosby has presided over the Lowell, Mass, police court for more than a third of a century.

The Wesleyan Female College, of Macon Alabama, is said to be the oldest female college in the world.

The average age of different men is put down thus; Merchants, fifty-five, Physicians and lawyers fifty-eight; farmers, sixty-one; clergymen, sixty-four and great geniuses, seventy-five. It will be observed from the above that the journalistic profession tends to longevity.

Religious Notes.

The fourth gospel is the heart of Christ. —Earnesti.

The Anglican plague is what the French call the Salvation Army.

The number of monks in Belgium has doubled in thirty-four years.

Dr. Granville Moody's health is improving under the tonic atmosphere of Iowa

There is not a mortgage debt on any Presbyterian church in the State of Nebraska.

Every man throws upon his surrounding the sunshine or shadow of his own soul.—John Peddle.

It is announced that Bishop Peck will not be able to hold his spring conference owning to continued ill health.

The Methodists are making such efforts in Italy as will soon place them in the van of evangelizing churches there.

Dr. Benson, the new archbishop of Canterbury, has been elected president of the Church of England Temperance Society.

The degree of D. D. has been conferred on Rev. J. A. Worden, Sunday-school secretary of the Presbyterian church, by Lafayette College.

The Rev. Dr Rankin has made known his intention not to accept the call of the Euclid avenue Congregational Church, of Cleveland, O.

The Rev. C. H. Parkhust, D. D., thinks that the club, as ordinarily constituted, is devices of the devil for undermining the stability of the home, chilling its temperature and breaking its power.

The Italians have a prayer which "I pray that I may never be married. But if I marry. I pray that I may not be deceived But if I am deceived. I pray that I may not know it. But if I know it, I pray that I may be able to laugh at the whole affair."

The Rev. Mr. Bejerring, formerly priest in the Greek Chapel in New York, which the Russian government recently decided to discontinue, has applied for membership in the presbytery of New York city and it is expected that his application will be favorably entertained.

A Combination that Was Spoiled.

New York World.

Mr. Nicholas Langdon, a well-known politician, had a funny experience with a pet monkey yesterday. He tells the story as follows: "Along with two friends I went into a beer saloon on Third avenue. I called for three beers and placed a quarter on the counter. A monkey was scratching his ears at the end of the bar and blinking his eyes at the 'boss.' My friends turned around to admire several ornamental theatrical bills on the walls and I joined them. When we were ready to go I said to the saloon-keeper, 'where's my change?' he said 'what change?' I looked at him with surprise and told him I had put down a quarter on the counter. The man said I was mistaken, but my friends, who saw me put the money down, told him that I had tossed twenty-five cents on the bar. The fat German was heard to mutter something about 'dead-beats,' and I was beginning to get my Irish up. The monkey was apparently taking in the situation, and I thought his jaws looked a little swollen. 'I'll bet that monk took that quarter,' I said to myself. Walking up to the animal I just gave him a tap behind the ear, and he spilled $2.50 in silver change on the bar. The boss appeared to be dumb-founded, and as we went out he was heard to remark that he would bet his life that the bar-tender John had trained the monkey, and that he must be working the customers as well as the drawer, but the combination was spoiled."

The Iron Duke and His Coffin.

Lecture of Chauncy M. Depew, New York.

"The vast proportions of St. Paul's can not be appreciated until the interior is reached, and there the attention is held by the architectural beauties of the grand dome. 'When we came to the statue and sarcophagus of the Duke of Wellington, I asked the guide if he remembered Col. Bob Ingersoll, and he answered ruefully that he did. When Ingersoll visited St. Paul's, the guide, (pointing out the statue) said with dignified solemnity: 'That, sir, is the monument of the Duke.'

"'What Duke? asked Colonel Bob. 'All the Dukes are intimate friends of mine.'

"'The Iron Duke,' replied the guide, 'the great Duke of Wellington, sir; his body is inclosed in two metallic coffins, a rosewood casket, and a stone sarcophagus.'

"At this Bob struck the guide on the breast with such ardor that he was knocked six feet away, and exclaimed:

"'Old man you have got him. If he ever gets out, cable at my expense to R. G. Ingersoll, Peoria, Ill.'"

The Wickedest Town on Earth.

Rev. Harvey Wood at Baptist Ministers' Meeting

When you ask me to speak about Leadville you give me a big text. Briefly my experience as a pastor was this: When I was invited to accept the pastorate in Leadville, I was informed by letters that there were 130 members in the church, and that the church building would seat 500 persons, and that a parsonage was ready for me. The facts were as I found out when I got there that the church seated 140 persons, and that there were forty-nine church members, and that the parsonage had been sold and the church society was $900 in debt. As to the standard of Christianity in Leadville, it is not exalted. Gambling is licensed and so is rum. Last year $66,000 was paid for rum licenses, and $10 a table in gambling hells. I did my level best to get some of my people to go into some of these gambling places, but they were afraid, for murder is an every day affair. I went into many places and I think Leadville is the wickedest town on earth

Irrigation in Nevada.

Nevada is about done with mining, and is now inclined to become an agricultural state. It has large tracts of land upon which only the sage brush, cactus, and gresewood grow, but which become productive when streams are turned on. It is proposed to irrigate these deserts at public expense, and reclamation commissioners have been appointed to investigate.

THE HALF WAY HOUSE.

MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

Somewhere, dear friend, upon our pilgrim way,
We reach a place at which we pause awhile
And backward gaze and forward, ere the day
Reluctant carries hence its lingering smile.

Below us stretch the hills we crossed at morn,
The streams we bridged, the orchard's pleasant rows;
Above, white peak on peak climb hights unworn,
Crowned with the beauty of eternal snows.

And much we marvel, looking o'er the path,
That e'er we deemed it tangled, rough or long,
Since dale or cliff, or briery thicket hath
To-day the grace of a remembered song.

Forgot the toils, the terrors all forgot;
Only the blessings garnered, like the sheaf,
Remain our wealth, which rust nor stain shall blot,
Nor moth despoil, nor rifle reckless thief.

And fearlessly we scan the years to be—
The coming days, advancing one by one:
Steadfast and blithe we hail them; strong and free,
Henceforth we walk to meet the setting sun.

Dear half way house! Sweet friends hast thou been there;
Dost know how soft its pillows to the head;
Hast e'er breathed its pure caressing air;
Hast dreamed its dreams; hast there been comforted?

Then grateful for the good hand of thy God,
And trustful for the changes still unknown,
Once more thou mayest essay the pilgrim road,
Secure of never faring there alone.

ONE WOMAN'S WIT.

From "Border Life."

Crack, crack, crack!

One of the horses dead! The driver tumbles down from his seat a second later, followed by an outside passenger. The crash of glass, flying splinters, the shrill whistle of rifle balls! over and above all, the unearthly yells of the savages! Taken prisoners—Billy and Dave Hopkins, known on the theatrical posters as the "Balsamo Brothers;" "Mademoiselle Helene, the queen of the floating wire," in private life, Mrs. Billy Hopkins; "Eli Nino, the child wonde ," in fact, Billy Hopkins, jr. Dead—the driver and two passengers.

The Balsamo Brothers, Mademoselle Helene and Eli Nino, were en route to fill an engagement in Denver, just then, assuming the importance of a mining city The prisoners were tied upon the coach horses and hurried some ten or fifteen miles away. When night approached, a green spot was selected by a running stream, and the party encamped.

Words fail to portray the anxieties, the agonies of the prisoners. Poor little woman! How she reproached herself in an agony of tears—for she it was who urged the acceptance of this western engagement. The salary, which was something wonderful in figures, was to be paid in gold. Its dazzling light blinded Mrs. Lucy to the risk of which they had spoken and at which they had laughed; the salary which would go so far toward paying for the little home they meant to buy, and for which they had been hoarding ever since their boy was born.

"Great heavens, Dave! what are we to do? These devils mean to torture us. See, they are collecting wood for that purpose. My wife and child will be saved for a worse fate."

"It would have been much better for us all to be lying on the road stiff and stark like those other poor fellows."

"I tell you what, Dave, I mean to give them trouble yet."

"What can we do Billy? Our hands are tied, and wherever we go we are guarded!"

The two men relapsed into gloomy silence.

For some time the Indians amused themselves over the wardrobe of the show people. Especially were they delighted with the stage jewelry, and fluffy skirts in which the "Queen of the floating wire" appeared in public. "The tights" belonging to the Balsamo brothers, however, occasioned much wonderment. Over these they gesticulated and vociferated as they were passed from hand to hand. Presently a couple of the braves brought the garments forward and reeled off words, the purport of which the brothers might not have fathomed, had the gestures been omitted. It was evident they asked an explanation of the use or merits of the singular affairs. "I say, Dave," spoke up lly, quickly "they want to know what ese tights are for. If we can only persuade them to let us do some stage business it may save our lives a day or two."

"Or they may take us for medicine men," answered Dave. "If we get our hands free we may escape somehow."

With this idea in their minds they went through a great amount of pantomimic dialogue, and succeeded in conveying some ideas into the brains of their dusky captors, which resulted in their being released, still carefully guarded, however. They swung the trapeze from the bough of a large oak—performers on this contrivance always carrying the necessary ropes and bars with them. The savages watched every movement with the deepest interest, their curiosity increasing with every movement. Bill managed to exchange a few words with his wife, and was glad to see she had her hands free.

"Lucy, when you sea those fellows looking their eyes out, take the boy and slip away. Follow that star and you will strike some town before long."

"And leave you, my husband? Never! We can die together."

"You must fly, my darling! A worse fate than death awaits you, Oh, my God, Lucy, do not hesitate! We will keep them interested as long as we can. You must hasten away with all your might. would plunge a knife in your heart myself rather than leave you to the mercy of these worse than brutes."

"Come on, Billy," shouted Dave. "They are impatient."

"Billy, with a whispered, "Good-bye! God keep you safe!" left his wife.

It was a curious sight, certainly, the like of which the mammouth trees about them never before witnessed. The Balsamo Brothers had performed before many audiences in the east, but never were they so anxious to excel as on this occasion. Pride in their skill, the wish to astonish the blood-thirsty audience, and the thought of the woman and child they would save, conspired to stimulate them. As they sprang from the bushes before the crowd a murmer of surprise and admiration came from the braves. For a moment the acrobats stood like marble statues, saving alone the embroidered shirt about their waist and the little bracelet which ornamented the wrist. In the red man's eye they looked like gods—like being from another world. Both men were models of physical beauty, and the light from the blazing flame-wreaths added to the glamour. The half-audible expression of wondering approbation reached their ears, and nerved them for their task. Billy cast a fond look in the direction of his wife and child. A shiver ran through his heart as he asked:

"Shall I ever see them again?"

Hand in hand the brothers advanced until directly beneath the trapeze. With a bow as graceful and profound as they would have bestowed on a Fifth avenue audience they took their places on the bar.

Lucy and the child were seated in the shadow, not far distant, and in full view of the trapese. The savages reclined on the ground between her and the fire. She was tortured between the salvation of her child and the desertion of her dearly loved husband. She could not decide the question. Strive as she would, she could not summon resolution sufficient to leave Billy to his fate. When she thought of that which was more cruel than death, she dare not stay. If she could but yield her own life, and save her husband and her child, how willingly, she thought, she would go to her death.

The performances began. As the brothers passed from the simpler feats to those more astonishing the applause grew more and more vehement among the savages. A sensation the like of this they had never before known. Feats of activity and strength appeal with irresistable force to the wild men, and create a respect and veneration, where the higher qualities of the mind would fail entirely. Most eagerly they watched the swift contortions of the agile acrobats, as their shapely white limbs flashed in and out among the ropes, now hanging from the bar or swinging in the air. The vocabulary of Indian gutturals was exhausted in vain effort to do justice to the performance.

Conscious of the sensation they created, the brothers, during brief intervals of rest, were busily employed in devising some plan to take advantage of it. Billy hoped that Lucy and the boy, ere this, had found a propitious moment to steal unobserved from the camp; but it was impossible to be sure of it. He expected every minute to hear the shout which would follow the announcement of their escape. He knew they could not continue their exertions much longer. Already they felt the strain and fatigue which must soon be followed by utter exhaustion.

"Shall we cut and run for it, Billy? I can't keep the mill going much longer," whispered Dave.

There was no answer to the question for the next instant the Indians were upon their feet, scrambling like mad toward their ponies, and giving vent to exclamations of fear. Heaven, it seemed, had interposed to rescue the prisoners. Lurid balls of green and red fire fell flying among the retreating host. Was it some curious electrical phenomena, with special vengeance for their cruel foes? for the flaming balls followed them along. Several times they flashed quite near the dismayed braves, and succeeded in filling their souls with infinite terror, and the ir with agonizing yells. It seemed but an instant before the hoof-beats began to sound more like echoes than realities, telling how rapidly the discomfitted red men were putting grass between themselves and the haunted camp.

The acrobats themselves were startled, and knew not what to make of it until a woman's laugh was heard, and Mrs. Lucy sprang into her husband's arms, and with a woman's inconsistency exchanged the laugh for sobbing explanations.

"I couldn't leave you, Billy—I just couldn't! And when I happened to think of that package of stage bombs which we brought with us for one of our acts, I knew what to do. I found them, fortunately, without trouble, and fired them right among the crowd. I never saw a house cleared so quick before, did you?'

But it was not the time to discuss the subject. In the flight and frenzy of the red foes' retreat they stopped not to think of plunder or prisoners, hence the coach horses remained to carry the whilom prisoners to a small settlement, where they arrived the next afternoon.

She Didn't Give.

Detroit Free Press.

"Madam," he began, as he lifted his hat at the front door, "I am soliciting for home charities. We have hundreds of poor, ragged, and vicious children like those at your gate, and our object is——"

"Sir! those are my own children!" she interrupted, and the way that front door slammed his toes jarred every hair on his scalp-lock.

WHAT CONGRESS DID.

The Legislation Accomplished and that Which Failed of Action.

WASHINGTON, March 4.—All the regular appropriation bills obtained passage in both houses and have become laws. The Sundry Civil, the last upon which agreement was reached in conference received the President's signature at 10 o'clock this morning. During the Forty-seventh Congress 10,670 bills and joint resolutions had been introduced (8,018 in the House and 2,652 in the Senate), and of these 832 have been introduced in the House and 357 in the Senate during the Session just closed. In each house the great majority of these measures still remain with the committees to which they were referred, and of those reported from committees the larger number remain upon the calendar of their respective houses. Aside from the regular annual appropriation bills one hundred and sixty-three bills and joint resolutions passed both houses during this session and became laws. Among the more important of these are the following:

The Tax and Tariff Bill to reduce revenue: the Civil Service bill; the Japanese Indemnity Fund Bill, to provide for a new mixed Commission in accordance with the treaty of April 18, 1876, with the United States of Venezuela; to modify the postal money-order system, and for other purposes; to readjust salaries of post masters; to afford assistance and relief to Congress and the Executive departments in the investigation of claims and demands against the Government; to prevent the importation of adulterated teas; to encourage the holding of the World's Industrial and a Cotton Centennial Exposition in 1884; to amend the act repealing the discriminating duties on goods produced east of the Cape of Good Hope; granting the right of way for railway and telegraph purposes through Fort Smith, Ark.; a joint resolution to adjudicate the claims of New York brokers for a refund of taxes; to print the agricultural reports for 1881 and 1882; to allow Canadian grain to be brought over the border to be ground; to erect a monument to General DeKalb; a joint resolution presenting the thanks of Congress to John F. Slater for an educational bequest to the colored people; to refund to the State of Georgia money expended for the common defense in 1777; to establish the title of the United States to the site of the military post at El Paso, Texas; authorizing the sale of certain property at Harrodsburg, Ky., belonging to the soldier's Home; ceding to the first taxing district of Tennessee a lot of land situated in that district; to refund to the States of Oregon and California the moneys paid in suppression of the Modoc war; to provide for holding a term of the District Court of the United States at Wichita, Kansas and for other purposes; extending the time of filing claims for horses lost by officers and enlisted men; to amend Section 3362 of the revised Statutes so as to extend the jurisdiction of the Justices of the Peace in Washington, Idaho and Montana; to admit free of duty a monument to George Washington; authorizing the examination auditing of certain claims against the Freedmen's Savings Bank, and payment of certain dividends barred by the act of Feb. 21, 1881; to increase the fees of witnesses in the Star Route cases from west of the Mississippi River; to regulate the construction of bridges across the Ohio River, and a bill to regulate the export of tobacco in bond.

In addition to the long list of propositions which found their last resting place in the pigeon-holes of the various committees ot the House—760 bills and joint resolutions are left upon the calendars, and 238 upon the speaker's table, having failed of securing final action by the House.

The calendar of the committee of the whole, which is composed of prepositions involving the expenditure of money on the part of the Government, contains among others the following: "For the appointment of a Liquor Traffic Commission; providing a permanent construction fund for the Navy; to regulate the tax on weiss beer, and authorize the construction of vessels of war, and for the admission of the State of Washington, providing for ocean mail service; the Hennepin Canal Bill; for the construction of the Illinois and Mississipi Canal; for a Board of Commissioners of Inter-State Commerce; to erect an Agricultural Commission; to create a Commission on Immigration.

The titles of bills on the House calendar fill ten printed pages, and those of greatest importance are: To establish a Postal Savings Depository; the French Spoilation Bill; to promote efficiency of Revenue Marine Service, also of the Signal Corps; declaring forfeited certain railroad land grants; to limit the comage of the standard silver dollars, and to suspend the issue of silver certificates; to establish a uniform system of bankruptcy; for the issue of gold certificates; permitting the use of domestic materials in the construction of ships for foreign account; to incorporate the Nicaragua Maritime Canal Co.; to declare the forfeiture of the Texas Pacific Railroad land grant; to authorize the consolidation of the Southern Pacific and other railroad companies; for a treaty with the German Empire.

The titles of bills left untouched on the private calender fill twenty-five pages, and represents some four hundred bills. "special orders" left unacted on are the following: "To prevent political assessments; to aid in the support of common schools; to grant pensions to the survivors of the Mexican and Indian wars.

Under the head of "unfinished business the only matter of importance is the bill to regulate the carriage of passengers by sea (with the President's veto message.)

Under the head of "business on the Speaker's table" are the following: To regulate immigration; relating to the entry of distilled spirits in distillery and special bonded warehouses, and to the withdrawal of the same.

Under the heading, "Bills from the Senate on their first and second reading," there are ninety-five bills unacted on that came over from the first session of the Forty-seventh Congress, and thirty-one from the second session. Among the latter are the following: For a survey of the passes between the affluents of the Upper Mississippi and Columbia Rivers; for the performance of the Presidential duties in case of the removal, death, resignation or inability of both the President and Vice-President; for the relief of Fitz-John Porter.

The bills and resolutions remaining upon the calendar of the Senate, reported from the committee but not finally acted upon, number 398. Some of the more important are the resolution proposing an amendment to the Constitution, in relation to the manufacture, importation and sale of intoxicating liquors; a resolution extending the franking privilege; a resolution for printing ten thousand copies of the Medical and Surgical History of the War; a bill to establish a branch mint at Omaha; making Government paper currency a legal tender for customs dues; to incorporate the Interoceanic Ship Railway Company; to constitute the Bureau of Agriculture an Executive Department; to establish a Bureau of Animal Industry; to place Thos. L. Crittenden on the retired list of the army as a Brigadier General; admitting Dakota to the Union; to exempt freight vessels of less than twenty-five tons burden from inspection and license; a bill providing a form of government for Alaska; to expedite the administration of justice in the Supreme Court of the United States; to provide for investigation and settlement of claims against the United States, which in justice and good conscience ought to be paid. A resolution to appoint a commission on a revival of international commerce in United States steamships suitable for naval purposes; to prevent the payment of double pensions; to enable corporations to become surety on official bonds; increasing the area of Yellowstone Park; to relieve ships from compulsory pilotage; to suppress the opium traffic between the U. S. and China; to provide for specific annual appropriation for fifteen years for school purposes on the basis of illiteracy.

The "Dingley" Shipping Bill which passed the House early in January, was not taken up by the Senate until yesterday at midnight. Objections having been made which seemed to jeopardize the passage of the bill, the Commerce Committee withdrew the tonnage and mail pay sections, which they had added, and the bill, with some amendments, then passed, and two hours later the bill reached the House and attempts were made to send it to a committee of conference or to pass it as amended under a suspension of the rules; owing, however, to the deadlock over the South Carolina election case, the House refused to entertain either motion, and the Shipping Bill failed.

The River and Harbor Bill, appropriating $8,047,000, was strangled in the Senate by a motion to lay on the table upon the last day of the session.

Among other propositions which failed to reach the status of legislative enactment were those to forfeit the land grants of the Northern Pacific, Texas Pacific, Atlantic and Pacific, and other railroads; to reduce the amounts paid the land grant railroads for transporting mails; to place General Grant upon the retired list; to constitute a wife a competent witness against her husband in prosecutions for polygamy.

The last bill which passed the Senate was a House bill to fix the claims of U. S. Courts for the Eastern and Northern Districts of Texas. The bill reached the House just as Speaker Keifer began his remarks preliminary to declaring the House adjourned sine die. The Clerk, bill in hand, rushed up to the desk and endeavored to attract the Speaker's attention, but the gavel fell without the coveted signature.

Mr. Hiscock, Chairman of the House Committee on appropriations, has furnished for publication a statement relative to the appropriation bills passed this session, and which have become laws. The aggregate amount of all the bills is $229,327,511, made up as follows: Pensions, $86,575,000; Military Academy, $318,657; Fortifications, $670,000; Consular and Diplomatic, $1,296,755; Navy, $15,894,434; Army, $24,681,350; Post-office; $44,489,520; Indian, $5,362,655; Legislative, $0,464,296; Sundry Civil, $23.906,-147; District of Columbia, $1,699,867; Deficiency, $2,813,187; Agricultural, $405,640; miscellaneous bills involving appropriations of money, $750,000.

The aggregate of appropriations for the last year, including $18,738,875 for the River and Harbor Bill was $295,509,-639, and for the preceding year, including $11,441,300 for the River and Harbor Bill was $219,367,983. An analysis of the figures for the past three years shows that the appropriations for the current expenses of the Government, irrespective of the amounts for pensions, aggregate less than either of the two preceding years. The regular pension bills for the years 1882,1883 and 1884 aggregate $252,-575,000, the bill just passed being $20,-575,000 in excess of the bill passed two years ago, and $13,225,000 less than the bill last year.

Of the Deficiency Bill just passed only about $500,000 is on account of the current fiscal year. The appropriation bills of the present session were based upon estimates aggregating $271,394,844; as reported from the House Committee on Appropriations they aggregated $220,-082,753; as passed by the House, $226,-420,208; as reported by the Senate Committee on Appropriations $231,115,015; as passed by the Senate $230,662,541, and as finally passed by both Houses, after adjustment by a conference committee, $229,327,511, an increase $9,244,758 over the amounts originally recommended by the House Committee on Appropriations.

Pa as An Inventor.

Peck's Sun.

"What's your pa invented? I saw a hearse and three hacks go up on your street the other day, and I thought may be you had killed your pa."

"Not much. There will be more than three hacks when I kill pa, and don't you forget it. Well, sir, pa has struck a fortune, if he can make the thing work. He has got an idea about coal stoves that will bring him in several million dollars if he gets a royalty of $5 on every coal stove in the world. His idea is to have a coal stove on casters, with the pipe made to telescope out and in, and rubber hose for one joint, so you can pull the stove all around the room and warm any particular place. Well, sir, to hear pa tell about it, you would think it would revolutionize the country, and may be it will when he gets it perfected, but he came near burning the house up, and scared us half to death this morning, and burned his shirt off, and he is all covered with cotton with sweet oil on, and he smells like salad dressing. You see pa had a pipe made and some casters put on our coal stove, and he tied a rope to the hearth of the stove, and had me put in some kindling wood and coal last night, so he could draw the stove up to the bed and light the fire without getting up. Ma told him he would put his foot in it, and he told her to dry up, and let him run the stove business. He said it took a man with brain to run a patent right, and ma she pulled the clothes over her head and let pa do the fire act. She had been building fires for twenty years, and thought she would let pa see how good it was. Well, pa pulled the stove to the bed, and touched off the kindling wood. I guess may be I had got a bunch of kindling wood that the hired girl had put kerosene on,' cause it blazed up awful and smoked, and the blaze burst out of the doors and windows of the stove, and pa yelled fire, and I jumped out of bed and rushed in, and he was the scartest man you ever see, and you'd a dide to see how he kicked when I threw a pail of water on his legs and put his shirt out. Ma did not get burned, but she was pretty wet, and she told pa that she would pay the $5 royalty on that stove and take the casters off and let it remain stationary. Pa says he will make it work if he burns the house down. I think it was real mean in pa to get mad at me because I threw cold water on him, instead of warm water, to put his shirt out. If I had waited until I could heat water to the right temperature I would have been an orphan and pa a burnt offering. But some men always kick at everything. Pa has given up business entirely, and says he shall devote the remainder of his life to cnring himself of the different troubles that I get him into. He has retained a doctor by the year and buys liniment by the gallon."

Indiana Statistics.

The fourth annual report of the Hon. J. B. Conner, of the Indiana Bureau of Statistics, like all such reports, affords food for study.

Thus, in the table of "Deaths for Nine Months," consumption furnished 1,345 victims out of a total of 10,663. By cholera infantum there are 590 deaths; pneumonia, 862; typhoid fever, 483. No other diseases reaches 300. Over one-fourth of the deaths in Indiana are caused by three diseases. Old age affords the very respectable number of 142. Overdoses of medicine took off 9 persons, and the mistake of a druggist 1. Milk sickness still holds out with one case.

In the report about domestic animals that the dogs have killed in round numbers, 40,000 sheep during the past year. That is a heavy tariff on wool. The number of hogs dying of disease is 375,000; which is 15 per cent. of tee whole number in the State. The death rate of no other animal is as high as 4 per cent. The decrease in the number of marketable hogs is 121,000; but the decrease in bacon is much less, because of the greater weight of those fatted this year.

Of oats, hay and Irish potatoes the crop of 1882 was the largest ever grown in Indiana. Wheat was at least equal to any other year.

Indiana has the largest school fund in the United States; but the amount devoted to the schools is less than that of several others. This is from the fact that the latter raise more by taxation.

During the year the hens of Indiana have done duty to the tune of 19,000,000 dozens of eggs. To produce all these eggs there were 628,000 dozen of chickens.

There are similar statistics on a large number of subjects.

Union Pacific—Happy married life.—Puck.

A TWR.

A spruce and conceited young Mr.
Fell in love with another chap's sr.
With his sweet little cane,
At the end of the lane,
He met and he fain would have kr,
But he trod on her train,
At the end of the lane,
And a slap on his face made a blr.

A LITTLE SPICE.

No intelligent lawyer will ever take the will for the deed.

Remarkable transformation of color—When the white stag turns to bay.

The Harvard Lampoon says a Cambridge ton of coal is the champion light weight.

A man who keeps telling a woman he is her friend is either in love with her, or afraid he will be.

Fat Esquimau babies, when they die, are tried out by their afflicted parents for lamp oil. Thus ever is human misery made light of.

One of the two things a man must have to go with comfort through the world—either an abiding faith in providence or a strong sense of humor.

A Boston preacher delivers lectures every Monday. If there ever is a time people need the consolation of religion it is on washday.—Philadelphia News.

A little girl in a Hartford Sunday-school, unused to diplomatic ways, sidled up to her teacher and naively said: "Mother wanted me to find out in roundabout way whether you are Mrs. or Miss——."

The daughter of a Texas cattle king has just returned from Paris, where she says she walked through the Tooraloorals and visited a shottoe, where she saw the statutes of Psyic and Catherine de Medical.

Husband (2 A. M. after a curtain lecture) "Well, all I've got to say is you are a person of such refinement and good breeding you ought to be above talking to a drunken fellow at this time of the night." —Birmingham Owl.

Mme. Scaichi, of the Patti troupe sings three times a week and gets $2,500 per month. She began life as a scrubber in the Convent Garden Theater. Her voice therefore should be soaprano, but it isn't.—Pittsburg Telegraph.

Her lips were like the leaves, he said,
By autumn crimson tinted;
Some people autumn leaves preserve
By pressing them, she hinted.
The meaning of the gentle hint
The lover did discern,
And so he clasped her round the neck,
And glued his lips to her'n

HE.
Hast thou no feeling
To see me kneeling
My love revealing,
Day after day?

SHE.
Yes, I have a feeling
To see you kneeling,
Your bald head revealing,
Take it away

He was a depositor in a Rochester savings bank. He entered the institution the other morning and timidly inquired "Is the Cashier in the city?" "O, yes, he's at his window." "And is the Treasurer around?" "He is." "And the President?" "The President is in his office." "Has the bank been speculating in oil, wheat, cotton or mines!" "No, sir." "And if I were to present my book could I draw the four dollars I have on deposit?" You could.' "Well, that takes a great burden off my mind." signed the stranger, as he walked out with greatly improved looks.—Rochester paper.

How to Cure a Balky Horse.

"What do you do with a balky horse?"

"On the road I should first tie a string around his fetlock, or unharness and harness him again, or put a handful of sand in his mouth."

"What is the philosophy of the string around the fetlock?"

"The horse wonders what it is there for, and, while thinking, he resumes his customary trot and forgets all about his pain."

"Why would you unharness and then harness the horse again?"

"Because some part of the harness may have chafed him, and the change in its position may relieve the pressure."

"And the sand?"

"The use of sand in the case of a balky horse is quite common in the country. The gritty substance is very disagreeable to a horse, and while trying to got rid of it he ignores his real pain and starts off without any further incentive. Shakspere says in one of his plays:

Where the greater ill is fixed
The lesser is scarce felt. Thoud'st shun a bear;
But if thy course lay toward the raging sea,
Thoud'st meet the bear 'i the mouth.

"Some animals greatly desire sand in the craw, but I know of nothing that so greatly puzzles a horse as an ounce or two of sand in his mouth. Till he has it removed he knows and cares little about anything else."

Expecting to be Noahs.

The Sanpoel tribe of Indians, living in the eastern part of Washington Territory number about 400, and they all belong to a sect known as "Me Dreamers," They believe that another flood is to come upon the earth in which they will play the agreeable role of Noah and family. In preparation for the event they have secured all the necessary material, including 50,000 feet of lumber, for the building of an ark. After the flood they alone will inhabit the earth and will be able in consequence to live in perfect ease and luxury with none to molest or make them afraid.

The recent very successful book, "Vice Versa," was rejected once, if not twice, before being accepted.

Temperance Banner

SAMUEL JACOBS & Co., - PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION PPICE, $1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Catholic.

St. Bridget's—North-west corner of Wheatland and Heath. Rev. B. Kraeger, pastor. Services—Mass, 8 a. m. and 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. Vespers, 3 p. m.

St. Joseph's.—Northwest corner Second and Market. Rev. H. Koehne, pastor. Services—Mass, 8 and 10 a. m. Vespers, 3 p. m.

St. Vincent de Paul—South side of Spencer, between 8th and 9th. Rev. E. P. Walters, pastor. Services—Mass, 8 and 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. Vespers, 3 p. m,

Presbyterian.

First Presbyterian Church.—South-east corner of Spencer and Seventh streets. Rev. W. E. Loucks, pastor. Services—10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 9 a. m.

Broadway Presbyterian Church.—South-west corner of Ninth and Broadway. Rev. E. S. Scott, pastor. Services—10.30 a. m and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m.

Baptist.

Baptist Church.—North-east corner Seventh and Broadway. Rev H. L. Stetson, pastor. Services, 10. 30 a. m. and 7.30 p.m. Sunday school, 12 m.

Christian.

Christian Church—South-west corner of Ninth and Spear streets. Rev. W. R. Lowe, pastor. Services—10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m.

Episcopal.

Trinity Church.—Northwest corner of Seventh and Market. Rev. E .H. Peruker, rector Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.

Evangelical.

German Evangelical Church.—North-east corner of Wheatland and Brown. Rev .... pastor. Services 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 9 a. m.

Lutheran.

St. Jacobs'.—North-east corner Ninth and Spear. Rev. A. J. Jox, pastor. Services, 10 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.

Methodist Episcopal.

African Church (colored).—Southwest corner of Market and Cicott. Rev. T. A. Alexander pastor. Services, 10.60 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 3 p m.

Broadway M. E. Church.—North-east corner of Eighth and Broadway. Rev. J. H. Ford, pastor. Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

Market Street M. E. Church.—South side of Market, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth. Rev. M. S. Metts. pastor. Services, 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.00 p. m.

Cumberland Presbyterian.

Cumberland Presbyterian Church.—North side of Broadway, West Side. Rev. A. W. Hawkins, pastor. Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday School, 2.30 p. m.

GRAND COUNCIL CALL.

ORGANIZED AUGUST 12, 1879.

IN UNITY THERE IS STRENGTH.

OFFICERS.

President, Dr J W F Gerrish.....Seymour
1st V-Pres, W H Trammel.....Huntington
2d V-Pres, John W Copner,.....Covington
3d V-Bres, Eli F Ritter.....Indianapolis
Gen'l See'y, John H Whitson.....Seymour
Treasurer, J J Kingsbury.....Indianapolis

The object of the Grand Council is to unite the entire temperance sentiment of the State in an effort to secure Constitutional Prohibition of the manufacture and sale of intoxicants in the State.

Seymour, Ind., March 10, 1883.

The Grand Temperance Council of Indiana will meet in semi-annual convention in the Third Presbyterian church, on North Illinois street, in the city of Indianapolis, on Thursday, April 5th, 1883, at 1:30 p. m.

Each and every Lodge, League, Union, Club, or other temperance organization of the State, of whatever complexion, creed, or method of work, is most earnestly requested to send not less than five delegates to this meeting of the Council. Churches, societies and other moral and philanthropic organizations in sympathy with the efforts to secure constitutional prohibition of the liquor traffic in the State, are most cordially and earnestly invited to send a full delegation of representatives; and all persons in sympathy with the movement, residing in districts or localities not thus represented, are invited with equal cordiality to meet with and take part in the deliberations of the Council.

The arbitrary and unjustifiable action of the late State Senate in disregarding and ignoring the rights of the citizens of the State (rights demanded by the petitions of nearly 100,000 legal voters), its refusal to recognize the validity of the records of the preceding General Assembly, and its subsequent opposition to and defeat of every effort put forth by the friends of the measure to secure the legal enactments necessary to the final submission of the proposed amendment to the voice of the people, are but additional exhibitions of the corrupting influence and unscrupulous power of the liquor traffic, directed and exercised by its organized head, the Liquor League,—a power that defiantly over-rides all law and good order, in the face of a moral and religious sentiment, and maintains its supremacy by controlling legislation through purchased partisan influence, and corrupted Senatorial hirelings who do their master's bidding for a price, and in the name of personal liberty.

Such a power is inimical to free government, and should be squarely met, and its further tolerance contested at every point by the moral and better elements of society, until its influence shall be broken,. and the State freed from its blighting curse.

It is hoped that the people of the State who are in favor of maintaining the supremacy of a free American citizenshipand their sovereign right of giving expressien to their convictions on all matters of public polity involving the peace, happiness and material prosperity of their homes and of the Commonwealth, by petition to the law-making power, and their further right of determining the status of Constitutional measures at the ballot-box, will see to it that this convention of the people, in the interest of the people and of American citizenship, and of all that is held sacred by the American heart, is largely attended by representative minds from every section and county of the State. Let the convention be marked by the presence of those who uncompromisingly favor the abolition of a licensed liquor traffic and its suppression by constitutional prohibition.

The various railways centering in Indianapolis will carry delegates at the rate of two cents per mile each way. Reduced hotel rates have also been secured. For delegates' and railway certificates write without delay to D. B. Boss, Indianapolis.

J. W. F. GERRISH,
President.

JOHN H. WHITSON,
General Secretary.

GOLD DUST.

Father Mathew died in 1857.

Printing was invented in 1441.

Chloraform was ffrst used in 1817.

Vaccination was discovered in 1798.

The West Indias were discovered in 1492.

The Pacific Gcean was discovered in 1513.

Slavery was abolished in Cuba in 1880.

Harvard College was founded in 1689

The Mississippi river has 1500 tributaries.

The Bank of England was founded in 1693.

In 660 A. D. organs were first used in dhurches.

A quilt of 12,009 stripes ii m a Georgia art exhibition.

Providence has fifty-four school houses, valued at $1,150,000.

The envelops product of the country amounts to 7,000,000 per day.

Nearly 77 per cent. of the population of Ireland are Roman Catholics.

The making of wax paper for wrapping caramels is a large business.

The first medical book was written 1500 years before the Christian Era.

Twenty-one postoffice towns in the Uniten States bear the name of Garfield.

The cost of a tunnel under the Englise channel is estimated at $500,000 a mile. or $12,090,000,

The number of paper mills in the world is 4,000 which produce 1,000,000 tons of paper a year.

The payments of pensions by the government between now and July will amount to $51,000,000.

Germany boasts of 956 poetesses and authoresses on the roll of fame, most of whom have lived in modern times.

One concern in Northampton county, Pennsylvania, put on the market last year $1,500,000 worth of school slates.

The enormous sum of $200,000,000 is invested in the subnarine cables of the world supposed to aggregate 64,000 miles in length.

The oldest wollen mill in the United States is that of William Sutton, at North Andover, Mass. It was built by his grandfather in 1801.

Mrs. Mehnert, ninety-nine years old, has kept the Golden Trumpet hotel, at Reichenbach, Germany, for eighty consecutive years. She is still hale and heaaty.

France publishes books on an average of one to 16,000 inhabitants, then comes England, Holland, Norway and Sweden, Italy and Germany, in the order named. Russia has 10,000 inhabitants to each book published.

During the last thirty years in California quicksilver mines have produced 100,222,267 pounds, of which 67,937,800 pounds were exported. California produces one half of all the quicksilver in use throughout the world. The Rothschilds control the Austrian and Spanish mines.

The first instance where physicians are mentioned in the Bible is II. Chronicles xvi., 12: "Asa, in the thirity and ninth year of his reign was diseased in his feet until the disease was exceedingly great, yet in his disease, he sought not the Lord, but to the physicians. And Asa slept with his fathers."

The Gouger-Mandler Trial.

This whole controversy if reduced down to its last analysis is nothing more nor less than a conflict between temperance and intemperance. Whisky ignores the Sabbath, defies the law, scouts at submission, denounces prohibition, assails character, even women are not except from the evils of this withering, blighting curse of humanity.

Amendments.

The amendments are not dead by any means. They are like the tree in autumn, whose appearance is not refreshing during the howling storm of the winter season, but patiently awaits the returning spring, when it is again refreshed by the showers of heaven, and again sends forth its delightful foliage. As like the lion in his lair taking his repose to rise and contend more vigorously with his foes. The importance of the amendments have taken deep root in the hearts of and minds of the people. Its principles are right and will prevail.

The Whipping Post.

From present indications the legislature of Illinois will enact a law establishing the whipping-post as a penalty for certain crimes. The passage of such a law would meet with universal approval amongst the better element of society. A brute who indulges in the business of wife whipping should be tied to a good substantial post and receive 30 lashes well laid on. Let us have a whipping post for all those who indulge in that kind of pastime.

Still on Deck.

Are not the people disposed to shelve the temperance question, or drive it out of politics? asked a News reporter of Miss Auretta Hoyt, this morning. "Not at all," she said. "Indeanapolis does not gauge the temperance sentiment. We who have something of clairvoyant insight of the prohibition movement see that it is a growing idea with the people. We have already opened the fight. We are pledging legislators and voters to stand by prohibition in the next state election. We propose to make martyrs of ourselves, if necessary, and shall fight the liquor league through forty elections, if we have to, in order to win.

Final Report.

Following is the report of the money recived by S. L. Tanguy as Treasurer of the flood fund:

COMMITEES.	COL.
Thos. J. Tuley	$181 00
Mrs. Fuller and Elliott	18 00
Mrs. Dykeman and Harwood	18 00
Mrs. Proseus and Uhl	24 44
Misses Eldridge and Winemiller	13 00
Dr. Hattery	60 00
John C. Eisert	44 50
Marion Dennis	32 00
George B. Forgy	43 80
J. N. Booth	47 50
E. S. Rice and John Gray	10 00
Sundry amounts handed to Treasurer	25 76
Total	$518 00

The above sent by express free to Wm. L. Culbertson, New Albany, Indiana, and kindly acknowledged with thanks. S. L. TANGUY,

Attest, T. J. TULEY. Treasurer.

Patterson & Tomlinson, in addition report having sent ten boxes of assorted goods to the sufferers.

Temperance Papers.

There are but three papers in the state of Indiana that make temperance the leading feature in their publication. We are glad to note however, that a goodly number of other papers occasionally fire into the ranks of the liquor league and their allies, and when they do so they wake the echo. The three papers referred to should have the hearty coopperation of all those who desire to see temperance marching on. The small amount required from each to spread temperance literature will ultimately yield a greater percentage than a similar amount invested in any other enterprise. Let the people rally to the surport of these papers by subscribeing for one or more, or all of them.

One Idea.

Temperance people are sometimes alluded to as having but one idea. Have it so if you will. It is a great central idea, wide as the world and broad as humanity. That Being whose glory shines in every ray of light that reaches us from a thousand stars, had one great central idea which was to save mankind from the consequences of sin. The great central idea of temperance is to save mankind from the consequences of inebriety. Two of the grandest objects that ever engaged the attention of angels or of men. To lift the inebriate from his low estate to that of manhood is a work excelled in sublimity only by the grandness and glory of the Christian religion.

Facts Worth Knowing.

Hall's Journal of Health.

That salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.

That cold rain water and soap will remove machine grease from washable fabricks.

That fish may be scaled much easier by first dipping them imto boiling water for a minute.

That fresh meet, beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool air over night.

That milk which has changed may be sweetened or rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda.

That boiling starch is much improved by the addition of sperm or salt, or both, or a little gum arabic, dissolved.

That a tablespoonful of turpentine, boiled with your white clothes, will greatly aid the whitening process.

That kerosene will soften boots and shoes that have been hardened by water, and will render them pliable as new.

That clear boiling water will remove tea stains. Pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent it spreading over the fabric.

That salt will curele new milk, hence, in preparing milk porridge, gravies; etc., the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

That kerosene will make your teakettle as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove stains from the clean varnished furniture.

That blue ointment and kerosene mixed in equel proportions and applied to bedsteads, is an unfailing bug remedy, and that a coat of whitewesh is ditto for a log house.

Two country athelets at Milroy, Rush County, while running a foot race were joined by a excitable dog who easily out ran both of the contestants and emphasized his victory by attacking one of them and nearly tearing his pantaloons from his body. The new dog law does not cover such cases.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

Walter Webb, master mechanic of the Rome, Watertown and Ogdensburg railroad, was run over and killed on March 13.

On March 12, a colored driver of a coal-cart, named French, was thrown from his cart, fell on his head, and broke his neck.

F. W. Timberlake. an employe in Spotswood's planing-mill in Lexington, Ky., had his right arm nearly sev ered by a rip-saw on March 13.

A 7-year-old son of William Blerbach broke his neck on March 13, while playing in the new New Hamshire block on Grand avenue Milwaukee.

William DeGrass, of Milwaukee, Wis., a well-known millwright, lost an arm at Muskegon, Mich., Saturday March, 12 while engaged in setting-up some roller flouring mills.

A house of ill-fame at Luther, Mich., was destroyed by fire on the night of the 12th inst. A girl called Jennie and a man named Myers were burned to death. Two men and a girl jumped from the second story and saved themselves.

The loss by the burning of the mill of the St. Joe lead company, February 27, at Bonne Terre, Mo., was exaggerated. The smelting works and furnaces are not injured, and will be kept at work, and none of the men will be allowed to suffer.

In a wreck on the Whitewater road five miles south of Connorsville, Ind., on March 12, caused by a broken rail, a dozen passengers were hurt, none seriously. Among them are David Fisher and Mrs. Franley of Cambridge and D. A. Fletcher, of Connorsville.

Mrs. George Kell, of Huntertown, Ind., a lady of 70 years, while preparing breakfast on the morning of March 13, was stricken with paralysis and fell on the hot stove, burning her so severely as to cause death. She was not found until some time after the accident.

The westward bound passenger train on the Indiana, Bloomington and Western railroad ran into the Alamo hack as it was crossing the track two miles west of Crawfordsville, Ind., March, 12, instantly killing Joseph Green, the driver, and Milton Rusk and Elizabeth Clark, passengers, demolishing the hack, and killing the horses.

At Deadwood, Da., March 13, the reamains of eleven victims of the Brownsville fire were buried. They were inclosed in eight handsome caskets—three in one, two in another, and the others singly occupied. Every clergyman in this portion of the hills assisted in the ceremonies and a large cortege followed to Mount Moriah, where the interment was made in one trench.

Judge Thomas B. Cason was severely injured while leaving a train at the La Fayette junction. He wished to change from the Wabash road to the "Big Four," in order to return to his home in Lebanon. He attempted to jump off after the cars started, but did it at the expense of a broken rib, a bruised shoulder, and a cut over the eye. His wife came on from Lebanon, and he was cared for at the Junction house. Judge Cason formerly represented the Ninth District in Congress.

A Deadwood Special of March 12th says: An entensive cave-in occurred in the Highland mine last night, completely demolishing sixty sets of timbers and extending from the thirteenth floor to the second. Timely warning was given the miners by the cracking of the timbers, and all escaped uninjured. The cave will not interfere with mining. Another cave-in occurred this morning, seriously and probably fatally injuring a miner named Hashley.

John Donahue, of Lafayette, is a competent witness to summon to testify to the foolishness of blowing into gun barrels. Desiring to clean his shot gun, he drew out the loads as best he could, and to see that everything was clean, blew into the nozzel. A few grains of powder remained in the barrel, and a small quantity about the tube. The latter ignited from the burning candle, There was an explosion. The roof of Donahue's mouth and his throat were very severely burned.

The motherless child of Patrick Kavanaugh, living in the west part of the city of Des Moines, Iowa, met with an accident from the effects of which it died March 13. The children were playing around a bon-fire of leaves in the yard, when the dress of Maggie Kavanaugh, 4 years old, caught fire. Her brother seized her and plunged her into a brook, but she was burned so badly that she was past recovery, and death ensued at 10 o'clock next morning.

Nilsson and party, accompanied by two aids of the governor general, left by special train for Montreal March 12, via the Canadian Pacific railway. Everything went on smoothly until Hull was reached, where the were to cross a river. A snow plow, through the bungling of the driver, ran into the special, damaging the baggage-car and locomotives. Two of the party—Danteuil and Roach—were injured but not severely. Nilsson escaped injury, but was severely shocked. At midnight the track was cleared and the train got through to Montreal without further trouble.

A Horrible Crime.

A resident of Elberton here to-day informs me of a most brutal murder of a small child by its father in the upper portion of Hartwell, in an adjoining county. He says that the brute's name is Herring who is in the habit of getting intoxicated almost daily. While under the influence of liquor he frequently whips his wife and children most unmercifully. A few days since he got drunk at Hartwell and started home. When seen by his wife in an intoxicated condition coming down the avenue to the house she slipped out of the building to avoid him, leaving a small infant in the room. Shortly afterward, hearing the child utter most piercing cries, she returned home and looked through a crack to see what was going on inside. Near the fireplace she saw her baby lying on the hearth with her husband standing over it pouring a shovelful of coals and ashes on it. She raised an alarm immediately and rushed in to rescue the child from death. The husband, seeing her come in, hurriedly left by the door and escaped. The infant died in a few moments after in her mother's arms. The woods are being scoured for Herring, and if found he will never have an opportunity to hear the case discussed in open court, as the indignant people in that section will save the State that much expense.—Atlanta Special.

Buried Alive.

Geneva Correspondence London Times.

A Swiss, settled in Russia, sends to the Bund a strange story, taken from the Viedomosti, a paper published at Samara, of a man being buried alive, for the accuracy of which the writer says he can personally vouch. The story, besides the horror of it, shows how helpless the Russian system of Government renders the people for whose benofit it is designed, and how utterly bureaucrasy has crushed in them all spirit of initiative and independence. The other day, so runs the account, a man was buried alive in Samara. His name was Tichnoff, and he had been employed as a writer in a machine depot. On the fete day Tichnoff drank heavily, and had an epileptic fit. For a long time thereafter he lay quite still and showed no signs of life, which led his wife and kinsfolks to consider that he was dead. This happened on St. Silverton's Day, and, to avoid keeping the supposed corpse in the house three days (for on the Sunday proceeding a festival nobody can be buried), it was decided to lay him in the ground that very night after vespers, and arrangments were made accordingly. The body was removed to the church, where the pope (priest) read the service for the dead. While this was going on (the coffin being uncovered) some of the bystanders noticed what seemed to be drops of sweat on the dead man's face, but this appearance being attributed to a few snowflakes which had fallen during the passage from Tichonoff's house to the cemetery, he was laid in the grave without more ado, and the hour being late very little earth was thrown over him. When the grave-digger went early next morning to the cemetery to complete his work he heard a sound os of groaning and struggling in Tichonoff's grave. Instead of forwith releasing the poor wretch, the man ran to the priest to ask him to disinter him. This request the priest refused on the ground that he dare not touch a body once buried without the permission of the police. On this the sexton informed Tichonoff's what had come to pass, and they went together to the chief of the local police. This gentleman said it was quite out of his power to give the authori ation, and referred them to the Archimandrite, and the Archimandrite professed to be equally powerless, referring them to the Procurator. In the end the agonized wife procured the authorization without which nobody would act, and returned to the cemetery. But it was too late five hours had elapsed since the gravedigger firet heardthe groans, and Tichonoff was now dead beyond the possibility of doubt. The poor fellow succumbed only after a mortal struggle. He had turned quite round i nhis coffin, and in his despair bitten his fingers, torn his flesh and rent his clothing. "This fatility," says the Viedomosti, "is due to no other cause than the senseless formalities which prevail in every branch of Russian administration." Mme Tichonoff is suing the priest who refused to let the gravedigger disenter her husband for damages, on the ground that he caused the latter's death by too slavishly obeying the letter of his instructions.

A Remarkable Land Slide.

WASHINGTON, Ga., March 13—A most remarkable land slide on Little river bank, Wilkes county, has taken place. It occurred during the recent wet spell. red the point at which the slide occur- At the river bank is about twenty feet above low-water mark. A body of earth 150 feet long and forty-eight feet wide slid from Wilkes into McDuffie county, or rather it slid into the river and changed the currant entirely. Most of this slide is intact now, and the entire river is on this side of it, whereas it was formerly on the other side. This side parted from a field that was planted in corn last year and took off twelve rows and eiget or ten good sized trees, one of these measuring two feet in diameter. Most of the trees are now standing erect, but they are in McDuffie county. This is certainly a very remarkable land slide for this part of the country.

Farm and Household.

To relive hiccough at once, take a lump of susar saturated with vinegar.

Some of the farmers of Hamilton county have sent to Kansas for seed corn.

A tough piece of meat can be made tender by letting it cook for several hours in water at simmering heat.

A company with a capital of £300,000 was recently formed at Glascow, Scotland, to go into the stock-raising business at Durango, Mexico.

An African spider, which spins silk-like threads, has been discovered, and French silk manufacturers talk of attempting to introduce it in France.

Potatoes, when dug in an unripe state may be at times watery and not fit to eat, but if spread as thinly as possible in a dry, airy place they will in time become as mealy as if left to ripen in the ground.

Some of the railroad companies in the northwest have come to the conclusion that a belt of trees furnished the best protection for their tracks from snow, and are planting hardy vaties on a large scale.

Suet pudding; One cup of sugar, one cup sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of salt, two eggs well beaten, a teacup of raisins, or fruit of any kind if desired, three cups of flour added the last thing. Serve with any kind of sauce you may like, or without sauce the pudding is very good.

It is said that an average Wyoming or Montana steer at four years of age will weigh a hundred pounds more than a similar one in New Mexico or Northern Texas; and a prominent stock grower of Colorado says that the entire cost of producing a pound of beef in that state is only 1 cent, making full allowance for losses by death and depredation.

UTILIZING POOR LAND.—A landowner on Cape Cod, Massachusetts says that he owns about a hundred acres of land, of which some was so poor that it yielded nothing but poverty weed. In 1858 he commenced planting pine seed, continuing for ten years and now he has about eighteen acres of quite valuable woodland that was worthless before.

Patents issued to Indiana inventors: Christian Vieman, of Michigan City, for a crossing-needle for weaving cane; J. Shellenberger, of Indianapolis, for a wooden bottle-wrapper; John Kester, of Clay City, for a cultivating plow; J. C. Hart, of Green Fork, for a cultivator; H. R. Fry, of Green county, for a map-case; J. B. Deeds, of Terre Haute, for a lamp burner and chimney holder.

The beet crop in Europe last year amounted to about 1,920,000 tons. This large increase in this crop is due to the competition of American wheat in European markets with the native product, and as the success of the competition is all on the side of American wheat, the farmers there are turning their attention more and more to growing the sugar beet.

A writer in the Fruit Recorder makes the statement that one of the neighbors planted some cabbage plants among his corn where the corn missed and the butterfliss did not find them. He has, therefore, come to the conclusion that if the cabbage-patch were in the middle of the cornfield the butterflies would not find them, as they fly low and like plain sailin.

Gravy, which is excellent with boiled fish or with pork steak, is made by broning a sliced onion in a little butter, and adding a little at a time to some beef stock; thicken with flour rubbed smooth in a little of the cold stock. Add, if you have it, some some chopped parsley or Worcestershire sauce. If served with pork, a tablespoonful of tomato catsup is good, salt and pepper to taste.

A correspondent of the Fruit Recorder recommends the saving of coal ashes, which he says he has used for three or four years on currant bushes for the destruction of the currant worm and finds no necessity for the use of hellebore or other poison. They are as affective on cucumber vines to keep off rhe striped bugs. Last year he used them on cabbage, filling the head full, and had uo further trouble with the worms. The cabbage headed well, receiving no injury from the ashes. The ashes are better to be sifted through a fine seive.

WHAT IS MEANT BY HORSE POWER.—The power of prime movers is measured by horse power. Watt found that the strongest London draft horses were capable of doing work equivalent to raising 33,000 pounds one foot high per minute, and he took this as the unit of power for the steam engine. The horse is not usually capable of doing so great a quantity of work. Rankine gave 25,000 foot pounds as the figure for a mean of several experiments, and it is probabld that 25,000 foot pounds is a fair minute's average work for a good animal. It would require five or six men to do the work of a strong horse. Wait's estimate has become, by general consent among engineers, the standard of power measurment for all purposes.

Many a valuable horse is subjected to unnecessary pain, if not to permanent injury, at this season of the year, by the thoughtless placing of a cold iron bit in his mouth. If any one doubts that this is painful to the horse, let him satisfy himself by laying a piece of frosty iron across his own tongue some sharp morning. It is a very easy matter to keep the bridle in the houae where it will be kept warm, when not in use. We have seen horses the skin of whose tongue and lips was as effectually burned by a frosty bit as they would have been by a red-hot one, and all the while the owners were wondering why the animal refused to eat and fell off in flesh.

Early on the morning of February 27, the greater part of Myers, Osburn & Co.'s stove works, at Cleveland, O., was destroyed by fire of unknown origin. Incendiarism is suspected because, for months, strikers, whose places have been filled by non-union men, have been troublesome. Loss on the building $15,000; on stock, $15,000; on machinery, $10,000. Insurance, $72,000, in thirty-four companies.

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TEMPERANCE BANNER.

"IN HOC SIGNO VINCES."

VOL. I. LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, SATURDAY, MARCH 24. 1883. NO. 3

—Read the BANNER.

—Circulate the BANNER.

—Subscribe for the BANNER.

—The temperance cause is booming and looming.

—Pluck and perseverance will accomplish wonders.

—Intemperance is a fountain of unmingled bitterness.

—Politicians to the rear—the people want to show their hands.

—The best whisky sling is to sling the bottle out of the window.

—The true object of criminal law is to prevent, not to protect.

—Our safety lies in a vigorous, onward and determined movement.

—Down with temperance! Down with the Sabbath! cries the whisky league.

—Let every man be a temperance man every day of the year, and election day also.

—Stand firm to the principle of temperance. It is the cause of humanity and of God.

—The whisky traffic is no question for remote speculation. It is a question of the hour.

—We have faith in the people that light, reason and conscience will not be ineffectual.

—A fat pocket book and a bottle of whisky seldom occupy opposite pockets in the same coat.

—Talk temperance, preach temperance, live temperance, vote temperance and the finale will be victory.

—A view of temperance in the grandeur of its designs will tend to cheer us onward in our toilsome progress.

—The safest climate for a toper is the "temperate" zone. If he does not reform he will reach the torrid zone.

—The temperance question is the only live issue before the country, and is destined to supercede all others.

—The temperance dove has been sent forth, and returned with a twig; by and by it will bring in a whole tree.

—No tyrant ever subjected so many human beings to such unmitigated grievances as the traffic in ardent spirits.

—Society is yet in transition. slowly but surely passing over to freedom from the everlasting influences of intoxicants.

—The two great weapons in the temperance cause are Right and Truth. The latter can't be crushed, the former will prevail.

The article elsewhere under the caption "Father Matthew," was furnished the BANNER by a prominent citizen of Logansport.

—People of this country should never complain of hard times or scarcity of money as long as a thousand millions are spent every year for liquor.

—Party ties are fast losing their grip. The people are beginning to see that self-protection is of vastly more importance than party ties and party success.

—Our magnanimous congress reduces the tax on whisky for the benefit of the whisky ring, but retains the taxes on the necessaries of life, to the injury of the toiling millions.

—If the recent legislature would have authorized the establishment of an insane hospital for crazy legislators, the place selected for the location would become famed for a useful institution and a high-toned structure.

—"Ignominy can take no hold on virtue, for virtue is in every condition the same, and chalenges the same prospect. We applaud the world when she prospers, and when she falls into adversity we applaud her still."

—When the last legislature defeated the amendments the liquor league exclaimed Hallelujah! the bosses shouted triumphant glory, and vast hell echeed back the astounding sound, "well done good and faithful servants."

—If temperance people would consider for a moment the tremendous power of the ballot-box, that it is more powerful than an army with banners, and would combine, society would be reconstructed, with temperance as one of its principal pillars.

—The cowards who dared to brave public sentiment, ignore the will of the people, and succumb to the demands of the liquor league, will go down to posterity as the most mendacious villains that ever represented the people in a legislative capacity.

CIVILIZATION,

The philosopher, Guisot, in seeking a definition for the term "civilization," places it in the idea of progress, and by a series of historical illustrations arrives at the conslusion that this process is two-fold.

In the first place, civilization implies the idea of progress in society in the outward physical organization of the social state. This element of civilization, if confined to a community of civilized men, their great business would be the equal distribution of the necessaries of life, and may be very fitly represented by a hive of bees.

But civilization includes another idea, and that is the progress of individual man in the development of his faculties as an intellectual, emotiive immortal being. This idea is more radical, more enduring, more splendid, and is more intimately allied with the higher destinies of the race. The life of each individual composes a part of the whole family of men, as an hour comprises a part of the whole year. Hence, the progressive improvement made by each individual mind, is a step in the great improvement of the whole race.

As to our social progress, every square mile of territory bears the same positive evidence. The buzz and rattle of New England machinery, the flocks which like snow whiten our mountains, the lowing herds, and varied industries of the Middle States, the cotton fields and sugar plantations of the South, the golden-eared and wide-waving harvests of the West, the net-work of our railroads, treading our valleys and climbing our mountains; the whistle of our steamers ascending our rivers; our product reaching every harbor of the world—all bear testimony to our social progress, and is too conspicuous to be denied.

And what a country has been given us to develope more fully our social progress! Take for example, one division denominated the Mississippi Valley—bounded on the east by the Allegany mountains, and on the west by the Rocky mountains, and split in two by that grand old king of floods, rich in soil as the Delta of the Nile. The turbid Missouri, child of the Rocky mountains, comes from the west; the placid Ohio daughter of the Alleghanies comes from the east. These, together with fifteen hundred tributaries, are gathered together by the great "Father of Waters,'and pours its grand libation into the Gulf, and is the herald of our inter-ocean commerce with the open seas.

Here is territory sufficient to make another Assyrian Empire, or a second Roman Empire. And who can tell but the day will come when it will unite the golden splendor of the formor with the iron hardiness of the latter?

Society is bound together by the mutual wants of its members. Most beautifully does Plato, in the Socratic dialogue of the Republic, illustrate this dependence. He says the most pressing of human wants is food. "Hunger is insolent, and must be fed." The next is clothing, the next a husbandman. The smallest commonwealth must, therefore, have a shoemaker, a weaver, a mason, a husbandman. Now if each of these should supply his own wants in all these particulars, that would be savage life. Each devoting himself to some particular branch of industry, and exchanging his products for those of his companions, is the germ of civilization. "All arts," says the great orator of Roman antiquity, which appertain to civilization, have a certain common vinculum." This is the vinculum. It is the law of mutual dependence. Sever the bond when you will, and the entire unity suffers, as certainly as the human body suffers by the amputation of one of its members. Let the philosopher say to the husbandman, I have no need of thee, or the husbandman say to the philosopher, "I have no need of thee; you would find in the end a hungry philosopher and a ragged husbandman.

The clothier cannot eat his fabrics; the carpenter cannot wear his structures; the mason cannot sleep upon his brick and mortar; the doctor cannot tlive on pills and powders, or the lawyer assuage his hunger by swallowing Blackstone.

Taking a survey of society as at present it appears, let me ask if our boasted civilization is not a change rather than an elevation? Do not men continue to defend and extol the most absurd theories of government, cling with tenacity to customs and manners which tend to degrade and retard, rather than aid in our progress to a higher and better plane in our nation's existence? Is not intemperance the great barrier in this noble work? It keeps in existence a class of persons who are not producers Their business is prolific of vice, pauperism, indolence and stupidity; a business, therefore, producing such fruits, is clearly antagonistic to the onward progress of civilization, and should not be encouraged, either by patronage, countenance or law.

PRAYER AND TEMPERANCE.

Probably no man has greater faith in the efficacy of prayer than ourselves. It is the key that unlocks the gates of heaven. One has well said that "prayer moves the arm that moves the world." It is a very necessary means to be used in reclaiming men from drunkeness and in carrying forward the great wish of reform. But prayer is not the only thing to be resorted to in this crisis. We must vote as we pray. Imagine an individual addressing the resplendent thome of the Deity, beseeching him in the plenitude of his mercy to stay the evils of intemperance, to blockade the emigrating of inebriates to drunkards graves, and rise from his knees and walk straightway and deposit his vote to continuethe traffic, some men are temperance men every day of the year but election day. It has been said that "mans extremity is God oppertunity." We are imperatively bound to do what we can and when we reach that point where human aid is inadequate, then it is that the Deity lends a helping hand. The husbandman may wait and pray and pray and wait untsl he can duplicate the years of mathusaleh that the bountiful creator would bless him with an abundant harvest, but that harvest will never appear until he shall have first performed his part. His lands must be enclosed, the soil plowed, and the seed sown, farther he cannot go, then it is that the Deity steps in with the functifying showers of rain, and the genial rays of the sun, the seed germinates and grows into a golden harvest. Every christian should vote as he prays.

Wisdom.

It has always been a mystery to the writer why nations learn wisdom only through adversity or amid the throes of mighty convulsions. Seers there may be whose keen vision enabled them to penetrate the dim vista of the future and sound the tocsin of alarm but it is a rare case in history where a nation heeded the warnings of its prophets and sages. As early as the founding of the government came warnings that awaited the fate of a propagandism of slavery, but their voices were hushed by the clamor of politicina who taught the people that an alliance with slavery was the only hope of success, and the populace gave heed to their teachings. In process of time the crisis came and the nation learned wisdom in a sea of fire. Had the voice of Jefferson been heeded that calamnity would never have overtaken us.

Scarcely has the din of battle been hushed and the smoke of contending armies swept away until we are confronted with an enemy that not only threatens to disrupt the union but to destroy it altogether. Lincoln said this nation cannot "exist half slave and half free," neither can it exist half half drunk and half sober, an army consisting of over two two hundaed thousand saloons backed with patronage, wealth, and numbers are already drawn up in battle array, with banners floating in an atmosphere rank from the very depth of the sink of pollution. This vast host are under the command of a skilled general who for ages has marshalled his forces withan adroitness that would have done honor to a better cause. This army bids fair to confiscate our homes, lead captive our sons, blight the fair cheek of our daughters, and strike down the best government that has ever existed since the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy.

Are you ready for such a calamnity? are you satisfied to see your son frequenting the contaminating house of Rimmon? Do you believe it is right that any man should spend more time in saloons than at some laudable business—that he should spend more money for whisky than he does for bread? The war we make is a defensive one, our firesides are invaded, the youth of our country are in danger, the peace and happineds of communities is threatened, to repel this foe requires urgent persistent and determined effort. Arm you for the conflict. This battle must be fought there is no evadeing it. Temperance or intemperance must go down, which shall it be? Let the people say.

Agitation.

Too much agitation cries the liquor league in the temperance question. They plainly see the doom that awaits them. The shadowy hand in Belthesshazzar's palace was ho greater prestage of the impending doom of Babylons king than the fate in store for him. They are faithful readers of the signs of the time and they see plainly that these signs bodes no good for them, most gladly would they have this agitation cease. Agitation on the temperance question is the demand of the hour. No great measures have ever been accomplished without agitation. Did not Wilkes agitate for the parlimentary right of his constitutants? Did not Wilberforce agitate for the freedom of the slave? Did not Primsoli the friend of British seamen shake his fist at the House of Commons and call them villians? Did not Cobden and Bright agitate the corn laws? Did not O'Connell agitate for emancipation? Did not Hume agitate for reform? Sir Edmund Burke whose genius, virtues, accomplishments and sound philosophy constitute him one of the brightest gems in the crown of Ireland's glory has said agitation is the fire bell to arouse the people to a sense of their danger. Did not some of America's greatest statesmen agitate the freedom of the slaves?

The great Architect of the universe agitate the waters working out from discord and darkness light and harmony, causing the shapeless mass to burst into efflorescence and beauty.

Agitation is what is needed at this stage of the temperance reform. It should be a logical agitation of the matter. Let the people revolve this question in their minds, view it in all its aspects and then remain in a state of inactivity if they can. To do so would be evidence of a deplorable indifferance of self-protection, socially, morally and intellectually. There is a sufficient temperance element in the state of Indiana, if it could be utalized or combined to carry the state beyond a peradventure, agitate and combine and the victory is ours. No temperance man or woman need fear to agitate this question, the fear belonging to the other side. Agitate! Agitate!! Agitate!!!

Now and Then.

By reference to the political history of the country thirty odd years ago, we may probably learn something of value to us now.

At that time slavery was the all important question before the people. Up to that period it had been haughty, proud and dictatorial—not dissimilar to the demands of the liquor league today. But the sentiment of anti-slavery had been gradually augmenting, and culminated in dividing the people of the north and south. The politicians became alarmed, while the leaders of the several parties were in a quandary, wondering how or where this thing should end. The Democratic party, through its leaders, allied itself with slavery, believing that their success depended upon such alliance.

The Whig party were in the same predicament of the leaders of the Republican party of to-day, taking no side with pro slavery or anti-slavery. The consequence was, the people arose in their might and asserted their rights, which resulted in the death of the Whig party, and in wounding the Democratic party, from which she has never recovered and never will. The recent temporary victory only tends to hasten the conflict by clearly defining the position of both parties.

The Democracy, through her leaders, are allied to the liquor league as she was to slavery. The Republican leaders, like the Whig party, are afraid to endorse temperance or anti-temperance Thus the matter stands. Would not the leaders of both the old parties profit by a little sober reflection just now?

The Banner at Washington.

The genial editor of the Rochester Sentinel advises the BANNER to locate at Washington, and assigns as a reason that the President had seven kinds of wine at a social a few days since. The BANNER is opposed to intoxicants of all kinds wherever they may be found, whether in kings palaces or in the white house at Washington. If the President is guilty as charged we have no apology to make, nor in the least inclined to shield him, and are only to sorry that such a thing should exist in high life, for the obvious reason practices which receive the impress of fashion or of rank are seized and circulated with avidity through all the subordinate classes of society. The President of so great a country as ours ought to be a man of temperate habits.

THE PRESS.

The first number of the Temperance BANNER a new temperanac paper just started at Logonsport Indiana is on our table. It is a neat looking sheet. Success to the new enterprise.—Living Issue.

Mayor Samuel Jacobs, of Logansport, has commenced the publication of a temperance paper in that city. May the "Banner" wave longer than did the unfortunate "True Blue" of this city.—Peru Sentinel.

We are in receipt of the Temperance Banner, published at Logansport, by Mayor Samuel Jacobs. It is devoted to the suppression of the liquor traffic and the eradication of the vicious habit of using intoxicating drinks.—Xenia Times.

The Temperance Banner is the name of Mayor Jacob's new paper which made its appearance last Friday. It is printed at the Journal Office. The first issue shows the hand of the master at the helm. That he may make the venture is a sincere wish of the Chronicle.—Logansport Chronicle.

We have before us volume 1, number 1 of the Temperance Banner, published at Logansport, Ind., by Samuel Jacobs. It well derserves a liberal support as do all papers of it's class and thereby encourage the editors to shun policy and uphold good work.—Monitor Journal.

We are in receipt of the initial number of the "Temperance Banner, published at Logansport, with Mayor Jacobs as editor and proprietor. It is a neat six-column folio all reading matter, devoted to the cause of temperance. We wish the Banner success, and long may it wage o'er the land of the free and home of the brave.—Our Herald.

The Temperance BANNER made its appearance this morning. It is a six column four page paper, printed at the Journal office. Its editor and proprietor, Mayor Jacobs, not long since became a convert to the cause of temperance, and since then has shown commendable zeal in advocacy thereof. The srlutatory is mild and the pilot admits that the sea in which the Banner is to sail is beset with dangers on every hand—a sea with a smooth surface beneath which are deep and unexplored caves. The purpose of the paper is to attract by reason rather than emotion people to the temperance cause.—Logansport Pharos.

A new temperance journal just issued by Mayor Jacobs, of Logansport, has found its way to our table. It is a six column folio filled entirely with reading matter relative to the temperance question, and other topics of public interest. Its editor, Mayor Jacobs, wields a vigorous pen, and his editorials give evidence of ability. We were particularly pleased with his salutatory from which we quote the following:

"Whisky-making and drunkard-making will receive no favor at our hands. We shall pour shot and shell into the camp of the enemy, and raise no flag of truce, seek no ambulence, ask no armatice, or beat a retrest until victory shall perch upon the banner of temperance."

We most devoutly wish Mayor Jacobs success in his new undertaking.—Rochester Republican.

Mayor Jacobs, who gained much notoriety last fall by his many able speeches in favor of submitting the prohibitory amendments, is marching upon the enemy with another weapon of warfare, called the Temperance BANNER, published at Logansport. A copy of the first issue is upon our table and presents a handsome appearance. Bro. Jacobs has not dealt many sledge-hammer blows at the supporters of wicked whisky, but they will be coming thick and fast when he gets his muscle up. Those who would be interested in persuing the colums of one of the best temperance journals in the State should send $1.50 to Mayor Jacobs. May the BANNER continue to wave until the blight of intemperance, like the curse of slavery, shall be known only in history.—Rochester Tribune.

Logansport is supplied with a new paper called the Temperance Banner, edited and published by Samuel Jacobs, Mayor of the city. It is what its name purports to be, an advocate of temperance relates to the manufaeture, sale and use, as a beverage, of intoxicating liquors. Mr. Jacobs in his salutatory strikes right out from the shoulder against intemperance and openly declases that "whisky-making and drunkard-making will receive no favor at our hands. We shall pour shot and shell into the camp of the enemy, and raise no flag of truce, seek no ambulance, ask no armistice, or beat a retrea tuntil victory shall perch upon the bann r of temperance." May the Banner and Mayor Jacobs long wave and accomplish much good.—Rochester Sentinel.

The Mayor of Logansport, Samuel Jacobs, has commenced the issue of a new temperance paper, the Temperance Banner, in which he proposes by appealing to the reason rather than to the emotions, to pour shot and shell in to the camp of the whisky-making and the drunkard-making classes, "and to raise no flag of truce, seek no ambulence, ask no armatise, or beat a retreat until victory shall perch upon the banner of temperance." If he does all this through reasoning, he will not lack foremotion before he gets through. It is a neat and interesting paper.—Lagrove Standard.

Mayor Jocob's paper, the Temperance Banner, made its appearance yesterday. It is a neat 6 column folio, devoted to reading matter. The Mayor is a Democrat of forty years standing, and he still adheres to the time-honored principles of that party, but he believes that the party is drifting away from its principles by endorsing the whisky element, and hence he opposes any affiliation looking towards that end. In his salutatory he indicates the policy of his paper, viz: temperance, and delivers a volly into the rum-seller's camp that will eventually burst. Mayor Jacobs is an old newspaper man and will bring to his new enterprise the ripe experience of a journalist of no new ability. The Journal wishes him great success and great speed in the new adventure.—Logansport Journal.

The world moves. Fifty years ago, people talked temperance. Twenty-five years ago total abstinence. To-day the watchward is prohibition.—Conflict.

The Cincinnati Enquirer, says that the members of the Ohio Legislature were no ways brave about tackling the temperance question. Our man could easily hold back five or six. It will not require any one to hold the good people back from voting and working against such cowards at the next election.

The Chicago Signal says: The father of temperance law in Illinois, hon. William Reddick, of La Salle, long a Democrat Senator, has come out from his party and announces himself now and hereafter as a free and independent Prohibitionist. For forty years he has been a leader in the democratic party of the state. He is worth probably half a million of dollars, and what is more, is willing to spend it in the cause of prohibition.

The prohibition of the liquor traffic is the demand of the people, and the politicians and statesmen who fail to heed it are only treasuring up for themselves wrath against the day of wrath, political politics, enthusiastic campaigns, wealth and party power to the contrary notwithstanding. The day has come when men cannot and will not give their suffrage to the party that licenses and protects the liquor crime.—N. Y. Tribune.

The last Republican Congress has closed its inglorious life, amid scenes of drunkenness, angry conflicts of corrupt rings, a bedlum of discord and confusion, several times disgraced with personal quarrels of drunken Senators and Representatives. Nothing more was heard of the liquor Enquiry Commission and other semi-temperance measures proposed. Beer and whisky reigned supreme; and so it will be with every Congress until the people wake up from their party chains and hurl the corrupt parties and politicians from power.—Delaware Signal.

Reforms.

Reforms are not so odious as in former times. To be better is the constant aim and desire of the thoughtful. The lazy maxim "Let well enough alone" may rest and rust on the sluggards shield. The truth is there is no such thing as "well enough" so long as the future has anything better than the present.

Use of Kittens.

Tender hearted mothers should by all means give their little children kittens to play with and to amuse them. It pleases the child and then it is so nice to see a young kitten choked until its eyes stick out like minnie balls. If a chilk is a success it is at choking kittens.

—The little cloud that appeared in the moral heavens 40 years ago has been augmented and now spreads across the vast spans of the temperance sky.

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Temperance Banner.

BY SAMUEL JACOBS.

LOGANSPORT, : : INDIANA.

IT is pleasant to note that Jupiter has got over his violent troubles and is cooling off. The red spot on his face—so the astronomers say—has entirely disappeared, and no further danger from the internal fever that produced the phenomenon is apprehended. This red spot was upward of 30,000 miles long by 6,000 or 8,000 miles wide.

AN American resident in the City of Mexico says he has known of but one fire in that city during the past three years where the damage amounted to as much as $300. The reason is that the houses are virtually fire proof, being built of massive masonry, with stone stairways, and roof and floor of brick and cement, Herein there is a valuable lesson for the people of this glorious Republic.

IT is believed that the tenant farmer in England is doomed. Many of the farm owners are now personally superintending the cultivation of their land, employing laborers to do the work, and the results are quite satisfactory. With the tenant class eliminated, the farm laborer becomes a more important person, and his condition will improve. The necessity of emigration will bring the tenant farmers to America where they will better their condition

INVESTIGATION shows that in Utah the Mormon Church has about 120,000 members; in the Western States and Territories about 80,000, and in the Sandwich Islands about 7,000. It has about ninety churches in Great Britain, and the denomination is one of the largest in the southern part Wales. They have also churches in many of the countries of Europe, in Turkey, Palestine, India and Australia. The Book of Mormon has been translated into a score of tongues. There are over 400 missionaries in foreign lands. In spite of anti-polygamy laws and frequent fulminations from executive authorities in this country and in other lands, it appears that Mormonism is still a vigorous and lively "twin relic."

THE merchants of Chicago are now reaping the fruit of the gambling in wheat a year ago. It is said that the unusual dullness in trade in parts of the Northwest is due entirely to to the fact that the farmers are generally holding their grain for a higher price than is now paid, the prices of a year ago having caused them to expect the same this year. The grain being unsold, the farmers have little money with which to buy goods, and many of them are even borrowing from country banks to carry them along until the price of grain shall go up. The country stores are selling comparatively little to their customers, and are consequently not in a position to buy largely from wholesale dealers. The results of last year's grain gambling ought to be a lasting lesson to the country.

THE Chicago Tribune published in a mud road State, indorsed by the Memphis Avalanche, from the mud road section of Tennessee, recommends a plan of bettering country roads, which has been tried successfully and has the merit of cheapness: It consists simply in laying on both sides of the road, ordinary farm tiles at a depth of about four feet, which should have a slight incline and open at intervals into ditches to carry off the drainage. The road bed between the rows of tiles could be twenty-five or thirty feet. This arrangement would thoroughly drain the road bed and keep it firm and dry, except for a little while after heavy rains; in other words to quote from the Avalanche, there will then be occasional muddy roads during the rainy season, whereas now there are only occasional dry roads after a long spell. The farmers of the State spend enough time and labor in wasteful and almost useless work on the roads under the existing system to pay for this system of effective tiling in a few years. The experiment is worth the trial, and if it is successful as it has been in Memphis and elsewhere the improved road will more than pay for itself in a year.

THE regular biennial change in the road law of Indiana has been effected by the recent Legislature. According to this new law the township trustee becomes the superintendent of all the highways in his township. He is to divide his township into road districts of not less than six square miles, and to number them, commencing in the north-east corner of the township, and file a correct plat of the same within ten days with the county Auditor. The districts are subject to change in the month of January, and every two years thereafter. The supervisors are to be elected at the April election, 1884. In the meantime, the Trustee has the right to appoint them. Each supervisor is to receive $1.50 per day, and may continue working for sixty days in each year, but no longer. When appointed or elected, supervisors must serve or pay the sum of six dollars, but no person can be compelled to serve oftener than once in six years. Owners of property have the right to work out their road tax. To do so they must make application to the Trustee, and do the work as low as the same could be done by others. For all time devoted to the highways the Trustee is to receive $2 per day, provided the same is not in excess of sixty days in each year. An emergency clause is attached, and the law will go into effect as soon as approved by the Governor.

INDIANA has finally done justice to the dog, it would seem. The new dog law, which, having an emergency clause, is now in force, does away altogether with the system of tagging licensed dogs as heretofore. It makes it a misdemeanor to kill, maim, injure or steal a dog for which the tax has been paid to the county, but provides no means by which these privileged canines, which are now for the first time in the history of the State recognized as property, may be recognized by the less favored of that race. The main provisions of the new law are as follows: Township Assessors are to ascertain, between April 1 and June 1 of each year, the number of dogs in each township over the age of six months, and for lack of proper diligence in this respect are to be subject to a fine of $5 for each dog omitted from the list. Persons failing to list their dogs for taxation are, upon conviction, subject to a fine of $100 for each offense. The owners of a single male dog are to pay $1 a year, $2 for each additional dog and for each female dog $2. Any person owning or harboring a dog known to have propensities for killing or maiming sheep is made subject to a fine of $50, and the law authorizes any one to kill mad dogs on sight. For the mischievous or wanton injury, or the stealing of a dog, which has been duly listed for taxation, and which is not known to be a sheep-killing dog, the punishment is fixed at a fine not exceeding $200, with imprisonment for not more than thirty days. The money received from the dog tax is to be kept permanently in the county Treasury and to be know as the "dog fund." From it all damages for the killing and maiming of sheep are to be paid, and the balance, if any, to the tuition fund.

A NEW SCHOOL LAW.

THE Indiana Legislature passed the bill amending section 34 of the act providing for a general system of common schools, and scetion 4,425 of the Revised Statutes of 1881. It reads as follows:

"The county superintendent shall examine all applicants for license as teachers for the common schools of the State by a series of written or printed questions, requiring answers in writing, and in addition to the said questions and answers in writing, questions may be asked and answered orally, and if from the ratio of correct answers and other evidences disclosed by the examination the applicant is found to possess a knowledge that is sufficient, in the estimation of the county superintendent, to enable said applicant successfully to teach in the common schools of the State, orthography, reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, English grammar, physiology and the history of the United States, and to govern such schools, said county superintendent shall license said applicant for the term of six months, twelve months, twenty-four months or thirty-six months, according to the ratio of correct answers, and other evidences of qualifications, given upon said examination, the standard of which shall be fixed by the county superintendent; and in examining persons for positions to teach in graded schools in cities and towns the county superintendent may take into consideration the special fitness of such applicant to perform the services required of them, and shall make, on the license issued to such applicant, a statement of the kind of work for which they are especially qualified; and all applicants before being licensed shall produce to the county superintendent the proper trustees' certificate, or other satisfactory evidences of good moral character; provided, that a six months' license shall be regarded as a trial license, and that no person who hereafter receives a six months' license in any county shall be again thereafter licensed in said county unless he obtains a grade which shall entitle him to receive at least a twelve months' license; and provided that any person now possessing a twenty-four months' license, whose next consecutive license shall be for the term of thirty-six months, or any person who shall hereafter receive two licenses in succession each for thirty-six months, may receive, at the expiration of such several licenses, a license for the term of eight years, upon such an examination held by the county superintendent as may be presented by the State Board of Education, and such license shall stand only upon the approval of the State Board of Education, and shall be styled a professional license, and shall entitle the holder to teach in any of the schools of the State."

There is no emergency clause to the bill.

The False Prophet.

Cairo Correspondence.

The ex-boatbuilder of Dongola, now famous as the False Prophet of Central Africa, is making terrible havoc, not only among the Khedive's soldiers, but also among the merry wives of the Soudan. The False Prophet is evidently convinced that the world is his own special oyster, which, with his sword, he is about to open. A Greek merchant recently arrived from Sennaar—about 400 miles south-east from Khartoum—assures me the False Prophet has been the cause of no less than 400 women being divorced from their husbands, and that during the past three years he—the False Prophet—has become the happy father of over fifty children. Moreover, the Mahdi, in spite of his extraordinary fascination over the fair sex, has acquired such supernatural ascendancy over the minds of the sterner sex, that injured husbands have not only begun to re-marry their divorced wives, but now consider that any sentimentality or flirtation between the Mahdi and their own spouses to be a mark of divine favor. The sentiments and conduct of the False Prophet toward unmarried females are strictly platonic.

A Great Actress Handicapped.

Bradford Mail.

"Sad hing that about Fanny Davenport," remarked a gentleman in a Bradford hotel, as he laid down the paper that he had been reading.

'Why, how is that?" queried half a dozen men, as they leaned forward expectantly; "what's happened to Fannie?"

"Why, the doctor has forbade her ever again playing "She Stoops to Conquer."

"No! Why?" again asked the crowd.

"Simply because she can't play it. She is getting so fat she can't stoop

DE TRAIN ON DE GOLDEN RAIL.

Dis nigger's hair am turnin' white like de cotton on de stalk,
His limbs am growin' feeble, an' its hard fer me ter walk;
But wid all uy dis I'se happy, an' w'en de gospel train rolls by
Uncle Remus will be runnin', an' will stop fer me an' Si.

I'll be standin' at de stashun, wid er through ticket in my han',
An' doan kalkerlat ter git off de train dis side de promise lan';
We'll fire de newsbutch from de kar, his pies will not be sold,
Kase we'se gwine ter take our own grub ef we has ter take it cold.

De cross-ties will be uv marble, an' de spikes uv silver white,
Fer de gospel train on de golden rail, will leave de sinner fum sight;
Wid Uncle Remus' han' on de throttle, an' Old Si in de baggage car,
We'll lan' on time in de sweet byn' bye, wid de beautiful gates ajar.—[Griffin, (Ga.) News.

HIS PA STABBED.

Peck's Sun.

"I hear you had burglars over to your house last night," said the groceryman to the bad boy, as he came in and sat on the counter, right over a little gimlet hole where the groceryman had fixed a darning needle so that by pulling a string the needle would fly up through the hole and run into the boy about an inch. The groceryman had been laying for the boy for two days, and now that he had got him right over the hole the first time, it made him laugh to think how he would make him jump and yell, and as he edged off and got hold of the string the boy looked unconscious of impending danger. The groceryman pulled, and the boy sat still He pulled again, and again, and finally the boy said:

"Yes, it is reported that we had burglars over there. O, you needn't pull that string any more. I heard you was setting a trap for me, and I put a piece of board inside of my pants, and thought I would let you exercise yourself Go ahead, if it amuses you. It don't hurt me.'

The groceryman looked sad, and then smiled a sickly sort of a smile, at the failure of his plan to puncture the boy, and then he said, "Well how was it? The doliceman didn't seem to know much about the particulars. He said there was so much deviltry going on at your house that nobody could tell when anything was serious, and he was inclined to think it was a put up job."

"Now lets have an understanding," says the boy. "Whatever I say, you are not to give me away. It's a go, is it? I have always been afraid of you, because you have a sort of decayed egg look about you. You are like a peck of potatoes with the big ones on top, a sort of strawberry box, with a bottom raised up, so I thought you woule go back on a fellow. But if you won't give this away, here goes. You see I heard ma tell pa to bring up another bottle of liniament last night. When ma corks herself, or has a pain anywhere, she just uses liniament for all that is out, and a pint bottle don't last more than a week. Well, I told my chum, and we laid for pa. This liniament ma uses is offul hot, and almost blisters. Pa went to the Langtry show and did not get home until eleven o'clock and me and my chum decided to teach pa a lesson. I don't think it is right for a man to go to the theater and not take his wife or his little boy. So we concluded to burgle pa. We agreed to lay on the stairs, and when he came up my chum was to hit him on the head with a dried bladder, and I was to stab him on the breast pocket with a stich and break the liniament bottle, and make him think he was killed. It couldn't have worked better if we had rehearsed it. We had talked about burglars at supper time, and got pa nervous, so when he came up stairs and was hit on the head with the bladder, the first thing he said was 'burglars by mighty,' and he started to go back and then I hit him on the breast pocket, where the bottle was, and then we rushed by him down stairs, and I said in a stage whisper, 'I guess he's a dead man" and we went down cellar and up the back stairs to my room and undressed. Pa hollered to ma that he was murdered, and ma called me, and I came down in my night shirt, and the hired girl she came down, and pa was on the lounge, and he said his life blood was fast ebbing away. He held his hand on the wound, and said he could feel the warm blood trickling clear down to his boots. I told pa to stuff some tar into the wound, such as he told me to put on my lip to make my mustache grow, and pa said, 'My boy this is no time for trifling. Your pa is on his last legs. When I come up stairs I met six burglars, and I attacked them, and forced four of them down, and was going to hold them and send for the police, when two more of them that I did not know about, jumped on me, and I was getting the best of them, when one of them struck me over the head with a crow bar, and the other stabbed me to the heart with a butcher knife. I have received my death wound, my boy, and my hot southern blood, that I offered up so freely in her time of need, is passing from my body, and soon your pa will be only a piece of poor clay. Get some ice and put on my stomach, and all the way down, for I am burning up.' I went to the water pitcher and got a chunk of ice and put it inside pa's shirt, and while ma was tearing up an old skirt to stop the flow of blood, I asked pa if he felt better, and if he could describe the villains who had murdered him. Pa gasped and moved his legs to get them cool from the clotted blood, he said, and he went on, 'One of them was about six feet high and had a dandy mustache. I got him down and hit him in the nose, and if the police find him his nose will be broken. The second one was thick set, and weighed about two hundred. I had him down, and my boot was on his neck, and I was knocking two more down when I was hit. The thick set one will have the mark of boot heels on his throat. Tell the police when I am gone, about the boot heel marks.' By this time ma had got the skirt tore up, and she stuffed it under pa's shirt where he was hit, and pa was telling us what to do to settle his estate, when ma began to smell the liniment, and she found the broken bottle in his pocket and searched pa for the place he was stabbed, and then she began to laugh, and pa said he didn't see as a death-bed scene was such an almighty funny affair, and then she told him he was not hurt, but that he had fallen on the stairs and broken his bottle, and that there was no blood on him, and he said. 'do you mean to tell me that my body and legs are not bathed in human gore?' and then pa got up and found it was only the liniment. He got mad and asked ma why she didn't fly around and get something to take that liniment off his legs, as it was eating them right through to the bone, and then he saw my chum put his head in the door, with one gallus hanging down, and pa looked at me, and then he said, 'Look-ahere, if I find out it was you boys that put up this job on me, I'll make it so hot for you that you will think liniment is ice cream in comparison.' I told pa that it didn't look reasonable that me and my chum could be six burglars, six feet high, with our noses broke and boot-heel marks on our necks, and pa he said for us to go to bed alfired quick, and give him a chance to rinse off that liniment, and we retired. Say, how does my pa strike you as a good single handed liar? and the boy went up to the counter while the groceryman went after a scuttle of coal.

In the meantime, one of the groceryman's best customers, a decon in the church, had come in and sat down on the counter, over the darning needle, and as the groceryman came in with the coal the boy pulled the string and went out doors and tipped over a basket of rutabagas, while the deacon got down off the counter with his hands clasped, and anger in every feature, and told the groceryman he could whip him in two minutes. The groceryman asked what was the matter, and the deacon hunted up the source from whece the darning needle came through the counter, and as the boy went across the street the deacon and the groceryman were rolling on the floor, the groceryman trying to hold the deacon's fists while he explained about the darning needle, and that it was intended for the boy. How it come out the boy did not wait to see.

The Cherman Parber's Puzzle.

New York Sun.

"Oh, de very subchect of dot monkey parber py der negst chair makes me sick out of my stummick. He has yet once more again mate all de gusdimers mat. He sdarted apout a veek pehind yesterday to give avay a new gonundrum. 'My aunts and nncles,' he hat sayt, 'all haf novhere else lived except Chermany and New Yorick, yet my cousin Loweesa vos porn not in New Yorick, not in Chermany, and not py de ocean already. How could dot peen?' Vell, dot made ont der greatest oxcitement. Blendy of gusdimers says she vos in Belgium born, und France, und Holland, und Danemark, und Hopoken, und New Chersey, on der vay from Chermany coming ofer. But dot foolish parber he sayt 'No, no, no,' every dime choost der same. Bretty quick he wrote dose dings out und bosted 'em der site of der vall:

"HOW CAN SUCH DINGS PEEN?

"My aunts und ungles all peen born (und live de whole of their lifes out) by Chermany and New Yorick. Aber mine cousin Loweesa vos porn not in Chermany.

"It vos easy ven you found him out.

"My colly! such an oxcidement you neffer vood dink of. Vise olt men unt smarty young vellers, dem all grazy vent, unt I minezelf, forgot minezelf and sayt maype she vos in de harbor py New Yorick porn, or a Hopoken ferrypoat inside But 'No, no, no,' de monkey parber nodding else voud't sayt. To-day he hat bromised to baste up der explanation, und thera you can see vot it vos:

"I HAF GOT ME NO COUSIN LOWEESA.

"Such a pig lummix of a grazy fool as dot—he dires avay my batience out."

Wiggins—His Storm.

New York Sun.

A special from Ottawa says: Wiggins to-day gave the theory on which the storm was predicted. He says:

"This storm satisfies me that the theory of the opposite tide, which I advanced in 1864, is correct, namely: That it is caused by the vibratory motion of the ocean from east to west. If you look at a terrestrial globe and see the peculiar position of the Gulf of Mexico, and the tendency of Cape St. Rocque to glance northward the tides moving west, you will not wonder at my claim, when observing that the moon's forces have been increased to the greatest possible extent, and that, too, when she is hastening with other planets from south to north across the equator. This was exactly the condition of things during this storm. And only one element was lacking to have made this a terrible affair for the people of America. For, mark it well, if the moon's conjunction with the sun had taken place at 1 o'clock on the meridian of London, instead of 4 o'clock in the morning, London time—in other words, if the conjunction had taken place over the Gulf of Guinea instead of the China Sea—the whole American coast—granting her to have been, as she was, in perigee—would have been put under water. A time will come when this will take place; and should Venus and Mercury happen at that moment to be at their inferior conjunction, and Jupiter, Saturn and Mars at the superior conjunction, the breakers will roar in the streets of New York City, and Florida will be under water. All astronomers, from the Astronomer Royal down, will please make this explanation to show that my system of foretelling storms is not only founded on science, but on the earth and heavenly bodies."

Authorities in Prononnciation.

St. Louis Republican.

A writer who has evidently given careful study to the still disputed question of the proper way to pronounce Arkansas, argues that in anglicizing the Indian word we must give it the manifest English pronounciation indicated by the syllables—Arkansas—accenting the second syllable and enunciating the "s" in the last. This looks well enough in theory outside the State whose name is the subject of dispute, but it will be admitted that the authority of the people of the State is supreme in a matter which they have a better right to decide than all outsiders. They say Arkansaw—and this must ultimately settle the question. All precedents support this view. The people of Connecticut omit the "c" in the second syllable of that word, and call the State Conneticut. The people of England pronounce Thames, Tems; Derby, Darby; Cholmondesley, Chumley; Salisbury, Saulsbury; Beauchamp, Beechum; Gloucester, Gloster. In Bollinger county, Missouri, the people call the name of their county Bullinger, which, also, is the pronounciation of the name in North Carolina, where it came from; in Perry county, Missouri, Bois Brule (burnt wood) bottom is being gradually transformed into Bob Ruly's bottom; in Osage county, L'Our's (Bear) is becoming Loose Creek. These pronunciations may be theoretically inaccurate and even barbaric, neverthe'ess they are authoritative. A stranger visiting England has no more right to refuse to pronounce Derby Darby than a stranger in Arkansas has to refuse to pronounce the name of that State Arkansaw.

A Lake on Fire.

The burning of Moscow is described as an "ocean of flame." The scene of a burning lake here narrated must have been equal in grandeur to that conflagation and not the less impressive for being a wonder of nature. Imagine a bonfire four or five square miles in extent! It is said that from one of the chief naphtha wells of Russia the liquid shoots up as from a fountain, and has formed a lake four miles long and one and a quarter wide. The depth is, however, only two feet. This enormous surface of inflammable liquid recently became ignited, and presented an imposing spectacle, the thick, black clouds of smoke being lighted up by the lurid glare of the central column of flame, which rose to a great height. The smoke and heat were such as to render a nearer approach than one thousand yards distance impracticable. Suitable means for extinguishing the fire were not at hand, and it was feared that the conflagation would spread underground in such a manner as to cause an explosion. This supposition led many inhabitants of the vicinity to remove to a safer distance. The quantity of naphtha on fire was estimated at 4,200,000 cubic feet. The trees and buildings within three miles distance were covered with thick soot, and this unpleasant deposit appeared on person's clothes, and even on the food in the adjacent houses. Not only was the naptha itself burning, but the earth, which was saturated with it, was also on fire, and ten large establishments, founded at great expense for the development of the trade in the article, were destroyed.

The Marriage Ceremony.

Troy Tribune.

The rector of St. George's Church, Southwark, England, recently fell into a laughable blunder. A lady who was a deaf mute, and a gentleman who was a foreigner, and unable to speak English, came to him for the purpose of being married. The clergyman, after much difficulty, made out the object of their visit, as he supposed, and appointed a day for the performance of the ceremony in church. He in fact understood that they wished to be baptized, and on the day set had provided the requisite number of godfathers and godmothers to answer for them. The regular baptismal service was used over them; they were asked if they renounced the devil and all his works, and duly signed with the sign of the cross. Though the service was not such as they expected, they supposed that it was the newest way of solemnizing matrimony, and departed, imagining themselves man and wife. The next day the rector received from them a package containing a piece of the wedding cake, and a little note of thanks from the couple. Horrified at the discovery of the mistake the clergyman rushed to the hotel where they were staying, explained the matter as best he could, and hurried them back to the church, when they were married this time in due and ancient form.

The New Jersey Senate passed a bill to prohibit the sale of cigarettes or tobacco in any form to minors, under a penalty of $10 for each offense.

GENERAL MISCELLANY.

Milk is said to be better than all stimulants in nervous disorders.

The test of a good orange is said to be its thin skin and heavy weight.

It is said that fashionable ladies won't go fishing this summer unless they can get silk worms for bait.

Punch says that the English reward of bravery is a garter and a wooden leg to wear it on.

Black walnut lumber, when dry and in good order, brings the enormous sum of $150 per thousand.

YELLOW-HAIRED girls have taken to the wearing of velvet coats of reddish chocolate hue in order to emphasize the luster of their locks.

"I'M not an allopath, a homeopath, or a hy-dropath." said a certain doctor. "But your patients all take the same path," was the consoling answer.

Mr. Knight, the superintendent of the Maginnis cotton factory at New Orleans, makes the prediction that in twenty years all the mills of the United States producing plain brown cotton goods will be located in the south.

A FAIR and accomplished young Dr.
Fell in love with a lady named Pr.,
But his terms scientific,
Came forth so terrific,
That they really and truly quite shr.

EX-JUDGE WILLIAM LEWIS an eccentric character of Texas, who died in Dallas a few days ago, was with Houston in the battle of San Jacinto. He died so poor that his remains were about to be borne to a pauper's grave, when a few men raised $100 to give him a decent burial.

KING HUMBERT of Italy drives himself about in a T cart like any other quiet gentleman in Rome. When his carriage gets blocked, as it frequently does in the narrower streets, he takes it more patiently than the foreigners do, who admire the way in which he sits and nods and laughs to acquaintances in the crowd.

The medical society of Scott county, Iowa, has elected Dr. Jennie McGrown, a well known woman physician of Davenport, as its president for the ensuing year. This is the first instance in the history of the medical fraternity in which a woman has been chosen for the executive position of a medical society.

UNLESS the newspapers stop calling the Episcopal marriage service "beautiful," and the funeral service "impressive," or 'grand" or "stately," every time a marriage or a funeral is solemnized by their use, the people will stop using them. For this purpose those adjectives are entirely and totally worn out.

An apple in perfect preservation after 96 years is in possession of a gentleman in Ulster county, N. Y., As it rounded up from the blossoms of the parent stem in the early summer of 1787 a bottle was drawn over it and attached to the branch, and after the apple had ripened the stem was severed and the bottle sealed tightly. It looks as fresh as when first plucked.

The business of canning fruits and vegetables has grown to enormous proportions. Over 52,000,000 cans of tomatoes were packed last year. making one for every man, woman, and child in the country, Nearly half of this work was done in Maryland and Virginia. The wholesale price for three-pound cans ranged from four to five cents each

The Mexican city of Chihuahna is rapidly becoming Americanized through its situation on the line of the Mexican Centeral Railroad, which has attracted many cizens brom the United States, Flour mills, breweries sugar refineries, street railroad, numerousr store and all the hotels are in the hands of Americans.

The Australians are going for the sparrows with a vengeance. An Adelaide paper says: "The following figures, showing the number of sparrows and eggs that have been destroyed up to Nov. 6. have been supplied by Under Secretary: Heads 27.345; eggs, 197.212. From Oct. 1 to Nov. 6. 5,420 heads were paid for and 44,685. eggs.

A weapon found on a Philadephia burglar consisted of a canvas bag, 3 inches in diameter and 15 in length, filled with sand and having a wooden handle. A blow with it would not break the skin, like a club, but would be stunning in its effect, while the stroke would make no noise.

Some cattle which a boy of 12 was watching in Dakota were destroyed by a prairie fire. As the lad did not return home, it was believed that he had shared the same fate. It now appears. however, that the accident so frightened him that he wandered off, and remained away until he had earned money enough to cover the loss of the stock. Then he reappeared at home triumphantly.

The Popular Plan.

Detroit Free Press.

One can not only buy everything, from a cook-stove to a coffin, on the weekly or monthly payment plan, but a Detroiter has applied the principle to a still higher object. A certain young man interviewed him the other day in regard to the hand of his daughter, and the father heard him out and replied:

"Well, if Mary is willing and shall not object, I intend to give her $10,000 as a dowry."

"What a noble and generous father!" gasped the young man.

"But I shall adopt the installment plan," continued the father; "instead of giving her the sum in a lump, I shall pay her $3 per week for sixty-four years. That will not only prevent her from speculation and loss, but come much easier for me.'

The Chinese never race horses. They prefer other forms of swindling.

THE BRIGHT REAPER.

I saw the years, like bright autumnal leaves,
  Fall on the frosty path of ages flown;
And there an angel bound them up in sheaves,
  As one who garners in the fields alone—

As one who garners quietly and sings
  A song that all the hush with music thrills,
While breezes low waft slumber from their wings,
  And twilight listens on the lonely hills.

Among the leaves the smiling spirit found
  Where some so fair as sun and dew could form;
But there were some her gentle fingers bound
  That withered were and sered with rain and storm.

Then I was sad, because I knew that I
  Had wasted there full many a precious year;
The angel paused in pity at my sigh,
  And knowing all my thinking, said, with cheer;

"Fear not! The Future still shall bring thee sheaves
  And if thou keepest them but sweet and fair
Then will I shift the withered from my sheaves
  And place, instead, the bright and lovely there."

In what the angel said I was consoled,
  I raised my head, her smile upon me beamed,
She passed. I stood as one who in the cold
  Awakes and misses some sweet thing he dreamed.

A CANADIAN FOLK-TALE.

New York World.

Once upon a time, a long time ago there was a very beautiful princess, and she was very rich, and of course she had lovers by the dozen, who used to come to her house in the evening and play the fiddler and glare at each other all through the *veillee* until the King and Queen called from the back bedroom that it was time for all the young people to be getting home, or what would the neighbors say?

But many though her lovers were, the princess would have none of them, and nobody could make out what object she could possibly find in one after another of her suitors. At last, when she had refused every eligible prince that there was in the four parishes, her parents insisted upon knowing the reason, and she told them after much urging.

"You see dear pa, and dear ma," said the princess, making a rosebud of the prettiest little mouth there was in the universe, "I should like a husband who was real affectionate and could love me properly. These young men are all so timid that if I should marry one of them I would certainly find that he did not kiss me and say nice things to me half often enough, and then I should either die or neglect or be sompeled to kiss some one else; and that would be wrong. So, dear pa and dear ma, I have resolved not to marry until I find a sweetheart who has two pairs of lips and can give me 100,000 kisses every day in the week and 200,000 on Sundays and feasts of obligation."

"Unhappy girl!" said the King, taking off his tuque to scratch his head in his perplexity, "I have a good mind to——" But at that minute the Queen saw the old sow and all the pigs walking in through the garden gate where the hollyhocks and sunflowers and onions and beets and carnations and other flowers were, and they had to catch up the tongs and call the little yellow dog, Marteau, and sally forth, and so no one ever knew what the king had a good mind to do.

When the young princes in that and the surrounding parishes learned of the princess' determination they were at first very joyous, but, after ciphering it out on slates and shingles, they came to the conclusion that, nice as kisses were, and pretty as was the princess, 100,000 kisses a day would leave them very little leisure for anything else, and as she had a pair of very black eyes, with a flash in them when she was angry, and could put her little foot down with force enough to split her sabot, they felt convinced that if she had made up her mind to have those kisses, and her husband was unable or unwilling to furnish them, why—

Now, there was a young prince who lived away out in the concessions—the back parishes, where they only had one mail a week—and so it was a good while before he heard of the princess and her beauty, and finally of the remarkable conditions which she had resolved to exact of her husband. But when he did hear about her he resolved to win her, and so he went and consulted the chancellor.

"Do you really love her so much?" said the chancellor.

"I do," replied the prince, "and though I have never seen her, I feel so drawn toward her that if she will not marry me I will go on to Meriden, in the Connecticut, and work in the factories. One hundred thousand kisses a day, and 200,000 on Sunday, and fetes de obligation! Alas, there are not more than seventy Sundays and holidays in the year! But then it will be leap-year soon!"

"Very well, my son," said the chancellor, "then I will tell you how to win the princess. Go to the store and bring half an ell of black velvet and two tobacco pipes and a false mustache, and do thus and so with them and then go down to the parish where the princess lives and hire yourself out to the boss of the big saw mill to work on the day gang, and all will be well."

So the prince paid the chancellor his fee—four lyres and ten sous—and went and did all that the chancellor had told him.

And so one evening, as the princess was standing at the attic window of the royal palace doing up her hair, she looked out and saw in the sunlight a tall and remarkably well-built young man with a black velvet mask on leaning negligently against the fence and smoking two pipes.

By and by an old gentleman came along and stopped to speak with him, and he when was answering the old gentleman he took one pipe out of his mouth respectfully and went on smoking with the other. This surprised the princess, and running to the door she called to the old gentleman to come to her, and said to him: "Excuse me, sir, but who is that young man, and why does he smoke two pipes?"

The old gentleman—it was the chancellor—replied: "You are very exausable, miss! That is a young man who works on the day gang in the big saw mill, and he has $14 a month and his board. He comes from back in the concessions, and the reason why he wears a mask is because he has two mouths."

"Two mouths!" cried the princess, excitedly.

"Yes, two mouths. And of course he does not wish to be stared at by everybody, so he wears that velvet mask."

"Is he married?" asked she.

"He is not, miss," said the chancellor, "and he never will be, for he has vowed to have no woman for a wife who will be satisfied with less than 100,000 kisses a day, and 200,000 on Sunday and fetes d'obligation."

"Oh, heavens!" cried the princess, "how fortunate that I should have seen him! He and no one else shall be my husband."

So the chancellor ran and called the prince back and introduced him to the princess and her family, and the marriage was agreed upon. By this time it was quite dark and as they were sitting together on the doorstep the princess asked the prince if really and truly he had two mouths.

"My dearest," said the prince, "do you think for a moment that I would be capable of deceiving you?"

"I know that there are two holes in the mask," said the princess, "but they may be the same lips. Why should you wear that hateful old mask anyway?"

"That is a long story, my dear," he replied; "but first I will prove to you that I am not betraying your confidence. Here!" and slipping off his mask he gave her a kiss of the first magnitude. "Was that good? Perhaps you may prefer the other mouth; some girls however, object to mustaches," and slipping on the false mustache he gave the princess another kiss.

"I really don't know which is the best," said the princess, reflectively. "Let me have another of each sort!"

Then the prince explained to her that he reason he wore the mask was because a hateful and powerful fairy was an enemy of himself and his family, and wished to steal one of his precious mouths from him and so deprive him of one-half the pleasures of his life. This she would have the power to do if he showed any one of his two mouths by daylight; hence the wore his mask. "But after dark, he continued," there is no danger whatever."

Well, and so they were married and they lived very happily together for the first few weeks of their wedded life. Every morning before daylight the princess would get up and prepare his breakfast for the prince, and he would set off for the saw-mill while it was yet dark, so as to relieve his partner, who worked on the night gang, when the bell rang at sunrise. And all day long he wore his mask, and at sunset he went home, reaching the house after dark.

And about the hundred thousand kisses? Eh, my friends, that I cannot say, but the princess always seemed to have a contented air, and she was a famous hand at arithmetic, and was a woman who could stand up for her rights.

But, naturally enough, the prince reflected that some day she would find out all about the trick, and that then she would never forgive him, so the next market day when he saw the chancellor he asked his advice, and the chancellor said: "Do thus and so, and all will be well."

So, on the succeeding Sunday, the prince went out into the woods and caught a swall bird, and kept it in his hand in his pocket, and went back into the house, and as was her invariable custom on Sundays when he was at home the princess began teasing him about being afraid of the fairy. "She could do you no earthly harm," said she, "and besides you are nearly twenty thousand kisses behind to day already, and it is almost vesper time. How on earth do you ever expect to catch up if you only use one mouth? Oh! if I was a great big man like you I wouldn't be afraid of a little bit of a fairy!"

So the prince pretended to be annoyed and he said: "All right, then I'll risk it if you will; but mind, it will be all your fault if anything happens." And he slipped up his hand with the bird in it to unfasten the mask, and as he took off the velvet—whiff! out flew the bird in the princess' face and then out through the door.

"There!" said the prince, "now, you've done it! There goes my best mouth! Phew, how it hurt! It was like drawing a cork out of a bottle of jim beer (ginger beer)—pop! See, the fairy is flying over the fence with it!"

"Yes indeed, I see the mustache!" said the princess. "I am so sorry, but perhaps I can coax it back." So she ran after the bird pouting out her lips and saying: "Cheep, cheep!" in the most bewitching manner, but the bird would not return, and she had to go back to her husband, sorrowfully.

"Never mind, my dear," said he soothingly; "it does not make any difference."

"Oh," sobbed she, "but it will. Now that you have only one pair of lips how can you take more than fifty thousand kisses a day?"

"Well, we must make them extra nice ones," said the prince, "and make up for it that way. Besides there is this advantage—my pipes and tobacco will last me twice as long now."

This reflection cheered the princess up; so she dried her eyes and used the velvet mask to trim her bonnet with, and she and the prince lived happily together ever afterward, and this awful experience had one good effect—never afterward did she attempt to pry into her husband's secrets.

And that' all!

Senator Tabor and the Drummer,

Kansas City Times.

They tell a new story now on Senator Tabor, of Colorado. It is related that, when Tabor was on the Kansas Pacific train going to Washington to take his seat, he met a Hebrew drummer wh ohad known him sometime by reputation. To pass the time they engaged in a game of seven-up. The play was even until the close of the second game when the drummer received four kings and an eight-spot. A queen was turned up.

"Great Gott!" said the drummer, "Mr. Dabor I visht it vas boker. If ve vas playin' boker I vood bet my whole bundell"

"How much is your bundle?" asked the noble Senator from Colorado.

"Two hundred and fifty tollar," replied the drummer.

"Well," replied Tabor, "If you give me the queen which is turned, I will go you."

"Tun,' said the drummer, and Tabor picked up the queen.

"Dot ees a snap," whispered the drummer, showing his hand to a man in the next seat.

"I should smile," answered the man laconically.

"Vood you like to bet some more, Meester Dabor?" asked the commercial tourist, with an insinuating smile.

"Yes," said the noble Senator. "I have a fair hand; I will make it $500."

"I haf only fifty."replied the drummer, and he made his bet good for $300. "What have you got, Meester Dabor?"

"Four aces,"answered Colorado's favorite son, showing the fatal one-spots. The drummer was perfectly paralyzed, and was unable to speak, while the noble Senator stowed the pot in his togs. Slowly drawing a cigar from his pocket, Colorado's favorite was about to light up and withdraw, when the drummer recovered his sense of speech. Leaning forward he said: "Eet ish all right, Meester Dabor; you haf won the money sgquare: but, great Got! Meester Dabor, vot had der gqueen to do mit four aces?"

Favorites of Nature.

Fifteen acres of corn in Franklin county, Mo., averaged 75 bushels to the acre.

A potato grown by Benjamin Myers, near Lancaster, weighs fully four pounds.

The largest cucumber on record was raised at Jasper, Ga. It weighed 35 pounds.

An ear of corn raised by J. C. Scoot, Pike county, Mo., had 24 rows and 1,420 grains.

In Elizabeth, Ky., a beet was raised that weighed 15½ pounds and was two feet long.

A crop of apples grown by Dr. De Wyl, of Jefferson City, weighed on an average 22 ounces each.

A stalk of Sea Island cotton, at Bronson, Fla., was nine feet in height, and had 42 branches and 250 bolls.

A Texas farmer gathered 2,700 pounds of cotton from one acre, and the field has to be picked over again.

On the 5th day of December George A. Grinnell of Westerly, R. I., picked green corn from his garden.

Forty-five acres of tobacco belonging to Dr. McLeod, of Woodford, Ky., averaged 1,800 pounds to the acre.

Seveteen acres of land, belonging to Samuel Amsden, in Brown county, D. T. produced 660 bushels of wheat

An apple tree near Minneapolis blossomed three times during the past season and yielded two big crops of fruit.

Thirty-two watermelons from a single vine were gathered by J. L. Smith of Greenville, Ga. Some of them weighed thirty-five pounds each.

In Webster, Md., B. B. Denham picked three crops of beans from the vines last season, and they blossomed for the fourth time.

How the Gas Meter Works.

Detroit Free Press.

The well-known devotion of the gas meter to the interests of the gas company is now explained. The pressure of the gas is unequal ,and when it presses hard it squeezes the gas through the meter and condenses that which is in the pipes in the house. When the pressure is less the gas in the house pipes runs back and into the mains. But the sagacious meter makes no note is the company sbusiness. It is trained to register only the gas which goes into the house, and has to be paid for. By attending strictly to that duty, it is not of the slightest interest to the gas company whether the family burns the gas or not; whether or not its members go away for a summer vacation, the gas goes through and the mater reports it. The gas goes back, the meter is dead, dumb and blind the same the next day and the next. When the owner of a house comes from a year's travel abroad his gas bill is ready to welcome him.

Changed Her Order.

New Orleans Picayune.

A Northern lady paying her first visit to New Orleans, astonished the waiter at one of the high-priced restaurants, the other morning, by ordering a red snapper fish for her breakfast. When some one told her these fish weighed all the way from five to one hundred pounds and more, she rescinded the order and meekly called for shad.

A SKOPT'S BRIDE,

A Story of Cruelty and Fanaticisms Told by a Russian Refugee.

St Louis Post-Dispatch

Among the Jewish refugees who arrived in St. Louis from Russia last Spring, most of whom have since left for the West, was a man named Max Ferrinsky. He was tall, well featured and apparently about forty years of age. The story of his life, as narrated by himself, as apt an illustration of the diseases which have fastened themselves upon Russian society as any that could well be imagined. The following is the story as narrated at second hand by a gentleman who enjoyed Ferrinsky's confidence during the latter's brief stay in this city. Previous to 1878 he had lived all his life in the unimportant city of Jassy, in Moldavia, where, at the age of twenty, he married a young Jewess named Paulovna Rabitoff, the daughter of a well-to-do merchant of the place. One child only—a daughter—resulted from their union. The girl was brought up altogether at home. Jassy, it appears, contains a large number of Skopts. The Skopts are a religious sect, who, in spite of governmental opposition, have continued in existance for more than five centuries. This is perhaps the strangest and most unnatural sect in the world. Born of an interpretation as barbarous as it is literal, of the text, "If thy eye offend the pluck it out," etc., the fundamental dogma of the Skopts is mutilation, which is a sort of baptism of its converts. Their number in the Russian empire is variously estimated at from 750,000 to 1,000,000. They are generally well-to-do, and many of them are rich, which accounts, possibly for the non-success of the government in its efforts to destroy them. When Ferrinsky's daughter had attained the age of fifteen her mother died, and two years afterward the girl, who was also, like her mother, called Paulovna, became engaged to a young man named Ignatz Stourza the son of a highly respected merchant of Jassy. The wedding day was fixed for the 15th day of May, 1878, and the time for the nuptials was rapidly approaching, when suddenly, one evening toward the end of April, the woman disappeared, and her lover was also missing. The father of the girl and the parents of the young man held a consultation next day and dismissed the idea of an elopement, there being no apparent reason why the lovers should have decamped, no opposition to their union having arisen at any stage of the courtship. Nevertheless it was thought possible that they might have determined to marry quietly at some other place than Jassy, and that they would soon be heard from. Time went by, however, and no tidings were heard of the missing ones. The day set for the wedding came and passed, and still no news. About three weeks later, Ferrinsky received through the mails a letter dated from Potsdam, in Germany, in which he was advised that if he desired to learn the whereabouts of his daughter he would find her in a certain spot in neighboring forest, dead. The bereaved father did as directed, and found the body of his unfortunate child in an advanced state of decomposition. A number of wounds inflicted apparently with a sharp instrument, indicated, it was thought that she had been foully treated at first and murdered afterward; but a second letter, received by Ferrinsky shortly afterward, and also dated from potsdam, told the story of how she met her sad end. The writer confessed himself as Stourza, and told the story of how fantastical zeal had deprived him at once of a bride and a fatherland. It seems that Stourza was secretly a Skopt, and had endeavored to make a convert of the young girl. She had finally consented to his importunies, and on the evening of the day when she disappeared had come to the place where the Skopts of Jassy held their services. The rite of initiation had been inadequately described to the young girl, and the terror and pain of the mutilation proving too much for her, she had sunk to the floor a corpse. Her remains were quietly interred the same night, and Stourza left at once for Germany, whence he so reluctantly communicated the sad story to the girl's father. He was never heard from after the receipt of his second letter. The discovery of the place of her burial and the condition in which her body was found caused much excitement, and the government took the thing in hand. At first it was thought that energetic measures would be adopted to put an end to these shameful practices, but the Skopts found means to silence the officials. Afterward the persecution of the Jews took violent form, and poor Ferrinsky and many of his friends were forced to leave the country. In telling the foregoing dark story to his confident in St. Louis, the poor fellow declared frequently that he was happy to escape from Russia, "a land," he said, "abounding in such horrible superstitions and prejudices."

Mr. Beecher on the Horse.

From address before American Veterinary College.

Mr. Beecher said he had not dared to trust himself to the delivery of an extemporaneous address, and he hoped the audience would bear with him while he read from manuscript, "In fact, you've got to," he said. "Human life may be of more importance than the life of an animal," he continued, "and yet the veterinary surgeon may rank as high as he who administers to humanity. A man need not necessarily be an ass because he cares for horses. If ever there was a faithful animal it was the horse. In the opalescent vision of St. John in the Apocalypse the horse was deemed worthy of being associated with the gods. Loving liberty, how readily he submits to bondage. He is ten times stronger than man and yet how submissive to man's will! If a horse but knew his rights and his power, no man could abuse or maltreat him. His self-abnegation deserves a better fate. 'He is the servant of all and the slave of all and abused of all.' He begins life with one year as a colt, and when at last he has ceased to be useful to the peddler he has 'the only privilege of his life—the privilege of dying.' In war the horse is 'as sensitive to danger as the most nervous of men. When the trumpet calls he swallows his fear and offers his life as readily as a brave and patient man. Yet for him there is no reward, no glittering medal, no honorable mention in the gazette and no pension." The draft horse is more to be admired than the racer. He was the family friend. What a debt was due him that was never repaid. "The physician uses him from door to door, and collects his inevitable and inexortable fee, but the horse gets nothing but the privilege of going again, and often without even an 'oat-stiver.' It ought to give a man pleasure to be called to minister to the sufferings of this most human and most abused of all animals." Then there was the cow, "not the one that postures at the pump, nor the distillery cow that the devil fosters, but the cow that lies under the shadowy trees in summer and looks as sleepy as the August clergyman." She was the best physician for children. "This is an age of humanity," he said, in conclusion. "Men are sensitive to suffering as they never were before. Cruel laws are passing away, and even cruelty in slaughtering animals is discountenanced. Do not let any man look down on you because he ministers to mankind while you minister to suffering brutes. Let your names be remembered for your fidelity, your humanity and your science"

Facts Worth Knowing.

Salt fish are quickest and best freshened by soaking in sour milk.

That cold rain water and soap will remove machine grease from washable fabrics.

That fish may be scaled much easier by first dipping them into boiling water for a minute.

That fresh meat, beginning to sour, will sweeten if placed out of doors in the cool air over night.

That milk which has changed may be sweetened or rendered fit for use again by stirring in a little soda.

That boiling starch is much improved by the addition of sperm or salt, or both, or a little gum arabic, dissolved.

That a tablespoonful of turpentine, boiled with your white clothes, will greatly aid the whitening process.

That kerosene will soften boots and shoes that have been hardened by water, and will render them pliable as new.

That clear boiling water will remove tea stains. Pour the water through the stain, and thus prevent its spreading over the fabric.

That salt will curdle new milk, hence, in preparing milk porridge, gravy, etc., the salt should not be used until the dish is prepared.

That kerosene will make your tea-kettle as bright as new. Saturate a woolen rag and rub with it. It will also remove staines from the clean varnished furniture.

That beeswax and salt will make your rusty flat-irons as clear and as smoth as glass. Tie a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that. When the irons are hot rub them first with the wax rag, then scour them with a paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.

General Ignatieff at Home.

St. Petersburg Letter in Revue Diplomatique.

The Russian minister, who does not at present, at any rate, contemplate leaving Russia, is—the story of his Polish promotion being an idle invention—now living at Rue Millisnia, close to the Winter Palace. The house is "un petit palis," fronted by four sombre columns which gave it a mournful air. Once these frowning portals are passed, however, the interior is charming; everything is well ordered, and wears a pleasant, even gay aspect. General Ignatieff himself occupies only two rooms, in one of which he receives his guests, while the other is a library or den where his real work is done. The reception room is luxurious in its appointments. It is, in fact, a veritable museum of Eastern curiosities. Japanese stuffs, curtains and hangings from China, in all sorts of fantistic patterns, are scattered about; there are Turkish sofas, Persian chairs and mats, while articles of vertu lie about in picturesque profusion. One sees in everything the taste of a man who has spent a great part of his life in the East and cherishes his recollections warmly. The "workshop" of the General contains a collection of historical arms, unique in their kind; each piece has a tradition and each is marked by rich and curious workmanship; all have been given to him at one time or another by their owners. For instance, one sees the pistols of the late Sovereign Prince of Albania, a long poniard of Schamyl, and a gun richly chased presented to him by the Sultan Abdul Aziz.

A young fireman who ran with his so.,
Told the foreman that he would not po.,
  In an excited manner,
  He picked up a hammer,
And swore at him, but he did not tho.

VOLUNTEERS WANTED.

There was a young lady in Worcester
Who could crow quite as well as a rorcester
  She could whistle and sing—
  Do most anything
  That boys can, except
  That she wasn't adept
At climbing with no one to borcester.

A LITTLE SPICE.

The rule of Three—For the third person to clear out.

If you should happen to want your ears pierced just pinch the baby.

This style of closing out at cost. One given away with every subscription.—Hawkeye.

Whenever a baby is born in Helena, Montana, the fire bells ring out to drown its shrieks of rage.

A new reading by the Boston Transcript: "Every Man for Himself and the Devil take Herr Most."

Pennsylvania Piety.—An old lady near Reading won't let her husband visit that city since she read in the Bible that "Reading maketh a full man."

"No, Tabor is no longer a Senator; he's paired with the woman from Oshkosh," is the way in which a Chicago woman answered a civil question about the great Colorado mushroom.

Where they Grow.—Small boy of eight (looking over picture book with small boy of ten): "What's that?"

S. b. of ten: "Why, don't you know? That's a donkey. Haven't you ever seen a donkey?"

S. b. of eight (doubtfully): "Why, I have, lots of 'em; in the Theological Gardens, you know."

It has been demonstrated that soap-bubbles can be blown to the size of two feet in diameter, and kept two days by making a preparation of oleate of soda and glycerine. This will carry joy into many destitute homes where heretofore it has been impossible to preserve a soap-bubble longer than a few seconds. A house full of soap-bubbles two feet in diameter would alleviate a great deal of distress.—Norristown Herald.

Heavy tragedian at railway hotel.—'Prithee, landlord, dwells there within the precincts of this hamlet a machinist?" Landlord.—"A machinist? Yes, sir." Tragedian.—"Then take to him this bird of many springs. Bid him wrench asunder these iron limbs, and then, for our regalement, to chisel slices from its unyielding bosom, for we would dine anon. And, pray you, do it quickly. Yon peas you need not carry, for those, with dextrous management, we can swallow whole. Away!"

The Cashier Ahead.

Wall Street News.

A new bank which has been established in a town in Indiana had engaged the services of a watchman who came well recommended, but who did not seem over-experienced. The president therefore sent for him to post him up a bit and began:

"James, this is your first job of this kind, isn't it?"

"Yes sir."

"Your first duty must be to exercise vigilance."

"Yes, sir."

"Be careful how strangers approach you."

"I will, sir."

"No stranger must be permitted to enter the bank at night under any pretext whatever."

"No, sir."

"And our cashier—he is a good man, honest, reliable and thoroughly trustworthy, but it will be your duty to keep an eye on him."

"But it will be hard to watch two men and the bank at the same time, sir."

"Two men—how?"

"Why, sir, it was only yesterday that the cashier called me in for a private talk and he said that you were the squarest man in Indiana, but that it would be just as well to keep both eyes on you, and let the directors know if you hung around after hours."

Marriageable Ages

New York Mail and Express.

As 2,651 girls under twenty years of age were married in this city during 1882, it can hardly be complained that early marriages have declined. Nevertheless, from twenty to twenty-five years is the favorite age for brides, but 204 youths under twenty have married in the city during 1782, There were 3,922 from twenty to twenty-five married, and 3,382 from twenty-five to thirty. The number of men under thirty when married was 7,508 and the number of women under thirty was 9,434. There were 1,012 men married who were more than forty, but only 403 women, showing that the matrimonial chances of women are exhausted sooner than those of men. One benighed old Benedict of 1882 is more than eighty. The whole number of marriages, 11,085, was too small for the immense population of Manhattan Island.

The Regrets of Ananias.

Denver Tribune.

While making the Daily Round of his Domain, his Santanic Majesty once came across Ananias who appeared to be Suffering unusual Torments. In reply to Inquiries, Ananias feelingly Observed: "I am not so much Tormented by these Flames as by regrets that I am not now on Earth making a Reputation as the Dandiest advertising Solicitor in the newspaper Business.

Ex-Governor Roberts, of Texas, has been made president of an Austin university.

Temperance Banner

SAMUEL JACOBS & Co., - PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Catholic.

St. Bridget's—North-west corner of Wheatland and Heath. Rev. B. Kræger, pastor. Services—Mass, 8 a. m. and 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. Vespers, 3 p. m.

St. Joseph's.—Northwest corner Second and Market. Rev. H. Koehne, pastor. Services—Mass, 8 and 10 a. m. Vespers, 3 p. m.

St. Vincent de Paul—South side of Spencer, between 8th and 9th. Rev. E. P. Walters, pastor. Services—Mass, 8 and 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. Vespers, 3 p. m,

Presbyterian.

First Presbyterian Church.—South-east corner of Spencer and Seventh streets. Rev. W. E. Loucks, pastor. Services—10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 9 a. m.

Broadway Presbyterian Church.—South-west corner of Ninth and Broadway. Rev. E. S. Scott, pastor. Services—10.30 a. m and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m.

Baptist.

Baptist Church.—North-east corner Seventh and Broadway. Rev H. L. Stetson, pastor. Services, 10. 30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m.

Christian.

Christian Church—South-west corner of Ninth and Spear streets. Rev. W. R. Lowe, pastor. Services—10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m.

Episcopal.

Trinity Church.—Northwest corner of Seventh and Market. Rev. E .H. Peruker, rector Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.

Evangelical.

German Evangelical Church,—North-east corner of Wheatland and Brown. Rev ....pastor. Services 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 9 a. m.

Lutheran.

St. Jacobs'.—North-east corner Ninth and Spear. Rev. A. J. Jox, pastor. Services, 10 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.

Methodist Episcopal.

African Church (colored).—Southwest corner of Market and Cicott. Rev. T. A. Alexander pastor. Services, 10,30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 3 p m.

Broadway M. E. Church.—North-east corner of Eighth and Broadway. Rev. J. H. Ford, pastor. Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7 30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

Market Street M. E. Church.—South side of Market, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth. Rev. M. S. Metts, pastor. Services, 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.

Cumberland Presbyterian.

Cumberland Presbyterian Church.—North side of Broadway, West Side. Rev. A. W. Hawkins, pastor. Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday School, 2.30 p. m.

GRAND TEMPERANCE COUNCIL OF INDIANA.

ORGANIZED AUGUST 12, 1879.

IN UNITY THERE IS STRENGTH.

OFFICERS :

President, Dr J W F Gerrish ....Seymour
1st V-Pres, W H Trammel.....Huntington
2d V-Pres, John W Copner.....Covington
3d V-Pres, Eli F Ritter.....Indianapolis
Gen'l Sec'y, John H Whitson.....Seymour
Treasurer, J G Kingsbury.....Indianapolis

The object of the Grand Council is to unite the entire temperance sentiment of the State in an effort to secure Constitutional Prohibition to the manufacture and sale of intoxicants in the State.

The State Central Temperance Committee consists of three or more men in each county, representing the different political parties, with like sub-committees in the townships, wards and precincts, to whom is delegated the execution of the designs of the Council.

Indianapolis, Ind., March 16, 1883

To the Members of the State Central Temperance Committe :

You are invited and earnestly requested to meet in conference with the officers and executive committee of the Grand Temperance Council, in Parlor 6 of the Y. M. C. A. Building, 35 North Illinois street, Indianapolis, Wednesday, April 4, at 7 p. m. The State Christian Temperance Union will meet in the Y. M. C. A. Chapel in the forenoon of the same day, and the Grand Temperance Council at 1:30 p. m. on the following day, Thursday, April 5th, at the Third Presbyterian Church, one square and a-half north of the Y. M. C. A. building. This convention of the Grand Council will be one of significant importance, and there will be need of wise deliberation. It should be attended largely, and by representative and experienced temperance men, especially by members of the State Central Temperance Committee, for they have stood in close relations to the work during the late campaign, and their experience is therefore valuable.

It is important that this committee-meeting should be also largely attended, that we may compare experiences, correct mistakes, and find the wisest possible basis to insure harmony and unity of future action. Committeemen who cannot attend are requested to send a reliable substitute for whose action they are willing to be responsible.

Respectfully,
J. W. F. GERRISH,
Chairman.

AURETTA HOYT,
Sec'y State Cen. Tem. Com.

Envy.

Envy is a compound word of malevolence and impiety . It is ill will to man and implies complaint against the Creator. Malevolence witholds the good that might and ought to be done and grieves exceedingly that by any other it should be done. The envious spirit sickens at anothers welfare; repines because of the honor conferred upon them, and finds malignant pleasure in their disaster and shame. It also implies comylaint against the Deity, as though his favors were universally disturbed. aid invades his prerogative of determination when, to whom, and in what manner he has bestowed his benefit.

—Moderate drinking is the stair-way leading to the cataract.

GOLD DUST.

Shakespeare was born 1564.
Joan d'Arc was burned 1431.
Hayti was discovered in 1492.
Sweden makes paper of moss.
The Revolutionary was ended Feb 1837.
The great fire in London occurred in 1666.
Indiana was admitted in the Union in 1816.
Delaware is to prohibit lottery advertisements.
Eight of New York's 25 governors are living.
New York city was founded by the Dutch in 1614.
The first negro slave was brought to America in 1620.
A ton of pure gold will make something over $602,785.
The seventeen year locusts are due this year, as usual.
There are 12,000,000 Hebrews scattered over the world.
The first printing was done at Cambridge, Mass., in 1639.
Over two tons of hair-pins are turned out daily by the factories.
Iowa has her first colored lawyer, a young man from Chicago.
The honey bee was first introduced by the English in America in 1670.
Rhode Island has comparatively more illiteracy than any other northern state.
In one district in Hall county, Ga., there are forty-three men over eighty years of age.
Sorrows are our best educators. A man may see farther through a tear than a telescope.
A woman at Streator, Ill., pays $3 taxes on dogs and seventy-five cents on other property.
Four barrels of water from the Great Salt Lake, after evaporation will leave a barrel of salt.
There are thirty counties in Iowa wher coal is mined, embracing 450 mines and employing 9,000 men.
Pomfret, Vt , which has been settled 113 years, has neither doctor, lawyer, mercantile business nor manufactories of any kind.
The highest price ever given for a photographic negative was $900, for a negative of the Prince of Wales in Masonic dress.
The recent coal discovery at Wenona, Ill., has developed into a three-foot vein, which the state geologist says is of a superior quality.
The late violinist Vieuxtempts had the finest collection of violins ever know, and it has been purchased by the Duke de Campo Medina for $100,000.
There are twelve standard and sixteen narrow gauge railroads building in Mexico, the former with an aggregate mileage of 1,266 and the latter of 820.
The late Charles Choate, of Woburn, Mass., bequeathed $75,000 to the institute of Technology, $25,000 for a hospital for women and children and the income of $10,000 to needy women.
The work of building a railroad bridge across the St. John river in Maine, will probably be commenced the present year. To build it will take eighteen months' time, and its cost will be $750,000.
A pair of American bald eagles have made their home near Stony Point, Monroe county, Mich., on the margin of Lake Erie, for many years, and it is believed that they are nearly if not quite seventy-five years old.
A piece of wood cut from a green tree is a good conductor, let it be heated and dried and it becomes an insulator, let it be burned to char-coal and it becomes a good conductor again, burn it to ashes and it becomes an insulator once more.
Deaths by violence average 40,000 a year in Russia, there being an average of ten murders a day. About 1,250 persons are frozen to death every year. It will be observed that mankind in Russia keeps a little ahead of the climate, bad as it is.
The Brown county Democrat, a weekly newspaper, has made its appearance at Fashville. It is under the patronage of that wing of the party which doubts the true democracy of the Jacksonian. The Jacksonian is prohibition, while the Democrat is anti-prohibition.
Last Year $45,000,000 worth of buildings were built in New York city. Those already begun this winter for completion this year are estimated at $4 000,000 and it is thought that the year will see $70,000,000 worth of buildings erected. It is doubtful if there is a city in the world growing so fast this way as New York and real estate is higher in value there now than ever before.
"I remember," saps the celebrated Wesley, "hearing my father say to my mother, 'How could you have patience so tell that blockhead the same thing over twenty times?' 'Why' said she, 'If I had told him but nineteen times I should have lost all my labor.'"
The London Lancet succumbs to the belief that the electric light must soon become the common illuminating agent, but insists that some method should be devised to mitigate its intensity. "For true comfort," continues the writer regretfully, "there is nothing like the light given by the old-fashioned pure wax candle."

The Old Man And Old Woman.

The above caption is a very common appelation applied to parents and indicates a want of respect for the aged. If there is any thing commendable in young people it is a proper respect for the aged. The custom of refering to to parents as the old man and old woman is to be deprecated. Those who have battled with life's trials for half a century, and upon whose venerable heads the storms of fifty years have fallen are deserving of the greatest respect. These parents who have watched with so much solicitude and anxious care over the early years of childhood and youth, and for whose welfare every consideration was made to bend, are deserving of veneration.

It is much better to speak of our parents as Father and Mother. What a world of meaning is embraced in the old Saxon words Father and Mother.

Father Mathew.

In the selection of a subject like this, to recount the noble deeds, to extol and laud the merits of a man whose whose life was one unbroken chain of sanctity, charity and usefulness, leaving a lasting impress of his greatness and goodness indelibly stamped upon the hearts of posterity, is deserving of an able and more prolific pen than the one brought into requistion in the preperation of this article.

To portray a man who is so universally respected and venerated in the memory of his countrymen, for the attributes and quallifications of excellence, morality and sublimity of character, exemplified by a life replete with Christian zeal and devotion to a cause instituted for the benefit of erring humanity, presents a subject sublime and pathetic, worthy the eloquence of a Philips to eulogize.

Would that the writer possessed the power of a Dickens to trace and delineate his character correctly and vividly, to express in the language of a Burke the great love he cherished for mankind, the self-denial and sacrifice he endured to procure the happiness of others in the prosecution of the divine mission for which it seems God had especially ordained him.

The Reverend Theobald Mathew was born of a respectable family in Thomastown House five miles west of Cahel in the County Tipperary on the 10th of October 1790.

Inheriting an obedient and kink disposition, possessing a strong and filial affection for his parents, combined with a beneficent and religious nature that was early cultivated and developed, he became the favorite child of his mother and was beloved by all that knew him.

The characteristics and usefulness of the future man, that was destined to occupy such a prominent position in the world were traced in the impulses and actions of the child.

Possessing a deep rooted sympathy for the persecuted, he was ever merciful; averse to wrath and anger, he was ever mild, calm and serene with all with whom he had intercourse; benevolent and generous to a fault he was always giving and it seemed his special desire to confer happiness upon others.

From early youth the admirable traits of piety and truthfulness were deeply imbued within his heart; the foundation of a reputation laid that for honesty and integrity of purpose was irreproachable.

It is stated by his historian that "he was never known to have uttered an improper word, or word of dubious meaning." Such was the character of the boy whose wonderful success in the reformation of man and the melioration of society were attributable to the singular influence he exercised over his fellow men, not obtained by any great superiority or preeminence of intellectual power, but owing to a loving and beneficent nature, earned by a life led in strict accordance with the principles and habits fostered and nurtured in the nursery.

At the age of twelve years he was sent to a school of good repute, where after having gone through the usual preatory studies he was admitted to the College of Maynooth and placed under the auspices of the Most Rev. Dr. Bray, and matriculated in the humanity class on the tenth of September 1807.

Impressed and stimulated by the edifying example of the representatives of the Capuchins Order in Killkenny, he determined on attaching himself to this body. With that object in view he placed himself under the spiritual care of the very Reverned Celestine Corcoran, and on Easter Saturday in the year of 1814 he was ordained by the Most Rev. Dr. Murray.

His first sermon which was able and instructive was delivered in the Chapel of Kilfeacle in his native county, to a large and appreciative audiance, From thence he proceeded to Kilkenny where he joined the community of Capucius, and became popular and famous for his virtues which were the theme of every tongue.

Kind and gentle in manner, graceful, elegant in figure, winning of speech polished of address, modest and unobtrusive with an extraordinary sweetness of countenance, pure and holy, reflecting faithfully the inward soul—the youthful priest was calculated to make the most favorable impression.

After a fruitful mission in Kilkenny he went to the City of Cork, where he soon made himself useful and established a school for female children. He worked energetically, sparing neither his time or his money in its organization. Through his persuation and earnest solicitation a number of refined ladies became interested in the laudable enterprise, gave it there diligent attendance and devoted themselves with zeal to its superintendence and prosperity. In this Industrial School hundreds of poor and destitute children were instructed in the ordinary rudiments of litterary knowledge, and were also taught plain and other work, which was made for them a source of profit and support. The school progressed and prospered a blessing to the community and in 1824 contained over five hundred pupils.

From the year of 1820 Father Mathew's reputation as a preacher had been steadily advancing, and six years after he was admitted to be one of the most popular preachers of the day. This was at a period when the Cork pulpit was adorned by men whose powers were of the very highest order. He was not to say a fine elocutionist, an accomplished pulpit orator, who studied the art of gesture, the cultivation of voice and the rules of rhetoric; used fine metaphors, and gave expression to similes for the purpose of pleasing and tickling the ears of his auditors; but he was argumentative, touching and pathetic; he carried conviction by the logic of his reasoning, and held his hearers spell-bound by his earnestness of truth and sincerity of belief, coupled with the example of the man.

He practiced what he preached, and and believed what he so persuasively and urgently enforced.

In 1832 the Asiatic cholera burst out in Cork with fearful malignity, This direful epidemic, with its wild dread of contagion, numbering its victims daily by scores, was calculated to prove the courage and to call forth into the fullest activity the qualifications of a man like Father Mathew. With the unselfish devotedness of a martyr and an apostle, resolutely and fearlessly confronting the calamity and aiming at its mitigation by all the resources which humanity, religion and science could bring into operation in the presence of a fearful crisis.

It was in his 47th year when, as one of the governors of the House of Industry that his attention was first earnestly attracted to the cause of temperance. True, he had always preached against dissipation and drunkenness: but he had never awakened to a full consciousness of the awful consequences of this evil until brought in contact, in his official capacity, with the unfortunate inmates of this asylum, where the wretched victims of their own folly, or of the calamities, accidents and vicissitudes of life, found a miserable home.

Deeply moved and effected by their deplorable condition, he was led to inquire into the cause of all this abject destitution and poverty. The painful revelation, intemperance, was unmistakably shown to be the origin of most all this misery.

In the prison, the mad-house, the hospital, the work-house, he recognized the victims of this absorbing passion. Poverty and disease, debasement and crime, he in a great measure attributed to its baneful influence. Look where he would, he could see the destructive tracks of this scourge in its devastating march, with satanic power destroying souls by the thousands—driving them on with madness and fury, like cattle to the slaughter, hurling and precipitating them down, down into the lowest depth of that fiery abyss, woe and perdition.

His ears were smote with the distressful cries of wretched mothers and hungry children crying to heaven daily for relief, imploring God to free them from this monster, this tyrant that was binding their husbands and their fathers in chains of slavery and sin. Apprehending all the gigantic magnitude this evil was assuming, degrading and demoralizing in its seductive influence, he threw himself on his knees and before his God he prayed for guidance from above to direct him, to give him strength to perform the work he had in contemplation.

After anxious deliberation he had become convinced that the cause was a just one, which for the sake of the people and the salvation of souls, he, as the minister of God, felt compelled to espouse and advocate.

True, capital and power would be arrayed against him, he would incur the displeasure and ill-will of the retailers of ardent spirits, many of whom had had frequently befriended him—yet, fully aware of the formidable and powerful opposition he would have to contend against, and the responsibility he was assuming, duty to God, to the people and to the sacredness of his vocation, allowed him not to waver or hesitate. In the words of his historian, "Like Caesar he had crossnd the Rubicon."

Pensions.

N. B. Barron, pension and bounty agent, has secured a pension for Mrs. Hannah S. Martin, widow of Alfred Martin, who was a Lieutenant of Company E 29th Indiana Volunteers. She will receive $16 per month, dating from Agust 1879, and an additional $3 for each child, which will aggregate about $809 Mrs. Martin is a resident of Fulton County.

Mr. Barron has also securred a pension for Jasper N. Brown of Winamac who was a member of company G., Fifty first Indiana regiment. He will receive $4 per month, dating from Novemer 12, 1864, which will aggregate about $900.

—Stand up for the right

—Enlist under the banner of temperance.

—Let all the temperance people move forward in one solid phalanx.

RUM BLOSSOMS.

I have covered up a great many of your sins," said a sexton to a saloon keeper.

Ten of the twenty-four aldermen in New York City sell liquor by the glass.

Alcohol in beer is the same as alcohol in whisky, and is just as harmful, only it takes more stops to wash it down.

An old farmer, when he saw his son on a spree, exclaimed: "There goes down his throat an acre of land, trees and all.

The Iowa brewers have determined to spend money liberally to secure control of the legislature of that State to be elected this fall.

A drunken constable named John Lennan, near Windsor, Canada, across the river from Detroit, scared Edward Farrell to death Wednesday night by threatening to run over him with a horse which he (Lennan) was riding.

The church is on one side of the turn pike, and a whisky shop faces it on the other. The same civil power tolerates the one and licenses the other. And yet we claim to be an enlightened people, capable of self-government.

What a blessing it would be to this whole state if the price of every license in cities of 50,000 people and over should be $1,000 and in every village $500. What is in the way of such a reform as this? Nothing in the world, except the power of the liquor dealers.—New York Sun.

Rev. Dr. William Kirkus, rector of the Protestant Episcople church of St. Michael's and All Angels, the wealthiest church in Baltimore, has created a profound sensation by expressing his opposition not only to the passage of an additional Sunday law, but also denounced the temperance advocates as fanatics, who were endeavoring to take away all personal liberty.

An inquisitive temperance man: "where do the wicked men go who drink liquor?" asked a temperance lecturer of a small boy at an Austin Sunday school. "Well, some of them go to Bornfeld's saloon and some go to the Iron Front, but the wickedest ones—the legislators—always goes to the nearest saloon. If you ask pa, he will show you where you can get the best beer."—Texas Siftings.

Mrs. Davis forbade John Doyle, a saloon-keeper, at North Adams, Mass., to sell her husband any more rum. "As long as he has money to buy with," said Doyle, "he can get drinks at my bar." David abused this privilege by getting drunk at once, and while in that condition had both legs cut off by a locomotive. Mrs Davis got a verdict of $7,000 against Doyle and the supreme court has confirmed it. Suits with similar results are constantly being brought in numerons states under civil damage laws which are substantially alike in their provisions. In San Francisco a society has been formed to prosecute such cases free of charge.

Mr. Charles Slatur, a Democratic constable in this city is feeling the effects of whisky boycotting. He dared act in accordance with his oath of office and arrest a saloon-keeper for violating the law. For this his bondsmen withdrew from his bond which compells him to find new bondsmen. Mr. Slatur is a German, and deserves credit for his honesty and manliness. He says he will see that we have a Sunday in Indianapolis or do his best to make the violators respect it. He also says that if his party catures to the desire of the boycotters and law violators they will wake up and find they have made an unpardenable blunder.

The N. Y. Sun says of a crank movement in the Legislature of New York: Mr. Murphy's measure, making it a demeanor to manufacture malt liquors without any materials other than barley, malt, hops and water, is likely to arouse discussion in the Assembly should it come up for action. A fine of not less than $500 is to be the penalty for using any prohibited materials, and among those specially named as forbidden are tobacco, aloes, blue vitrol, quassia, glucose, salt, bicarbonate of soda, wormwood and tannin. After declaring that only lawful constituent elements of ale or beer shall be barlly, malt, hops and water, it seems hardly necessary to name in the statue a few among many possible things that are not to be used especially as it may make it seem somewhat queer to punish alike as misdemeanars the use of salt and the use of tannin, or the use of glucose and the use of blue vitrol. At all events, the implications that all these substances are sometimes employ in brewing beer does not furnish agreeable reflections.

—What timid mortals some people are. They believe temperance is right, but they are apprehensive that an avowal of that cause might incur the ill-will of saloon men, and consequent upon this the loss of their trade. We love and admire a brave man, but hate and detest a coward. A thousand men of the latter stripe could be routed by a score of brave women with no other instrument than a rolling-pin.

A Young Men's Christian association of fifty-six members has been organized at Winchester, with Prof. E. H. Butler as president, and Dr. H, P. Huddleston, as Executive Secretary.

Personal.

A boy—Mr. and Mrs. Leffert.

Miss Ida Barker is visiting in Chicago.

At Kokomo visiting friends—Mrs. J. C. Bridge.

W. V. Stuart, of Lafayette, was in the city Tuesday.

The Jewish feast of Purim, begins next Thursday evening.

Mrs. Harvey West and little ones are at Kokomo visiting friends.

Mrs. Mayer and daughter of Lafayette, are guests of Mrs. Eli Greensfelder.

Miss Ella Bryer returned from Richmond Monday, after a visit of several weeks.

Will Bridge will probably act as organist for the Broadway Presbyterian Church.

Mrs. Sarah Doyle, of Detroit, Mich., is in the city, visiting her father, John Samson.

Bert Tomlinson is home from Wabash College, called here by the death of his little sister.

Mrs. C. P. Wright spoke on temperance at the Market street M. E. church last Sunday evening.

The choir of the Broadway M. E. church are engaged in practicing some fine music for Easter services.

Miss Minnie, daughter of conductor Crawford, of Richmond, is in the city, the guest of Mr. James T. Bryer.

The little 8-months-old child of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Tomlinson, died on Monday last, and was buried on Tuesday at Mt. Hope Cmetery.

Miss Flora Smith, of Wabash, Ind., a very charming young lady. is visiting in the city, the guest of Mrs. J. T. McNary, on East North street.

Mr. A. W. Stevens, the plumber, has secured the contract for furnishing two hundred attachments for the new water works being erected at Danville, Ills.

Mrs. John A. Stein and daughter, Miss Evaline, have returned to their home in Lafayette, after a pleasant visit of several days with Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Dykeman.

Crawfordsville, Lafayette, and all our neighboring cities, are pushing their manufacturing enterprise. Logansport should not be idle and start the ball to rolling.

Miss Ida Alford, of this city, closes her school at New Waverly this week. She has had a very successful school year and will give a school exhibition on the closing day.

A special passed through the city last evening over the Pan Handle road, having on board the officials of the Pennsylvania road, who were on their way to Chicago.

Shaw Stevens, son of E. T. Stevens, is in the city visiting for a few days. Mr. Stevens now holds the position of train dispatcher on the Wabash, with headquarters at Fort Wayne.

Col. Hill, Superintendent of the Vandalia, has issued a second circular, positively prohibiting all employes from coupling cars by hand, the rules requiring the use of a stick for the purpose.

The Pan Handle pay-car returned this morning from the State Line, and is to-day paying off the employes at the shops. During its visits to this city this week it has paid out over $40,000 in cash.

Mrs. C. S. Duhaduay, of Richmond, Indiana; Mrs. M. J. Stainbrook, of Cleveland, Ill., and Frank Newcomb, of Hagerstown, are in the city, called here by the death of Mrs. Edward Newcomb.

Dr. Todd, who has for a long time been in the office of Drs. Shultz & Shultz, has decided to branch out for himself, and will very soon seek a location in some new place and fling out his shingle to the breeze.

The temperance lecture at the Y. M. C. A. hall Sunday afternoon was well received, and showed that the cause is still working in our city. Another temperance lecture will be delivered by Secretary Williard next Sunday afternoon.

The central literary society met last Tuesday evening at the home of Mrs. T. B. Lewis. The works of Harriet Beecher Stowe were discussed, and some very fine selections were read. At the next meeting Pope will be put under discussion.

On Thursday last, H. C. Boughton, train dispatcher on the Wabash road, at Andrews, received the appointment of the Superintendency of the Cairo Division, with headquarters at Cairo. He is spoken of as being a very clever gentleman.

End of January Term.

The Circuit Court will meet this morning and dispose of two or three cases and adjourn, thus closing the tenth and last week of the January term of court. This has been a very busy one for the judge and lawyers, as very many important cases have been disposed of. On next Monday the jury commissioners will meet, and with the aid of the county clerk select a grand and petit jury for the April term of court, which meets the second day of April, that being the first Monday. The grand jury will be called the first week of the April term and set cases for the petit jury to decide on.

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Judge Biddle

TEMPERANCE BANNER.

"IN HOC SIGNO VINCES."

VOL. I. LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, SATURDAY, MARCH 31. 1883. NO. 4

—Rally.

—Toil on.

—Go Forward.

—Let the column move.

—Join the temperance band.

—We are marching on to victory.

—We want no half way measure.

—The saloon business is an unmitigated evil.

—The crisis has come and we must meet it.

—Of all habits drinking intoxicants is the most insidious.

—The remedy for all obnoxious laws is not resistance but change.

—The rum traffic is a cential vice, a radiating point for all crime.

—"A people corrupted by strong drink connot long be free."—Dr. Rush.

—Temperance men have too often been wanting in vigor and decision.

—The liquor traffic wants the Saturday night wages of the laboring man.

—Rum has broken more hearts and blasted more homes than all else combined.

—Some men will be influenced by law that will not be influenced by reason.

—Drunkennes may correctly be considered as a species of voluntary insanity.

—Intemperance has destroyed more lives than war, famine and pestilence combined.

—All moral suasion possible cannot remove the demand so long as the supply continues.

— The people of the U. S. pay for intoxicants of all kinds $600,000,000 for a single fiscal year.

—The wealth the saloon keeper accumulates is the monument of his infamy and the measure of his crime.

—Look where you will, it will be found that every reform movement creates a new demand for protective legislation.

—No class of our citizens has a greater interest in having a peoples government than the working men of the country.

—Wesley said that slavery was the sum of all villainy, with equal truth may it be said that intemperance is the sum of all miseries.

—The question now devolving on the people to determine is what treatment does the rum-traffic deserve at the hands of human society.

—All forms of distempered fancy, all evil desires, dazed brain, vice, woe, infamy and debauchey are the result of indulging in "wet damnation."

—If there is a country on the globe that should rid itself of the intolerable scourge of the rum traffic it is land of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln.

—The two great dangers which this government has to fear are the combined money power at the top, and the combined liquor power at the bottom. —Beecher.

—High authority has said "He that converteth a soul will save a soul and hide a multitude of faults." What must be thought of the man who leadeth a soul to drink.

—Instead of the preposterous clamor of whisky vendors and their abettors a demand should be made upon these men to cease their nefarious business and betake themselves to some honest useful calling.

—Two thousand years ago Herod in a state of drunkness ordered that John the Baptist be beheaded, rum has made some progress since that day. Then whisky took heads off now it puts 'em on.

—A paper called the Rochester Exponent, published in Rochester, Ind., is before us. It proposes to adhere to the Jeffersonian-Jackson democracy, such a paper deserves success and accords with our views of democracy exactly.

—We call special attention to the call elsewhere of the Grand Tempeance Council to be held at the capitol April 5th at the Third Presbyterian church. This meeting should be largely attended, as matters of pressing necessity will claim the attention of those in attendance. One of the most important matters to be determined is the adoption of some plan of opperation that will more effectually secure the concentrated efforts of the entire temperance element of the state. This done and it will only be a matter of time as to the final result.

PROHIBITION DOES NOT PROHIBIT.

The favorite argument employed by the opposers of prohibition is that it does not prohibit, and in this summary way the whole question is disposed of with little or no investigation and less anxiety. All criminal laws are prohibitory, whether human or divine. These we know have not prohibited absolutely and entirely "Thou shalt not kill" came thundering from Sinai mount and yet men have killed. The laws of the land declare against theft and robbery, and yet men have stolen and robbed. Why should prohibition be denounced because forsooth it does not prohibit without a single exception. The objection urged applies with equal force against all criminal laws. There never was a law of that kind enacted that was not violated more or less. If such logic is a valid reason why prohibition should not be engrafted on the organic law of the state. Then abolish all laws for the same reason, why burthen our statue books with laws that do not prohibit in every instance?

But we hold that prohibition does prohibit. The primary object in urging prohibition is to stop the manufacture of intoxicants for vending purposes. Our enemies point us to Kansas and Maine and exultingly exclaim the law is a failure. We have already said that the principle object is to suppress the manufacture of intoxicants. In Maine there is not a distillery not a brewery there is not a brewery or distillery in Kansas and yet we are told that prohibition is a failure. Facts are stubborn things.

Suppressing the making of whisky diminishes the vending, and to lessen the vending curtails the drinking. It must be admitted that whisky is drank in Maine and Kansas, but it is in a clandestine way, moreover, there is no law in Kansas against drinking. The commerce between the state is regulated by congress. and a citizen in Maine or Kansas may have shipped to his order a barrel of whisky or rum, and he may drink the same in the open street if he thinks proper and violate no law by so doing. But he cannot sell or give it away without subjecteng himself to a heavy penalty. If the law is a failure in Kansas why do whisky men employ time, labor, talent and money to defeat a failure, and why did the whisky league and their allies put forth almost super-human efforts to have the law repealed. And if the law in Maine does not subserve a better purpose than any other law upon the whisky traffic why do not the citizens of that state irrespective of party rise up and demand the repeal of the law?

Former Presidents.

Of the Presidents which the U, S. has had only five were elected by the people, all the rest were elected by the polititions. Those whom the peopie elected were Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, Harrison and Lincoln, and each of them was found to be the right man in the right place. Washington was needed to give wise council in shaping the formation of the government, Jefferson to carry out and maintain the principles embodied in the Declaration of Independance of which he was the author, Jackson to demolish that huge monster the U. S. bank, Harrison as a type of the yeomanry of the country, Lincoln to proclaim the freedom of the slaves. Indications point very plainly to the fact that the people are on the eve of electing another President. In such an event the politians will be made to take seats in the gallery where they can look on. The people have never erred in a single President they elected. Polititions will find it a Herculean task to lead and control the people. Fealty to party has had its day, led as party has been by unscrupulous, corrupt and designing men. The people have exercised remarkable forbearance, but forbearance with them has ceased to be a virtue, and now they intend to elect the next President who will be the right man in the right place in the important crisis that is now upon us.

Personal Rights.

One objection urged against prohibition is, that it infringes on personal rights. That is, the right to drink or let it alone. But the objection forgets that there are social rights which the exercise of personal rights might effect. Man has power to sin but no right, he has power to steal but no right, power to commit murder but no right power to debauch his physical moral and intilectual faculties but no right, power to set his house on fire but no right, for the obvious reason society would be injured by the exercise of such power, an individual has a personal right to travel either by railway, stage, coach, private conveyance or on foot if you please, but he has no right to travel from place to place spreading contageous diseases his right in this must be denied him for the public good. It is his personal right to purchase clothing to protect him from the inclemency of the weather, but he has no right to appear before the public in the garb of female attire, This right must be denied him for the sake of decency and propriety. No man has a right to engage in a busiress that is inimical to the best interest of the social state, for the reason others have rights as well as himself. In the exercise of personal rights the example of which tends to increase immorality and crime cannot be maintained by reason logic or divine revelation, "If meat" says Paul "make my brother to offend I will eat no flesh while the world standeth." He was willing to forego the personal right to eat flesh if eating would injure another, and this is the very principle that should actuate every man who has the good of another at heart. It would be much better to exercise the personal right to let rum alone.

Work.

The latent energies of the temperance people should now wake up, supineness at this juncture is absolutely criminal. There can be no plausible excuse for apathy. No man or woman should sit idly by and not aid to the best of his or her ability to advance the temperance cause. But few families can be found who have not suffered more or less directly or indirectly by the rum traffic. Moreover, there is not a single argumeht in its favor and multiplied thonsands against it. In what way or manner would any citizen suffer if every saloon in the continent were extincts. They are absolutely of no use whatever. The farmer is a useful man because he furnishes us with the necessaries of life, the physician ministers to us in our afflictions, the mechanic provides us with many of the comforts of life; But in the name of all that is great of what use is a saloon in any community? They deal in articles that are not essential to our well being. They are the starting point in the downward course of our young men. When did whisky stand over thegraveof the victims it slew and weep with those that wept and mourned with those that mourn. The rum business is evil and only evil continually. It has no blessings to impart. There is not one good thing can be said of the traffic.

Ireland.

Ireland is one of the loveliest spots on the bosom of the ocean. Her history is an ancient one. She lived through two thousand years of glory before England was known; fifteen hundred years before the Christian Era, she was skilled in art and science and has been the home of beauty, of chivalry and of song, and to her everlasting credit be it said that she was the first of Western nations to receive christianity and the only country on the globe where conversion was made without the shedding of blood. Shortly after this period, Ireland became the field of missionary laborers who taught the people of Western Europe, music, literature, language, astronomy and poetry.

The youth of France, England and Scotland flocked to her colleges and temples of classic lore. Through the dark ages of Gothic ignorance, Ireland was the light-house on the shores of time, from which learning penetrated all Europe. She has given to the world many of her great men, she gave to Spain her O'Donalds, to America her Clinton, Jacksons, McClains and her Shields, to Canada her Baldwin, and to the world at large her O'Connells, Emmets and Burkes, and of her as a nation it may be said she has never been wrong. But poor Ireland, trodden down by the iron heel of oppression, manacled by the most abject despotism, she bleeds at every pore.

Reduced to want she has become desperate. How our hearts sicken at the rehearsal of her woes. She is rent and torn asunder. Her afflictions have touched the heart of the civilized world and are without a paralel in the worlds wide history. Her sons and daughters in the U. S. express the greatest sorrow at her privation and distress, longing and hoping that the day is not far in the distance when green Erin the home of their kindreds and friends will be free.

—The demand comes up more and more loudly from the hearts of the people for protection against the intolerable ravages of the rm traffic. It is rising higher and higher and is destined to pass into the ascendant.

Our German Element.

That class of our citizens denominated Germans may be underated by those who have not studied their peculiarities. Qualities of sterling value are embodied in the nature of Germans, which need only to be properly directed to place them in the foremost ranks of excellence and greatness. The Germans mind is constitutionally vigorous and free. Simplicity, Honesty and integrity characterize it strikeingly under all circumstances. It is thoughtful, meditative and quiet. It abounds in sentiment and feeling. No people are more susceptible than the Germans of all the deeper emotions of our nature, none have a greater aptitude naturally to be wrought upon by music, painting and poetry, and all that addresses itself to the asthetic faculties of the soul. None naturally have a quicker sense of the beautiful and sublime, whether in the world of mind or of matter, none more susceptible of all that is deep in friendship, or sacred in love.

The German scholars are acknowledged to be the most profound of any other nation for the obvious reason they have patience to investigate any intricate subject and never abandon it until they have reached the bottom in their investigations. The most learned works extant are of German origin, some of the most sublime sentiments ever uttered by uninspired men eminated from Germans. Their colleges are conceeded to be the best in the civilized world. The great American historian Mr. Bancroft is represented as saying that he visited the Colleges of England and France, but when he reached the German colleges he found he knew nothing.

Prohibition Advancing.

Prohibition has become a matter of business with the Missouri Pacific railway company. Investigations of disasters which have been alarming frequent of late years, show that in many cases they were due to the use of intoxicants by the railroad employes and the company has now issued a peremtory order that no one who uses intoxicants at all either while on or off duty, shall remain in its employ. This at first might seem as a severe rule, upon the principle that what one does while off duty is no concern of his employor. But the company has learned that intoxicants are too dangerous to be dealt with qualifiedly and hence they deal with them unqualifiedly.—Evening News.

That Scheme.

The Pharos every now and then has an interview with some imaginary Republican. It looks very much as though the interviewer was John and the interviewed was Ben. They draw largely from their imaginations, as for example, the article referring to the Talbott and Jacobs plan looking toward the approaching city election. The writer hereof most emphatically declares that he had never spoken to Talbott or any other person, either directly or indirectly, on the subject to which the Pharos refers, and has no knowledge of the existence of any such scheme. If such an arrangement has been talked of it has been carefully kept from us.

Sumptuary Laws.

The Democratic party holds as one of its cardinal principles, that sumptuary laws are antagonistic to the spirit and genius of our government, and, therefore, claims that prohibition is sumptuary in its nature. A moments reflection will convince any reasonable man that prohibition is not sumptuary. It relates not to what we shall eat or drink, but what we may make or sell, and has the same signification as if applied to a baker who would infuse some deleterious substance into the bread he bakes and sells.

Refused.

Of 4,000 copies of the BANNER which were distributed gratuitiously, only two individuals wrote on the margin REFUSED. One of these is a Republican, the other a Democrat, and both pretended leaders of their several parties, and both standing candidates for office, neither of whom was ever known to REFUSE a drink of whiskey. At the proper time we will have occasion to pay our compliments to these gentlemen.

Enough.

Senators Bell and Brown, after disgracing the State, during the recent session of the Legislature, are now afflicting a suffering people by airing their grievances through the press of the State. If these men had any shame left in their composition, they would bow their heads in very shame, The people want to hear no more of this Bell-Brown business.

RUM BLOSSOMS.

Every drunkard was once a moderate drinker.

Dahlonega, Ga., has a saloon next door to the cemetery, and sign reads: "The Last Chance."

Associate-Justice Conger, of Montana, who has just been suspended by the President for drunkenness and gambling is a brother of Senator Conger, who had just procured his appointment.

Intemperance among women is increasing in Great Britian. Some years since it was five intemperate women to ten men, but later statistics make it stand seven women to ten men.

It is estimated by competent authorities that at least 200,000 barrels of whisky will be exported to Bermuda to avoid immediate payment of the tax now due. It can go abroad free, and returning on the same vessel, remain in customs warehouses for a year before the tax is collected.

There was a fatal row in a New York drinking saloon. The proprietor was seared, reformed and turned undertaker. He was bound to have something to do with spirits.—Progress.

When a Nevada Indian hunts quail instead of dog for his dinner he soaks wheat in whisky and scatters it around where the birds can get it, and when sufficiently drunk he scoops them in.

A wife of one of the most influential and wealthy merchants of Louisville threw two of her children from a second story window to the pavement below, crushing their little heads while under the influence of strong drink. This is what the "rummies" call more personal liberty, May the good Lord help us save the boys.

Col. W. P. Hargitt, the noted tramp printer, who has for many years been a frequent visitor to all well-regulated printing offices in the United States, committed suicide by hanging last week. His last visit to Peru was in February, 1881, on which occassion the editor of this paper presented him the business manager's best silk hat. Col. Hargitt had a cultured mind, stored with the best literature. He could repeat poetry by the hour, and knew Shakespeare's plays by heart. But he destroyed his intellect and his life by intoxicating liquors.—Peru Republican

During the year 1882 there was sold in the United States 73,556,036 gallons of distilled spirits, at an average price of $2,50 per gallon; 25,628,071 gallons of wine at a similar price, and 527,051,236 gallons of beer at an average price of 30 cents per gallon, or about 600,000,000 gallons in all, for which, at a low estimate, the price paid could not have been less than $400,000,000. For what else do pay a similar amount of money?—Inter Ocean.

At Crawfordsville, Ind., on March 23, John Cronin, of New Ross, Ind., was run over last night by the northbound midnight express train on the Louisville, New Albany and Chicago Railroad. His lower limbs and right arm were badly mangled, and he had several cuts on his face. He lived one hour and a half after medical aid reached him. He was twenty three years of age and unmarried. He was met by the night police a short time before the accident in company with some of his friends staggering drunk near Brown & Watkins' flouring mill on the railroad, where he was run over by the train, and was supposed to have been left alone by his friends.

It is said that twenty-six Republican breweries proved more powerful before the Democratic Legislature of Missouri than all the good people of the State combined. What a nice spectacle is this for the gaze of the moral, intelligent, tax paying citizens of the State who asked merely the privilege of voting their sentiments on the question of continuing saloons for the purpose of ruining people, blighting homes and piling up enormous taxes on those who have to foot the bills! Yes; this very Legislature solemnly declares that the saloon keepers, brewers and distillers must be protected, that the people must not have a chance to vote the saloons out, for might do it!—Plattsbur, Mo., Lever.

You Have Had Enough.

Indianapolis Times.

When a man has drank up his farm, his house, his furniture, when he has ruined his wife, beggared his children and lost his home; when he is too dissipated to find employment, too worthless to obtain a situation when no one can trust him; when credit is gone, and the last cent is spent; when no man is willing to treat him or give him a penny with which to obtain drink; when every other resource has failed, and life become a curse, and he stands before the liquor dealer's bar and begs for a drink to quench his raging thirst and quiet for an hour the hell of torment that rages within him, the time has come; and, as the liquor dealer shoves him out into the cold and darkness, he says to him: "You have had enough." He may plead, he may expostulate, but in vain. "You have had enough." So long as he had in his pocket a dollar or a dime, he had not "had enough;" but when he had spent all, and comes charity to the man who has robbed and ruined him, he makes this stereotyped answer: "You have had enough." While his money lasts he may drink as he will; but when money is gone and all is gone, he has "had enough."

Young man, entering upon a course of dissipation, you may not know when you have "had enough." When you are a poor, broken down, penniless wretch, the rum seller will give you the information. He informs you "you have had enough," and then you can crawl into your grave in the Potter's Field; "you have had enough." Perhaps you prefer to determine for yourself, when you have "had enough,' and if you will take the advice of a friend, you will say: "I have had enough now to last me as long as I live; I drink no more."

Take Your Choice.

If you want Hob nail-liver, drink poor whisky or beer.

If you want Bright's disease, drink fusil oil whisky, or glucose beer.

If you want dyspepsia, drink sulphuric acid whisky, and grape sugar beer.

If you want softening of the brain, drink lightning whisky, and India cockle beer.

If you want kidney disease, drink juniper gin, and doctored beer.

If you want apoplexy, fill your blood with poisonous liquor.

If you want to be liable to all the diseases that flesh is heir to, weaken your body by excessive drinking.

If you want to be a bloated, red-nosed pimply faced, blear-eyed, shaking, trembling, slobbering, jabbering, ragged, filthy, idiotic old fool, a curse to to humanity, and a blot on creation, just keep on drinking, and you will have all the above unhealthy, and inhumanly attributes.

If you would be respectable, clean, healthy, well-dressed, well-to-do, an ornament to society, a blessing to the world. If you would live long, and die happy, totally abstain from all that intoxicates.—Buffale Standard.

The Banner.

It may be regarded as savoring of vanity to call attention to The Banner, in its arrangement and convenience. Our purpose from the commencement has been to place each item of interest in its appropriate column. Those who desire to keep themselves posted as to rum-traffic will find these und the captin of "Rum Blossoms," which are gathered from all quarters of the country and comprise the evils of the week previous. By reference to the column on "Farm and Household," the farmer may find items relating to his honorable and honest calling. Accidents, crimes, railroad disasters, etc., are placed in their order under the caption of "Crimes and Casualties." The "Gold Dust" column is composed of short, interested items which cannot fail to be of value to our readers.

The labor connected with the department of the Banner is probably greater than might be imagined. Those who are acquainted with the news paper business will see at once what labor is expending in this direction. We aim to make the Banner a paper worthy of a place in every household in the country, and to this end it behoves all friends of the temperance cause to lend a helping hand. Every letter reaching us, through the mails containing $1.50, for the BANNER has a peculiar effect upon our nervous system and impels us to renewed energy in our work of saving mankind from the greatest curse of the age. Do you want to gladden our hearts send us $1.50 for the BANNER if you want to make us doubly glad send us subscribers for the BANNER, do you want to make us superlatively happy circulate the BANNER. To our friends we look for aid and comfort in our effort to avert the progress of intemperance.

—We have mailed the BANNER to a number of persons as sample copies, after the present issue those who desire the BANNER to be continued will indicate it by remitting $1.50 for one year, 75cts for 6 months. Those failing to do so will be construed to mean that they do not want it.

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Temperance Banner.

BY SAMUEL JACOBS.

LOGANSPORT, : : INDIANA

A most absurd amount of nonsense has been sent over the cable in regard to her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria, who was graciously pleased to slip on the royal stairs of Windsor Castle and sprain her royal knee. Half a score of high-priced physicians were at once called in, and it was decided after a full conference that if the swelling was not interfered with it would subside of itself. Her Most Gracious Majesty's leg, which the chaste cable speaks of as her "limb," can hardly be made a political issue.

Mr. John Bright, in an address delivered to the students of Glasgow University, Thursday, the 22d, made a remarkable declaration. He said that the Declaration of Independence, the French Revolution, and the English Reform Bill of 1832, supplemented by that of 1867, transferred political power from Kings to the people. With regard to Ireland he said that if the treaty of Limerick had been observed and freedom of religion had been granted the sad history of Ireland might never have been recorded. He considers the Indian question as the great problem of the future.

The decree regulating the liquor traffic in Russia, recently signed by the Emperor, is one of the most stringent character. There is to be only one liquor shop in a village, and where two or three villages are almost continuous one shop must suffice for their combined inhabitants. The publican must be a native of the place, appointed and paid by the common council, and must sell food as well as liquor. If he allows any person to get drunk he is not only liable to dismissal, but to fine and imprisonment. If any Russian village is reported to the authorities as addicted to drunkenness, the sale of liquor may be interdicted for as long a period as may seem necessary.

At the annual meeting of the Silk Culture Association, held in Philadelphia, there were twelve States represented. The year before silk growers from only four States were present. A further proof of the growth of this industry is found in the distribution during the past year of eggs and cuttings among innumerable farmers' wives and daughters, who see in the production of silk an inviting and profitable field of activity. The premiums for the best specimens exhibited at the meeting went to growers in Pennsylvania, Kentucky, Florida, Kansas and California. The belt of soil and climate in which silk culture can be successfully carried on is evidently wider than has usually been supposed.

The Memphis Avalanche comments hopefully upon the first year's operations of the Memphis Pioneer Cotton Mill. Its capital has been increased to $200,000, and 95 looms and 2,000 spindles have been added. It has paid a small dividend notwithstanding the disadvantages of the first year in a new business. This is a hopeful sign, and it is important as an extension of manufacturing into a new territory. There are two large mills in Nashville, one of which weathered the panic and has been doing a fine business. The tendency is toward building up manufactures all over the South. It is toward healthful diffusion. Such mills exist now in Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas.

The pastors of Gloversville, N. Y., have united an address for the people, condemning the practice, which they regret to see becoming more and more prevalent, of church members attending theatrical shows given by professional companies. "While we do not regard these exhibitions are all equally objectional," they say, "we yet consider it almost impossible to discriminate, and the only safe course is to avoid even the appearance of evil. We have at times been surprised and pained by the alarming and amazing disregard of the claims and solemn responsibilities of the Christian profession. One evidence of this is the fact that many of our church members do not scruple to leave their prayer meetings to attend the theatre. This indicates a total forgetfulness of Christian propriety and obligation."

Lavina Ulrick has been an inmate of the Berks county, Pennsylvania, almshouse for twenty years, having been placed there when she was but 16 years old. A year ago an old lady was admitted to the institution and became warmly attached to Lavina. The older woman was known only as "Aunt Mary," and the younger one was never addressed but by her Christian name. Several days ago the latter became possessed of a fancy to find her parents, whom she had not seen since she was admitted to the almshouse. "Aunt Mary" strongly advised her to go at once, and Lavina went over to Kutztown, where her family had lived. She found that her family was dead and was told that her mother had been sent to the county almshouse. She returned very much depressed, for she was certain that she knew everyone in the almshouse, and was confident that her mother was not among the inmates. The superintendent, however, became interested in the matter, and to his surprise discovered that "Aunt Mary" was no other than the mother of Lavina. Mother and daughter had so changed in twenty years that neither recognized the other. The most dramatic scene ensued when they were informed of their relationship. The mother fell into her daughter's arms. She was so much overcome that she died in a few minutes.

Simon B. Paige, of Davenport, Iowa, committed suicide, recently. Paige was the man whose wife was suffocated at the burning of the Beckwith House, Oshkosh, Wis. He came driving up to the burning building, and, it was said, offered $5,000 to anybody who would recover his wife's body. A fireman recovered the body, and Paige refused to pay the money, saying that he never offered it, and that it was a fireman's duty to rescue people, anyway. He was sued by the fireman, the case was carried to the Supreme Court, where the fireman won. It is believed by many that Paige never made the offer, and that he believed that he was being robbed of the money, which he did not like. He was wealthy, and had always been considered generous, but the papers alluded to him as the meanest man in the world, and those who did not know anything of the circumstances believed him to be mean, and it worried him to death. He was married a second time, recently, but evidently was not happy.

The rapid growth of the prairies of the Northwest has exceeded the ability of builders to supply emigrants with homes and as a result a new industry has sprung up—that of manufacturing ready-made houses, which are shipped to any point on a few days' notice. These houses are complete in every respect and can be put together in a very few days. It is no uncommon thing for the manufacturers to send out by one train an entire block of buildings, and sometimes even an entire street. It is said that a request for an entire village like the following is sometimes received by the builders:

"What is your lowest figure for five stores, two wagon and two blacksmith shops, one Methodist and one Presbyterian church, twenty-five cottages and a town hall and lock up, to be delivered within sixty days?"

A telegram is frequently received, asking:

"What can you furnish a tidy cottage, 22x40 ft., with bay window and verandah for?"

The extent to which this industry has developed may be realized from the fact that last season a single factory shipped 220 cars of this kind of material. Its manufactnre is mainly confined to Canadians, a singular fact, the Yankee being supposed to take up with any enterprise that bids fair to succeed, often before the one who conceives it has time to make use of his idea. A large proportion of the houses in and around Winnepeg are said to be of the ready-made kind. These houses have not yet been very generally used on the United State side of the line, but the indications are that the emigration to Dakota this Spring and Summer will be so great as to render it absolutely necessary if the newcomers would have shelter to cover them.

For Farmers.

Puck.

General Hints—Care and economy are the farmer's best friends, except hard cider and credit at the grocery store. The small details of management should never be neglected. If your harrow is in bad condition, send it toas dentist and have new teeth put in. If the boys run away with your plow shares to "shy the vagrant dogs, send to Mr Jay Gould and get new shares.

Be careful to avoid setting hens on all china eggs. When you find your cucumber vines running all over your neighbor's property, tie them up and try to get them to stay at home nights by providing them with business recreation. On the morning before sending your chickens to market feed them with buckshot painted yellow. The chickens take it for corn, and it is both cheaper and heavier If there is any dye left over after you have colored your Easter eggs and your flannel underclothing spill it upon your wife's dahlias and sell them to the city seedmen for a new variety.

If you keep bee-hives you will find it advisable to extract the stings of the bees. This may easily be done by sending the hired man out to stir up the bees with a short stick. He will bring most of the stings back with him.

Too Much Oppossum.

When Lafayette paid a visit to the United States, he intimated his desire to become master of an oppossum, and a Baltimore editor gladly undertook te see that the General had one to take home with him. Anxious to make the most of the occasion, he proclaimed his want in a highly spiced appeal to his countrymen, urging them to prove that Republics were not always ungrateful. They responded cheerfully—too cheerfully to the appeal. Oppossums came in from North and South, East and West, until the overwhelmed journalist found himself possessessed of 2,190 too many. He could not afford them separate accommodation; he dared not lodge them together; so at night he turned them all loose in Monument Square to quarter themselves as they listed. Next day oppossums were here, there and everywhere in Baltimore, to the delight of the black and the disgust of the white citizens, who fervently wished that Lafayette had never heard of an oppossum, or that the editor had executed his commission with more discretion.

There were 40,522 more hogs packed in Cincinnati during the season of 1882-83 than in the preceding season.

The Indians are on the war path in several parts of the far West.. Murders are reported daily.

SYMPATHY.

A knight and a lady once met in a grove,
While each was in quest of a fugitive love;
A river ran mournfully murmuring by,
And they wept in its waters for sympathy.

"O! never was knight such a sorrow that bore!"
"O! never was maid so deserted before!"
"From life and its woes let us instantly fly,
And jump in together for company!"

They searched for an eddy that suited the deed;
But here was a bramble, and there was a weed;
"How tiresome it is" said the pair with a sigh;
So they sat down to rest them in company.

They gazed at each other—the maid and the knight;
How fair was her form, and how goodly his height!
"One mournful embrace," sobbed the youth, "ere we die!"
So, kissing and crying, they kept company.

"O! had I but loved such an angel as you!"
"O! had but my swain been a quarter as true!"
"To miss such perfection how blinded was I"
Sure now they were excellent company,

At last spoke the lass, 'twixt a smile and a tear,
"The weather is cold for a watery bier;
When the summer returns we may easily die;
Till then let us sorrow in company."

THE IRISH SITUATION.

Parnell's Views Upon the Tone of the English Press.—The Irish Party Not Responsible for Outrages.

A London dispatch gives the substance of an interview with Mr. Parnell, in which he said:

"Never did Ireland more need friends in England, and never have the friends of Ireland been more constrained to silence. I have felt compelled to refuse to make any utterance concerning these matters to the English press, because, no matter how carefully my expression might be made, any jury would certainly be prejudiced, if it would not be packed. England is not in a mood to listen to anything about Irish affairs that is not condemnatory of the Irish people. It is the fashion in England now to cry down Ireland. The surest way to British preferment is doing this well. Christianity has grown for nearly two thousand years and in the country which has published the most Bibles it has come to pass that the greatest public favor is the proffered and guaranteed reward of the English follower of Christ who can invent the most excuses for suppressing the natural right of the Irish follower of Christ. The Irish Christian takes less Friday fish from the north side of the British Channel, the English Christian less from the south. Why should the Irishman be absolutely a slave, and the Englishman be his master? Why should the Irishman give up his struggles to be free? After centuries of strife the Irish people have reached, by wonderful patience and wonderful tact, that stage of political success wherein their struggles for liberty were confined to parliamentary efforts. So good was their cause that legislation was secured giving the Irish peasantry some rights on their native soil. So prudent were the peasants in the enjoyment of the fruits of their hard toil that malice was for that time foiled, and since the period of the ministry's concessions no unlawful act has been or can brought home to the real Irish party. If crimes have been committed in Ireland, so have crimes been committed elsewhere. But in Ireland everything done by persons not in office must be done by Irishmen, and, if the acts are criminal, it seems nearly impossible for Englishmen to assign other than revolutionary reasons for their commission. I do not care to discuss the crimes now under judicial investigation in Ireland, so long as the courts of justice have them in charge; but I do protest against the uncivilized injustice shown by the English press toward the people of Ireland since the recent explosion. The explosions occured at 9 o'clock at night, the one at the government building doing some £4,000 damage, and the one at the Times building doing little, if any. The police and military were at once put in possession, and all opportunity for an impartial investigation shut off. If the London press were conducted as the American press is, scores of expert writers would have investigated the explosions on the spot, and undoubtedly fully explained them in all the public prints next day. But secrecy and mystery were secured, which naturally surrounded the affairs with great portent. Next day the London press, without exception, without investigation, without reason, charged both explosions upon the Irish party, describing them as diabolical plots to punish and intimidate the government. Fair reportorial investigation might have shown that the explosion at the government building was caused by gas, and that the one of the Times building was caused by any one of a thousand persons who imagined themselves aggrieved.

DISTRESS IN SCOTLAND AND ENGLAND.

"I tell you, notwithstanding all the troubles of the Irish people, there is today as much bitter woe in England and Scotland, and as much bitter hostility among the poor and idle of both countries against these lodged in power as there ever was in Ireland. The Irish are struggling for fair politics. They are accustomed to being hungry and ill housed and clad, and are not murmering on that account. But the laborers in Scotland and England are idle and hungry and dangerously impatient. You don't see all this in the editorials of the London papers, but you see it in the columns where the stories of the poor are told, and in the vastly increased number of crimes of violence. The manufactures and trade of England are in bad condition, and the English people are not Nihilistic, and never have been, and, if they were, there are ten cases in England for Nihilism where there is one in Ireland. The Irish poor are the agricultural poor. The poor in England are the dangerous poor of the large towns and mining districts. I do not assume to even suggest that either the acts of violence in Ireland or London have been concerted by the enemies of Ireland. All I insist upon is that the Irish party is honestly endeavoring to secure remedial legislation through the the regular course of Parliament; that the Irish party has no need to resort to such acts of personal violence as have been charged against it, and the Irish party has every reason to refrain from such illegal acts."

"I further maintain that whether or not the opponents of the Irish parth have found it convenient to engender or invent acts of violence for the purpose of injuring the Irish cause in Parliament and before the English people, the fact that they invariably and without investigation charge the Irish party with having perpetrated all these crimes, produces the same result, and is almost equally criminal. I charge the London press with the political crime of having without reason and without inquiry attempted to convince the English mind that a series of outrages, which will undoubtedly be proven to be unconnected with the Irish party, were representative acts of Irish revenge. I charge the London press with the political crime of having this done in a critical period of Irish remedial legislation, and I lay upon that press all the responsibility for all the delay which may be consequent of that justice which the ministry avowed its intention to give Ireland, and for all the spirit of Irish hostility which may be aroused as a result. I declare that the Irish party is innocent of all cause for the blame sought to be placed upon it."

Farm Notes

Dr Sturdevant says that potash, whether in the shape of woodashes or in the form of sulphate or muriate, is a special fertilizer for melons.

Give all your farm implements a good coat of paint before the time comes to use them. It is the best preserver of all wood and iron exposed to the weather, and costs but little. No investment pays better.

Poultry per pound, let the breed be what it may, will cost very near the same. One bushel of cornwill produce nine to eleven pounds of poultry. It makes no difference whether Leghorns, Plymouth Rocks or Brahmas eat the corn.

Many farmers in northwestern Iowa use hay as fuel, cut from the prairie, dried, and twisted up nut cake fashion. It is even used in brick-kilns, and economically. It can be gathered and atacked for 60 cents a ton, and thus is said to be cheaper than wood at $2 a cord.

The sudden changes in the weather, common this month, are hard on the young lambs and pigs, and both if exposed to severe storms are liable to become diseased, or, at most, so stunted in their growth that they never fully recover from it. It is good economy to provide warm and comfortable quarters.

Much sickness is caused by the odor arising from decaying vegetable matter in cellars beneath living-rooms of the house. It should be removed at once, and the windows and cellar door be thrown open daily when the temperature is above the freezing point. It is cheaper to do this than to pay doctor bills.

There are said to be 50 injurious insects in our vegetable gardens; 50 in our vineyards, while 75 attack our apple trees, and more than 50 our grain fields. Seventy-five million dollars is estimated as the damage done to the wheat in Illinois in one season, and nearly 10 years ago the annual loss in the United States from Insect depredations alonewas estimated at nearly $400,000,000.

The selection of suitable stocks for grafting is a matter still required much scientific experiment. The object of grafting is to expedite and increase the formation of flowers and fruit, Strong-growing pears, for instance, are grafted on the quince stock in order to restrict their tendency to form "gross" shoots and a superabundance of wood in place of flowers and fruit Apples, for the same reason are "worked" on the "paradise" stocks. which, from their influence on the scion, are known as dwarfing stocks. Scions from a tree which is weakly or liable to injury by frosts, are strengthened by engrafting on robust stocks, Lindley has pointed out that while in Persia, its native country, the peach is probably best grafted on the peach, or on its wild type, the almond. In England, the summer temperature of whose soil is much lower than that of Persia, it is most successful on stocks of the native plum.

A Sharp Trick.

Says the Little Rock Gazette: Several days ago a man came to Arkansaw, and failing to secure work, he went around town begging for something to eat. Everywhere he was refused, and finally he went into a vacant store-room and sent a boy after a newspaper reporter. When the reporter came the man said:

"I have been commanded by the Lord to fast 100 days, and I think that I can accomplish the feat, for the Lord says that I must."

The reporter published a long account of the man's intentions, and quite a sensation was created. The Chief of Police went down and told the man he must eat, that the Lord might command him to starve, but that the city would have to bury him. The man swore that he would not eat, and the Chief went to a restaurant and ordered a heavy meal to be sent to the fanatic. The meal came, and the man, merely eating enough to sustain life, put the remainder in a carpet-bag. The Chief of Police came again, and asked the man if he had eaten, and he replied that he had not, but that he had given the meal to a tramp. The Chief sent another meal which found the "grip-sack" repository. Then the church ladies came, loaded him with sandwiches and cakes, and when the carpet-bag would hold no more, the man thanked the people, shouldered his larder, and started off, remarking as he went:

"Enough to last me way down in Texas.'

All Around the House.

Potatoes which have a green tinge, "sunburnt," as it is often termed, are unfit for eating.

The island home of Miss Woolson's "Anne" (Mackinac) was the author's favorite summer haunt in her school-girl days.

It is not a good plan to "do up" the white lawn and cambric dresses to put away for the winter. Wash clean and put away unstarched and unironed.

Miss Middy Morgan, the live stock reporter of the New York Times, recently made a trip through Montana to write up the cattle growing interests in that territory.

Mrs, Clara Roach, Mrs. S. La Fetra, Mrs. George Linville and other benevolent ladies of Washington, D. C., are making efforts to enlist the Commissioners and Congress in a girl's reformatory.

When about to buttonhole the bottom of a flannel skirt, whether for a child or woman, double the flannel as if you were to hem it, and baste it in place. This will give firmness and body to it, and it will last twice as long.

A table cover of dark blue plush or velvet is made artistically lovely by having a stem of golden red embroidered in one corner. The spread may be finished with a band of yellow plush, or with fringe; if fringe is used it should be of dark blue, with yellow threads.

A company composed entirely of ladies—not even excepting the performers in the orchestra—is the novelty which Miss Lila Clay is about to provide for the entertainment of London playgoers. The troupe is to consist of fifty ladies carefully selected and trained.

An experienced housekeeper says that the secret of never-ailing, light, puffy dumplings lies in the scalding of a portion of the flour, and then adding just enough dry flour to make a soft dough. Use good flour, a little salt, no shortening and steam the dumplings.

Miss Hattie S. and Lillie H. Rice young daughters of Mr. George Rice, of Brownville, Jefferson County, N. Y.. in January last, by prompt action extinguished a fire which threatened the Empire Mills in that village. and have each been presented with a gold watch by insurance companies which had large risks upon the building. The owner of the mill made them substantial gifts just after the occurrence,

Miss Lilian B. Norton, whose sopran voice has captivated the ears of so man European audiences, was born at Farmington, Me., about twenty-five years ago. Her career has not become a very extended one, as she only began to cultivate her vocal powers at the age of seventeen. She has, however, enjoyed several brilliant veasons at the Russian aud French capitals. Her engagement to marry a wealthy American resident of Paris has just been announced.

Quinces make delicious sweet pickles Peel them, cut them in quarters, stick two or three whole cloves in each quarter, then steam until they are tender, and let them boil for a very few minutes in the vinegar prepared for them; or make the syrup of vinegar, sugar and spices first, and boil the quinces soft, proceed just as for pickled pears or peaches, only that the quinces, being of so tough fibre, need cooking longer. Seal in cans, and they will furnish a good relish in days to come.

Miss Risley Seward, a daughter of ex Solicitor of the Treasury Risley, became a great favorite with Wm. H. Seward while he was Secretary of State, and subsequently accompanied him on his tour around the world. Mr. Seward in his will bequeathed her $30,000 on condition that she would adopt his name. She accepted the money, adopted the name, and now refuses to marry because she will not consent to change her name. At present she is in Italy, studying the old monasteries of Tuscacy.

The Sleep of Innocence.

Titus Cælius was found murdered in his bed, and the only persons of whom suspicions of the crime rested were two of his own sons, who slept in the same room The brothers were arraigned for the crime, but it appearing from the evidence, that when the mangled body was first discovered by some persons stepping into the chamber, both the sons were seen fast asleep on the bed adjoining, the Judge ordered their acquittal. It was justly considered that nature could not permit a man to sleep over the bleeding remains of a newly-murdered father

The Winter's Pork Packing.

The following figures show the winter packing at the pork packing centers for the season of 1882-83: Chicago. 2,475,000; Kansas City, 445,000; Cincinnati, 422,000; St. Louis, 330,000; Milwaukee, 287,000; Indianapolis, 270,000; Cedar Rapids, 158,000; Louisville, 125,000; other place, 1,343,500; total, 5,855,500.

LIFE BUT A PLAY.

BISHOP HENRY KING.

Life is a weary interlude,
Which doth short joys, long woes include;
The world the stage, prologue tears,
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;
The scene shut up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.

GENERAL MISCELLANY.

The theory of Romberg, that neuralgia is the prayer of the suffering nerve for healthy blood and more of it, is now generally received by physicians.

The Alamo, the little old stone church famous as the scene of the Texan massacre at San Antonio, is doing duty as a grocery store.

The Germans have such a dislike to American pork that it has been found necessary to pack it in England and send it over as the work of English hogs before it will go down.

A pair of American bald eagles have made their home at Stony Point, Monroe County, Mich., on the margin of Lake Erie, for many years and it is believed that they are nearly if not quite 75 years old.

Delmonico's, Ned Stokes' Hoffman house saloon, and other resorts of that kind in New York, always keep on duty a retired pugilist as "peace makers," to "bounce" drunken and unruly customers if need be.

If Rhode Islanders appreciate their goods fortune, they ought to be happy. The sessions of the Legislature are always short. The same blessing would be enjoyed in all other States, if, as in little Rhody, legislators received only a dollar a day.

Pneumonia is for some reason more prevalent than usual this year in all parts of the country, and it is also uncommonly fatal. Carelessness in regard to taking sudden colds is assigned by physicians as one of the principal causes of the dread disease.

Household Hints.

An excellent cement for fastening knife-handles may be made by taking a small quantity of Bath brick-dust and about half the quanity of resin; reduce to a fine power; fill the hole in the handle with the mixture; heat the part of the knife to be inserted hot, then put in the handle and let it remain till set.

Force must never be used to extract anything from the ear. The best and safest plan is to inject lukewarm water rather forcibly by means of a syringe. This will rarely be found to fail. Should the ear have become swollen, a little sweet oil must be poured in and left there till the next day, when syringing may be again used.

Never throw away even a small piece of Hamburg or Torchon; it will not fail to be of use sometime. One way to use short bits of insertion is to set them in the shoulder seams of children's aprons or dresses, or down the back seam of sleeves to enlarge them. Pretty bits are made of pique, with a strip of insertion through the center.

A little magnesia and water will sometimes correct the acidity of a child's stomach, and render unnecessary any stronger medicine. Powder a teaspoonful of the magnesia, and put it in half a glass of the water; it will not disslove, of course, but will mix with the water so that an infant can swallow it. Give a teaspoonful of this three times a day until indications warrant you in discontinuing it.

A beautiful toilet-set for the dressing-case is made by covering a large cushion with cream-colored satin; around the edge of the cushion put a pleating of ribbon of the same color and a fall of lace. The lace is not to be pleated, but gathered a little. On the top of the cushion paint in water-colors two or three pansies, with leaves and stems to relieve all stiffness. The bottles that help to make up the set should be covered and decorated to match. The flowers on the bottles need not be pansies, however.

High-Priced Garters.

'Mary Jane" in Courier-Journal.

As we walked down Pennsylvania avenue, I noticed some very handsome silk and gold articles of women's wear.

"Oh, Dickey," said I, "just see those handsome jarretteres."

"Those what?" said she, looking at some fur coats in the window.

"Those jarretieres," said I, "with the silver and gold buckles, and silk rubber net."

"Oh, you mean garters?" said she.

"That's the vulgar for them," said I.

"It's the common sense," said she; "but what's the price?"

"We'll go in and see," said I; "I suppose not more than a couple of dollars."

Then we went in, and, bringing up a modest clerk, I asked him what the price was. He took them out, and spreading his fingers up through a blue pair with silver buckles till they looked like they would fit Jumbo, he said he could let me have them for $12.50.

"Too much," said I." "How much are those with the brass buckles?"

"Brass, indeed," said he, "that's gold, and you can take 'em along at $50."

"Good Lord," said I, startled out of my usual equanimity, "I can find a better use for a $50 bill than holding my stockings up with it," and I flounced out, followed by Dickey covered an inch deep with blushes.

O. O. S. was with us, too, I am sorry to say, and the man's face never changed color any more than if he was a bronze statue. He even smiled at me, and said he reconed when garters got that high they ought to be necklaces.

THE DOOR BETWEEN.

HOWARD GLYNDON.

I know that it was my own hand that shut it
And locked it—but I threw away the key.
And so the door can never more be opened
That stands so grimly betbixt you and me.

Though sometimes I have fancied that I heard you
Pleading and knocking on the other side,
I would not answer, for my heart was sullen,
And made so cruel by my wounded pride.

And there are hours when I have knelt beside it,
Anigh to death for just one word from you;
And you, in turn, were proud and would not answer
For anything that I could say or do.

And sometimes when I lie 'twixt sleep and waking
I think the door swings back to let you in.
But when I spring to give you eager welcome,
I only meet the ghost of What Has Been!

And often in my sleep my herrt is asking,
"Where is the key? Alas! Where is the key?"
And I arise and vainly try to open
The closed door that is 'twixt you and me!

THE YORKE BEACH.

'It's somebody with a name six syllables long,' said the landlord, looking into the lining of his coarse straw hat, as if he expected to find the troublesome epithet there "It ain't a professor, nor yet a philosopher, nor a pedestrian"—with a gasp at each of the hard words—"but it's something that begins with a P. And he's hunting for shells—all sorts of queer outlandish shells, as isn't to be come across every day."

"Do tell!" said the landlord's wife. "Perhaps he's going to grind them into fertilizing powder or macadamize a road with them."

"Then he's an editor," said Mrs. Stubbs.

"'Tain't quite that, neither," said Mr. Stubbs, slowly. 'But it's something very wise and learned. So I told him he'd better go to Yorke's. The young woman there has a mortal nice collection of out-of-the-way shells. And I've heard of their selling shells to them as fancied them, for all they're such high-toned gentlefolks."

That had been Mr. Silas Stubbs' advice, and Mr. Cleve, the paleontoligist, had taken it, and was even then walking along the shingly beach,where the waves curled in foamy fringes almost up to his feet,and the trails of blackish seaweed showed the water-mark.

Judge Yorke—he had been judge, nobody knew how many years ago, of some petty court in a southern city, before the Yorke estate had melted in the fiery furnace of litigation, and he had fled northward in search of some business which never came—sat out on the veranda, with the air of a prince. He was white-haired and rubicund-visaged, and his slippers were down at the heels, and his red cashmere dressing gown was patched with quite a different pattern, and his wristbands were frayed, and the lack of buttons on his shirt-front was made good with a pin. But when he saw the stranger lift the latch of the rickety gate he advanced to meet him with a patronizing urbanity which was little short of overwhelming. He listened to Mr. Cleve's self-introduction with a royal smile; he welcomed him as if the old house were a palace; he made haste to introduce him to "Mrs. Yorke."

Mrs. Yorke was a tall, golden-haired young woman, with her lovely tresses tucked untidily into a net, her dress decidedly the worse for wear, and her exquisite face burned by the impress of the sun and wind. But the flash of her brilliant blue eyes was like the sunshine itself.

"Will the gentleman stay to dinner?" Mrs. Yorke asked the judge; "because we have only some porgies and samphire. But if he cares for such simple fare he is welcome.

Mr. Cleve accepted the simply given invitation. The judge was like an old piece of cracked porcelain—cracked and damaged it might be, but still genuine. Mrs. Yorke was a beauty, but quite young enough, the guest decided, to be her husband's grand-daughter; and, besides, he wanted to know what on earth pogies and samphire could be.

There was no carpet on the dining-room floor and the windows needed cleaning, but the china was fine and they had some blackberries, early apples, and a few fine apricots in a center piece of silver, with "Y" engraved on the handles, and Mr. Cleve discovered that the porgies were a coarse-grained fish with a good deal of bone to them, also that samphire was a gelationous vegetable, not unlike grass, which was gathered on the sea beach and boiled with butter and vinegar.

An old negress, whom Cleve mentally decided must be at least 100 years of age, waited and kept off the flies with a brush of peacock's feathers.

"Shells? Yes, there are some fine shells," the judge believed, "along the coast. Mrs. York knew—Mrs. Yorke could tell him. Paleontology was a study which must always commend—itself—"

And the judge fell blandly and courteously asleep, with a smile on his face.

Mrs. Yorke laughed.

"He's very old," she said, indifferently, "he often does that. Don't mind him. Did you say you wanted to buy some shells? I will try and have some collected for you by this time to-morrow."

"Could I collect them for myself?" Mr. Cleve asked, with the eagerness of a specialist.

Mrs. Yorke's beautiful brow darkened.

"No," she answered, curtly. "The coast is ours as far as Rocky Point, and our people don't like to be interfered with, If you will come here this time to-morrow, I will have $10 worth of shells for you."

And to his amazement Mr. Cleve was compelled, perforce to accede, though in his innermost heart he doubted whether Mrs. Yorke was a judge of what would be $10 worth of shells.

And then the judge waked up and pretended never to have been asleep, and Mrs. Yorke sang some delicious little Louisiana ballads to the guitar, and the old negress hobbled in with a melon cut in slices and sprinkled over with sugar; and before Mr Cleve knew it the clock was striking eleven.

He walked home in the moonlight with the tumultuous rush of the rising tide in his ears, while Mrs. York's French ballads echoed musically through his brain, and her luminous blue eyes and burnished coils of golden hair haunted his recollections.

"It is the strangest, sweetest face I ever saw!" he muttered. "I believe I am more than half in love with her. If only that dilapidated old piece of Southern chivalry, the judge, would die I should like to make that woman my wife."

And then he smiled out there in the moonlight, at the fantastic improbability of the idea.

By the next morning's sunrise he was up and out on the glyrious beach of sparkling sand, with the sea wind fanning his face and a whole battery of electricity tingling through his pulses.

Nothing seemed too much or too difficult to achseve. He climed dizzy peaks, he walked miles, he stood on solitary promontories, where gulls flew shricking around his ears—until at last he found himself on a level stretch of sand, not far from the old Yorke mansion.

"Eureka!" he exclaimed to himself, as he stooped to pick an exquisite shell, rose-tinted and molded in rare curves, which lay blushing at his feet.

At the same moment a boat containing a tall figure wrapped in an old black serge cloak, came rocking around the point, and a voice cried, sharply:

"Halt there! Hands off! You are trespassing on the Yorke beach! Put down that shell or I'll shoot."

And the barrel of a pistol glistened in the sunshine.

"I beg your pardon!" stammered Mr. Cleve, promptly dropping the shell. "I wasn't aware that——"

The Loreley of the tides uttered a cry.

"It's Mr. Cleve," she said.

"And it's Mrs. Yorke," retorted our hero.

The golden-tressed beauty put down the revolver in the stern of the boat, sprang litely over its gunwale, and came up the beach with her cheeks all mangled with blushes.

"Yes," said she, it is I. "I believe you are a gentleman, and I may as well be frank with you. We are genteelly poor at the house. All the income we have is derived from the sale of these rare shells, which I pick up myself, for we have no servant, except old Cardac, and she is too old and stiff to come here. My father-in-law has not been quite himself since my husband was killed in a railroad accident three years ago——"

"Your husband!" repeated Cleve. "Killed! Then you are not Judge Yorke's wife?"

"I?" cried the blue-eyed enchantress; "I the wife of that old man?"

And then, with the crimson flush of her unpalatable confession still on her cheeks, Mrs. Yorke broke into a peal of girlish laughter. Cleve took the basket from her arm.

"Let me help you," said he. "I am a judge of these beauties. I am gathering shells to illustrate a new volume on the subject of paleonthology, and I want all the rare specimens to be found along these coasts."

And the landlord of the "Fisherman's Retreat" could not imagine what made his guest so late to breakfast on that particular morning, and so distrait when at last he did come.

As for the beautiful Mrs. Yorke, she went home with a new light in her eyes, surveyed herself in the glass, and after she had fastened up the braids of her hair in a new fashion, set herself to work to repair the damages in her afternoon dress.

"Because I love this lonely spot," said she, "there is no reason that I should be a semi-savage. But there has been so little worth existing for of late."

And she sang soft, glad roundelays to herself, like a robin, as she sewed.

The judge looked sleepily at his daughter-in-law across the lunch-table.

"Did that very agreeable gentleman come for those shells, Cisy?" he said.

"We gathered them together," said Cecelia Yorke, smiling. "Here are $10 that he paid me. We are going tomorrow, if it is pleasant. He is a great paleontologist, papa."

"Is he indeed?" said the judge, his dim old eyes brightening at the sight of the gold coins. "Then, perhaps,a beach may turn out a mine of wealth yet—eh, Cisay?"

Mrs. Yorke smiled and patted the wrinkled, white old hand.

"I think, papa," she said—"I am not certain, but I think there are good times in store for me yet."

The judge said he was glad to hear it, and then fell mildly to sleep in his chair.

When Mr. Cleve proposed to Cecelia Yorke, she made no scruple to confess that she liked him.

"But there's papa," she said, gently but firmly. "I can never leave him. I promised my dead husband always to be a true daughter to papa."

"And I honor you for it, my love." said the paleontologist. "He shall be an honored guest in our city home all winter, and in the summers we will come out here and drink in the salt breath of the Atlantic."

But the very next night the judge fell asleep in his chair and never woke again, and Cissy's work was over.

She was married quietly to Mr. Cleve and went to the city.

"Do you know, Cissy, what they say about you?" said the paleontologist one evening after a grand scientific reception.

"What?" said Cissy, lifting the larkspur-blue eyes to his face.

"That you are the beauty of the season," said Mr. Cleve.

"I!" cried Cissy in amazement. "I always thought myself well-looking enough, but I never thought myself beautiful."

"I did," said Mr. Cleve. "Even on that first day at the seaside, when your hair was rough and your dress untidy."

And Cissy smiled and colored and did not know whether to laugh or be vexed.

A Tobaceo Story.

R. J. Burdette.

I resume my letter, but am interrupted by a tableau. The honest farmer sitting behind me eschews tobacco. I say eschews because that is the biggest chew I can write. When the train stopped just now, the honest farmer, working his jaws industriously, opened the window disigning to expectorate all over the little town. As he fires away the train-boy passes by under the window. He catches it on his hat. Now, you know the easy fluency with which the train-boy can express himself under peculiarly trying circumstances. Well, he is doing it now. I will draw a veil over the dreadful scene and close my ears against the astonishing language that is bombarding the car. So would the honest farmer if he could. But he can't. The train-boy is making him listen. He does not really appear to be deeply interested in what the t. b. is saying, but the impetuous t. b. is taking enough interest in the matter for six honest farmers. At the conclusion of the oration I see the honest farmer furtively remove his quid and chuck it under my seat. The next woman who has to sit down where the honest farmer has been decorating the floor will devoutly and fervently wish the train boy had killed him. And most devoutly do I say "amen" to the woman's wish. Temperance is a grand thing; prohibition is a great reform, drunkeness is an alarming evil, but the man who chews tobacco and expectorates all over the floor of a first-class railway car is an unmitigated cuss, and while killing would not clean him, it would give us an excuse for putting him six feet under the ground, where his offensiveness would not be apparent.

The Contrairies of the Chinese.

The contrairies of the Chinese, as compared with us, have often been commented on. The Rev. Selah Brown writes about them in the Christian Advocate. We shake hands as a salutation; a Chinaman shakes hands with himself. He stands at a distance, and, clasping both together, he shakes them up and down at you. We uncover the head as a mark of respect; they keep their heads covered, but take off their shoes for politeness. We shave the face; they shave the head and eyebrows. We cut our finger nails; they consider it aristocratic to have nails from three to five inches long,which they are bound to protect in silver cases. The Chinaman's waistcoat is outside his coat. and his drawers outside his trowsers. We blacken our shoes; he whitens them. We have soup as a first course at dinner, and dessert at last; they have dessert at first and soup at last. We want our wines ice cold; the Chinese drink theirs scalding hot. We bury in the earth, they on its surface. With us, black clothing is a badge of mourning; with them, white garments indicates the loss of friends. In hat land of opposites it is the old men who fly kites, walk on stilts and play the shuttle-cock, and, to keep up their odd ways of doing things, they play the latter with their feet instead of their hands. In China, women do men's work, and men are miliners, dressmakers, and washerwomen. With us the right hand is the place of honor; with them it is the left hand. In dating letters we place the year last; they write the year first. They always speak of the mariners' compass (their own invention) as pointing to the South. We pay our physicians when we are sick; they pay while they are well,but as soon as they get sick the pay stops. Here men kill their enemies; a Chinaman gets revenge by killing himself. We use a soft pillow, they a block of wood. They launch ships sidewise ring bells from the outside, and actually turn their screws in the opposite direction from ours.

There are fewer cattle now in Colorado than there were three or four years ago The profits of herding were great, and there was a rapid increase until drought and subsequent severe winter caused the loss of thousands of head from starvation and exposure.It is probable that Colorado will not in many years have as many head of cattle as it had before this disastrous experience.

The governor of Moscow has received a letter warning him that the Kremlin, where the Czar is to be crowned, will be blown up during the coronation ceremonies if the Czar refuses to grant a constitution.

At Shanta, Cal., Tuesday, Mrs. Barnes to save her father's life,shot her husband, who wanted to kill him.

HIS PA AND DYNAMITE.

Peck's Sun.

"I guess your pa's losses in the silver mine have made him crazy,haven't they?" said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came in the store with his eye winkers singed off, and powder marks on his face, and began to play on the harmonica, as he sat down on the end of a stick of stove wood and balanced himself.

"O, I guess not. He has hedged. He got in with a deacon of another church, and sold some of his stock to him, and pa says if I will keep my condemn mouth shut he will unload the whole of it, if the churches hold out. He goes to a new church every night there is prayer meeting or anything, and makes ma go with him to give him tone, and after meeting she talks with the sisters about how to piece a silk bed quilt, while pa gets in his work selling silver stock. I don't know but he will order some more stock, from the factory, if he sells all he has got,"and the boy went on playing "There's a Land that is Fairer than Day."

"But what was he skipping up street for the other night with his hat off, grabbing at his coat tails as though they were on fire? I thought I never saw a pussy man run any faster. And what was the celebration down on your street about that time? I thought the world was coming to an end," and the grocery man kept away from the boy,for fear he would explode.

"O, that was only a Fenian scare. Nothin' serious. You see pa is a sort of half Englishman. He claims to be an American citizen when he wants office,but when they talk about the draft he claims to be a subject of Great Britain, and he says they can't touch him. Pa is a darn smart man, and don't you forget it. There don't any of them get ahead of pa, much. Well, pa has said a good deal about the wicked Fenians,and that they ought to be pulled and all that, and when I read the story in the papers about the explosion in the British Parliament, pa was hot. He said the damirish were ruining the whole world. He didn't dare say it at the table or our hired girl would have knocked him silly with a spoonful of mashed potatoes, 'cause she's a nirish girl, and she can lick any Englishman in this town. Pa said there ought to have been somebody there to have taken that bomb up and throwed it in the sewer before it exploded. He said if he ever should see a bomb he would grab it right up and throw it away where it wouldn't hurt anybody. Pa has me read the papers to him nights, 'cause his eyes have got splinters in 'em, and after I had read all there was in the paper I made up a lot more and pretended to read it, about how it was rumored that the Fenians here in Milwaukee were going to place dynamite bombs at every house where an Englishman lived, and at a given signal blow them all up. Pa looked pale around the gills, but he said he wasn't scared. Pa and ma were going to call on a she deacon that night, that has lots of money in the bank, to see if she didn't want to invest in a dead sure paying silver mine, and me and my chum concluded to give them a send off. We got my big black injy rubber foot-ball, and painted "Dinymight" in big white letters on it, and tied a piece of tarred rope on it for a fuse, and got a big fire cracker, one of these old fourth of July horse scarers, and a basket full of broken glass. We put the foot-ball in front of the step and lit the tarred rope, and got under the step with the fire crackers and basket, where they go down into the basement. Pa and ma came out the front door, and down the steps, and pa saw the foot-ball, and the burning fuse, and he said 'Great God, Hanner, we are blowed up,' and he started to run, and ma she stopped to look at it. Just as pa started to run I touched off the fire cracker, and my chum arranged it to pour out the broken glass on brick pavement just as the fire cracker went off. Well, everything went just as we expected, except ma. She had examined the foot-ball, and concluded it was not dangerous, and was just giving it a kick as the fire cracker went off, and the glass fell, and the fire cracker was so near her that it scared her, and when pa looked around ma was flying across the sidewalk, and pa heard the noise and he thought the house was blown to atoms, O, you'd a died to see him go around the corner. You could play croakay on his coat-tail, and his face was as pale as ma's when she goes to a party. But ma didn't scare much. As quick as she stopped against the hitching post she knew it was us boys, and she came down there, and maybe she didn't maul me. I cried and tried to gain her sympathy by telling her the fire cracker went off before it was due, and burned my eyebrows off, but she didn't let up until I promised to go and find pa. I tell you, my ma ought to be engaged by the British government to hunt out the dynamite fiends. She would corral them in two minutes. If pa had as much sand as ma has got, it would be warm weather for me. Well, me and my chum went and headed pa off or I guess he would be running yet. We got him up by the lake shore, and he wanted to know if the house fell down. He said he would leave it to me if he ever said anything against the Fenians, and I told him he had always claimed that the Fenians were the nicest men in the world, and it seemed to relieve him very much When he got hume and found the house there he was tickled, and when ma called him an old bald headed coward, and said it was only a joke of the boys with a foot ball, he laughed right out, and said he knew it all the time, and he ran to see if ma would be scared. And then he wanted to hug me, but it wasn't my night to hug and I went down to the theatre. Pa don't amount to much when there is trouble. The time ma had them cramps, you remember, when you got your cucumbers first last season, pa came near fainting away, and ma said ever since they had been married when anything ailed her, pa has had pains just the same as she has, only he grunted more, and thought he was going to die. Gosh, if I was a man I wouldn't be sick every time one of the neighbors had a back ache, would you?"

All this time the boy was marking on a piece of paper, and soon after he went out the grocery man noticed a crowd outside, and on going out he found a sign hanging up which read, "Wormy Figs for Parties."

Farms and Products.

Indianspolis Journal.

An inspection of the fat volume sent out from the Census Bureau will reveal some interesting facts. Comparing the number of farms in 1870 with the number in 1880, the following results are found:

	1880	1870
Total number of farms	4,008,907	2,659,987
Under 100 acres	5,298,374	2,075,338
One hundred to 500 acres	1,695,983	565,054
Five hundred to 1,000 acres	75,972	15,873
A thousand acres and over	28,578	3,720

The signification of these figures is apparent. It will be observed that while the number of farms has increased 1,348,922 in the ten years, but 133,036 of that increase was on farms of less than 100 acres, while of farms of less than fifty acres there were less in 1880 than in 1870. In the number of farms of from 100 to 500 acres there was an increase of 200 per cent. Of farms of from 500 to 1,000 acres the increase was nearly 500 per cent., while of farms of 1,000 acres and over the increase was nearly 900 per cent. The showing is not a favorable one, the apparent tendency being toward a system of landlordism and tenantry. But, of course, this evil can not in this country reach the dimensions it has attained in England from the fact that the law of entail does not obtain here. It is a difficult matter to keep large estates and large fortunes in one family, and it was to preserve the aristocracy of England within certain families that the law was so framed that vast estates could not be divided. When an "aristocratic" family in America deteriorates, the result is inevitable, a division of the estate is inevitable, and it is almost sure to be divided among a number, so that it will be next to impossible to keep vast ranches together from generation to generation, and the fear of land monopoly need not cause serious alarm.

It is curious to note that in this connection that the State which has the largest number of farms of 1,000 acres and over is Georgia, 902. Then following in order, Alabama, 698; Virginia, 641; South Carolina,482; Mississippi, 481; Louisiana, 371; North Carolina, 311; California, 262; Illinois, 194: In New York the number of farms of so great extent is only twenty-one.

The total lands in farms in the United States was 556,081,835 acres in 1880, againt 407,735,041 acres in 1870. Of this land 284,771,642 acres were improved in 1880, and 188,921,099 acres in 1870. The value of the farms was $9,262,803,861 in 1870. The value of farming implements and machinery was $406,520,055 in 1880, and $326,878,429, in 1870. From this it will readily be seen that a very large proportion in the number of new "farms" must have been made on the frontier,since the value has increased less than 10 per cent. during the ten yesrs. But while this is true, it is equally apparent that many small farms have been absorbed by large ones, the increase in acres being but about 30 per cent. while the increase in the number of large farms, as shown above, was from 75 to 80 per cent.; and an actual decrease in the number of farms of fifty acres and under.

In the chief productions there was an enormous increase noted during the ten years cited, as shown by the following table:

	1880	1870
Barley	43,997,495	29,761,305
Buckwheat	11,817,327	9, 21,721
Indian corn	1,754,591,676	760,044,549
Oats	407,858,999	282,107,157
Rye	19,831,595	16,918,795
Wheat	459,483,137	287,745,626
Cotton	5,755,350	3,011,996
Wool	155,681,751	100,102,337
Potatoes, Irish	169,458,539	143,337,474
Potatoes, sweet	33,378,693	21,709,824
Hay, tons	35,205,712	27,316,048
Tobacco, lbs	472,061,157	262,735,341
Butter, lbs	777,250,287	521,09 ,683
Cheese, lbs	27,272,489	53,492,153

Other items of equal interest may be dug out of the mountains of figures piled up in the census compendium, but few will take the trouble to get at them.

The Indiana Peach Crop.

Madison Star.

Mr Hiram Dean, son of Mr. Argus Dean, the well-known peach man, at Otto., Ind states the fruit is in splendid condition, and there is now every prospect for a magnificent crop. His father's orchards are very full of buds and are entirely free from injury. His own trees show slight losses, but nothing serious, and his prospects are good for more than an average supply of the luscious peach. Neighboring orchards are all in good condition. The Star's reports from Kentucky are similar in tone, and out peach growers are to be felicitated upon these splendid anticipations.

The corner-stone of the new Pension Office at Washington was laid Monday, without any public ceremonial.

NAUGHTYCAL.

Miss Flory McFlimsey McVeigh
Went sailing abroad Will Baigh,
When her lover he met her,upset her, and wet her
All over with old ocean's spreigh.

Miss Flora she thought it quite rough,
And called her bold lover a mough;
But her lover he caught her, and taught her that waughter,
Like riches, is unstable s

CONDIMENTS.

An Arkansas editor says the stingiest man in his town talks through his nose to save the wear and tear of his false teeth.

It was Forrest who said: "I believe I can act 'Othello' well, 'Macbeth' well, and other characters of Shakspeare well, but when it comes to King Lear—by St, Paul, I am 'King Lear!' '

"Papa," said a San Francisco youth the other night, after attentively studying for some minutes an engraving of a human skeleton, "how did this man manage to keep in his dinner?"

"I have shocking news for you," said a gentleman approaching Col. Wexmore. "Your wife—" "Dead, is she?" asked the colonel. "Oh no. She has returned home. "Oh, Lord!" said the colonel.

"Hey, Johnny! is your daddy home?" "You're right he is." "Well, will you tell him I want to see him?" "Oh, he knows that good enough! an' that's why he's run out an' hid in the woodshed.'

A member of Congress—was he from Michigan?—was recently invited to a dinner in Washington. He says: "There wasn't anything on the table when I got there but some forks and spoons and bricky brac. Presently they brought in some soup. As I didn't see nothin' else, I thouht I'd eat all the soup I could, though soup is a mighty poor dinner to invite a fellow to. So I was helped four times; and then come on the finest dinner I ever see, and there I sat" groaned he, "chock full of soup!"—Detroit Free Press.

A Scotch minister, forgetting his spectacles, could not read the hymn, so he said, "My eyes are dim; I can not see," The precentor immediately sang, "My eyes are deem; I caw noot see." The minister explained, "I spoke of my infirmity," This was sung as the second line. The minister pleaded, "I merely said my eyes were dim." These words were sung, and he sat down saying, "I did not mean to sing a hymn," When this line was sung the services closed.

"Sonny, will you please stoop down and pick up my glasses? You see I can't bend very well," said a corpulent gentleman to a passing newsboy. "Yes, I see you can't masteter," said the boy, picking up the glasses; "you're hunchbacked in the wrong spot for convenience, ain't you? You could forget to put some of your garments on in the morning and not know anything about it, far's observation goes, couldn't yer?"

Supposing a case; He said he didn't intend to stay a minute, but just dropped in to ask a little advice on a business matter. "Suppose," he continued "that I wanted to raise a thousand dollars to meet a sudden emergency?" "Yes." "I would naturally go to the bank?" "You would." "I would give a note for ninety days and it would have to be indorsed?" "Exactly" "And in case you indorsed it for me—" "I should expect to be obliged to pay it." Good morning."

The Barber on Prize-Fighting.

New York Sun.

"If I looked not like a chendleman so much," the German barber said, "I vood peen a prize-fighter dermorrer. A man by dis guntry makes of himself a vool to vork hart und sday poor ven he can a brize-fighter peen, und got rich mitout doing somethings ad all. You dink fighting is oretty hart vork. Dot's shust der point. Mit my gwick dember, I haf dwice so much fighting done der lasd den years as any prize-fighter votis owid. I haf dwo gusdimers licked and one landlord yet alretty. Dem prize-fighters ton t fight; dem all der vile talk apoud fighting. Dwice a year some leetle young vellers vott go hired in some Pi.ly McClory blace by der veek, bunch each other der sduffing owd, but der brincipal vellers, like Mace and Sullivan und Ryan und Gopurn,dem tond come tergedder in fife year alretty. Und uf dem did fight, like Sullivan and Ryan, not vun gets a plack nose or ploody eye, ain'd it? Bui der two dergedder got chinmills and tiamonds and sealskin coats and bockets full of money.

"Py Chiminy Hooky, a virst-glass brize fighter vot can dalk a crate deal can such a gwiet life leat like a glergyman. Choost look at der bapers yesterday. Dem de names brinted of more as a huntred brize fighters—vun-haf mit chinmills. So many brize-fighters haf not peen seen since dem vellers peen porn. Oh, vot a biddy I peen so vine-looking I go to to sday py der parber peezness.

"Der monkey parber by der negst shair got himselluf off once doo often some voolishness. I am so mat at him I could bunch him in my eye. He dol l me right avay in vront of a feefdeen-cent gusdimer dat he tinks I dalk more und traw dwice of much plood as any brize-fighter owid as chail.

"Dem reasons vich I ton'd discharge dot veller is begause his dying farder bromised me I shouid take gare of him."

This is an age of universal deceit, even the honest old farmer is often guilty of watering his stock.

The consumption of tea and cocoa is increasing in England a of wine spirits decreasing.

Temperance Banner

SAMUEL JACOBS & Co., - PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Catholic.

St. Bridget's—North-west corner of Wheatland and Heath. Rev. B. Kræger, pastor. Services—Mass, 8 a. m. and 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. Vespers, 3 p. m.

St. Joseph's.—Northwest corner Second and Market. Rev. H. Koehne, pastor. Services—Mass, 8 and 10 a. m. Vespers, 3 p. m.

St. Vincent de Paul—South side of Spencer, between 8th and 9th. Rev. E. P. Walters, pastor. Services—Mass, 8 and 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. Vespers, 3 p. m,

Presbyterian.

First Presbyterian Church.—South-east corner of Spencer and Seventh streets. Rev. W. E. Loucks, pastor. Services—10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 9 a. m.

Broadway Presbyterian Church.—South-west corner of Ninth and Broadway. Rev. E. S. Scott, pastor. Services—10.30 a. m and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m.

Baptist.

Baptist Church.—North-east corner Seventh and Broadway. Rev H. L. Stetson, pastor. Services, 10. 30 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. Sunday school, 12 m.

Christian.

Christian Church—South-west corner of Ninth and Spear streets. Rev. W. R. Lowe, pastor. Services—10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m.

Episcopal.

Trinity Church.—Northwest corner of Seventh and Market. Rev. E .H. Peruker, rector Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.

Evangelical.

German Evangelical Church.—North-east corner sf Wheatland and Brown. Rev ..... pastor. Services 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 9 a. m.

Lutheran.

St. Jacobs'.—North-east corner Ninth and Spear. Rev. A. J. Jox, pastor. Services, 10 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.

Methodist Episcopal.

African Church (colored).—Southwest corner of Market and Cicott. Rev. T. A. Alexander pastor. Services, 10,30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 3 p m.

Broadway M. E. Church.—North-east corner of Eighth and Broadway. Rev. J. H. Ford, pastor. Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

Market Street M. E. Church.—South side of Market, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth. Rev. M. S. Metts. pastor. Services, 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.

Cumberland Presbyterian.

Cumberland Presbyterian Church.—North side of Broadway, West Side. Rev. A. W. Hawkins, pastor. Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday School, 2.30 p. m.

GRAND TEMPERANCE COUNCIL OF INDIANA.

ORGANIZED AUGUST 12, 1879.

IN UNITY THERE IS STRENGTH.

OFFICERS :

President, Dr J W F Gerrish ..... Seymour
1st V-Pres, W H Trammel..... Huntington
2d V-Pres, John W Copner..... Covington
3d V-Pres, Eli F Ritter..... Indianapolis
Gen'l Sec'y, John H Whitson..... Seymour
Treasurer, J G Kingsbury..... Indianapolis

The object of the Grand Council is to unite the entire temperance sentiment of the State in an effort to secure Constitutional Prohibition to the manufacture and sale of intoxicants in the State.

The State Central Temperance Committee consists of three or more men in each county, representing the different political parties, with like sub-committees in the townships, wards and precincts, to whom is delegated the execution of the designs of the Council.

Indianapolis, Ind., March 16, 1883

To the Members of the State Central Temperance Commttte :

You are invited and earnestly requested to meet in conference with the officers and executive committee of the Grand Temperance Council, in Parlor 6 of the Y. M. C. A. Building, 35 North Illinois street, Indianapolis, Wednesday, April 4, at 7 p. m. The State Christian Temperance Union will meet in the Y. M. C. A. Chapel in the forenoon of the same day, and the Grand Temperance Council at 1:30 p. m. on the following day, Thursday, April 5th. at the Third Presbyterian Church, one square and a-half north of the Y. M. C. A. building. This convention of the Grand Council will be one of significant importance, and there will be need of wise deliberation. It should be attended largely, and by representative and experienced temperance men, especially by members of the State Central Temperance Committee, for they have stood in close relations to the work during the late campaign, and their experience is therefore valuable.

It is important that this committee-meeting should be also largely attended, that we may compare experiences, correct mistakes, and find the wisest possible basis to insure harmony and unity of future action. Committeemen who cannot attend are requested to send a reliable substitute for whose action they are willing to be responsible.

Respectfully,
J. W. F. GERRISH,
Chairman.

AURETTA HOYT,
Sec'y State Cen. Tem. Com.

GOLD DUST.

A ruby is the rarest of all gems.

There are now 590 convicts in the prison north.

None are more brave than they who dare to be right.

It is estimated that 32,000,000 human beings die every year.

The United States treasury now holds 3,500 tons of silver coins.

There are in Springfield, Mass., about 6,300 French Canadians.

The knights of Labor have nominated a full city ticket at Lafayette.

A Cleveland lady has a quilt made wholly out of shopping samples.

An average of 300 miners are killed annually in Victoria, Australia.

If Raphael had lived till April 6, next, he would be 400 years old.

The dry goods district of New York city holds $500,000,000 of property.

Gen. Pope has been presented a sword by the citizens of Leavenworth.

The pension bills for the fiscal years 1882, 1883 and 1884 aggregate $250,575,000.

A. S. Hill, of Salt Lake, Utah, has decamped with $10,000 belonging to his wife.

The King of Siam recently made a contribution to the Washington monument.

Over half a million quarts of milk is the daily consumption in the city of New York.

A single factory in Naugatuck, Conn. turns out more than a ton of hairpins every day.

Seventeen discoveries of gold have been officially recorded in New York since January 1.

The Onondrga Indians living in New York state marry and separate at will and remain Pagans.

English gold coin has been so worn that it will cost $4,000,000 to restore the $275,000,000 in circulation

It is estimated that the losses by the flood along the Ohio and Mississippi will aggregate $10,000,000.

The fossil bones of a mastoden have been discovered in the carboniferous deposits of Chicontepec, Texas.

There are more miles of railroad in Pennsylvania than in all the New England states put together.

A granite monument is to be erected at Andersonville, Ga., in memory of the fedral soldiers who are buried there.

During 1882 the murders committed in the United States averaged two a day, while the executions only averaged rwo a week.

Rev. Isaac P. Cook, of Baltimore, has been in the service of the Methodist church sixty-six years and has preached 3,300 sermons.

The late Indiana Legislature was severely denounced at a public meeting held in Aurora, which was attended by five thousand people.

Among the numerous freaks of the Mississippi during the recent high waters, was the washing away of Island Sixty-four, consisting of 500 acres.

The present stock of petroleum in the country is estimated at 34,000,000 barrels, enough to meet the present rate of consumption for three years,

Ellen Conway, fifty-five years old, a New York city newspaper vender, was found dead in her miserable quarters Sunday, with over $6,000 in the room.

In a county in Nevada is a hill of moving sand four miles long, a mile wide and from 200 to 400 feet high. within a few years the hill has travelled a mile.

The census proves that the number of persons in a family in the United States is a small fraction over five. In some families the husband is the small fraction over.

Five members of the British cabinet are credited with being total abstainers. Earl Granville, Lord Spencer, Sir Charles Dilke, Sir William Harcourt, and Mr. Chiders.

Mrs. Henry S. Lane has made while in Jerusalem, a large cross of Olive wood, which she intends to present to the Methodist church of Crawfordsville on her return.

In Baltimore, on St. Paul's street is displayed the sign: "Charles J Bonaparte, attorney-at-law." This grand nephew of the great nephew of the great emperor is a busy member of his profession.

There was an auction sale of unclaimed goods from the express office at Pueblo Col., and James Thompson gave $1 for a box. It contained two gold bricks valued at $11,000.

Adam Knapp, of Bridgeport, Harrison county, misplaced or lost $2,200 in gold coin during the recent flood. The money was in a bag concealed in a box which was lost in the excitement incident to a sudden removal.

Only six and a half feet of water remain to be pumped out of the Diamond mine. The water now coming out must be directly from where the bodies lie, as it bears an insufferable stench, and the men at the pumps are obliged occasionally to move away from its influence and get fresh air. From this it is surmised that the bodies are horribly decomposed.

Patents have been issued to the following Indiana inventors: To C.M. Constant and R. Benson, of Crawfordsville, for a wagonbody; William I. Gardiner, of Seymour, for a screw show-case; J. F. Gebhardt, of New Albany, for a weighing apparatus for carding engines; R. W. Harper, of Evansville, for a broom; John Loomis, of Jeffersonville, for a solution for seasoning and preserving wood; J. W. Pugh, of Gilbert, for a combined saw, set and joiner.

China possesses the largest bridge in the world. It is a Lagaug, over an arm of the China Sea, and is five miles long, built entirely out of stone, is seventy feet high, with a roadway seventy feet wide, and has 300 arches. The parapet is a balustrade and each of the pillars, which are seventy feet apart, supports a pedestal on which is placed a lion twenty-five long, made of one block of marble. Will Brooklyn and New York permit "the heathen Chinee" to eclipse them on the bridge line?

Father Mathew.

[Continued from last week.]

In accordance with his determination he announced that a temperance meeting would be held in his school-room, on Tuesday evening, April 10, 1838.

As might be expected, when it generally became known through the city of Cork that Father Mathew had taken this important step, some applauded, but a much larger number ridiculed and criticised him severely, for meddling in other people's business, as they termed it.

On the appointed evening a small assembly had gathered. Father Mathew took the chair and opened the proceedings with a short address. He briefly explained the object for which he had called them together, felt it incumbent upon himself in the discharge of his ministerial duties to take this step, importuned them to renounce intoxicating drinks, called upon them to follow his example. He then approached the table, and taking the pen in hand, said, in a loud, distinct voice, "Here goes, in the name of the Lord.',

The admonitions and example of the man who always practiced what he preached, was irresistible. Sixty names were immediately enrolled. The iniatory step was taken, the foundation laid upon which to build those noble societies that are known by the founder's name; organizations whose members are bound together in fraternity by the sacred ties of brotherhood, united in the cause of humanity for the common good of mankind.

The Father Mathew Society of Logansport, and others of like character in different parts of the world, stand today imperishable monuments to Theobold Mathew that will perpetuate his memory and transmit his name down to posterity, honored and revered as the great regenerator of modern times.

At the next meeting held, a great many were added to the list. It was then found necessary to procure a suitable place capable of accommodating the thousands who flocked to hear the new doctrine. The Horse Bazaar, a large covered space was obtained, where frequently more than four thousand persons assembled.

Here in this vast and dimly lighted building, temperance was rocked and nursed. Nourished by the pure, unadulterated water from God's fountain, the sturdy infant grew hearty and robust. Man's true nature was asserting its dominion, the people began to experience the utility of the movement, numbers swelled rapidly from hundreds to thousands. In the space of three months the number enrolled was 25,000, and in five months had increased to over 100,000.

The press reported his speeches, commended the cause and encouraged the good work. The excitement became general, and spread all over the kingdom. Hundreds who heard of the movement and knew of its worth flocked in from adjoining counties, and at all hours of the day dozens might be seen at the residence of Father Mathew, receiving the pledge at his hands.

In December, 1839, he received an invitation to visit Limerick, which he accepted. Upon his arrival he found the city densely crowded with people, swarming from every direction. He remained there four days, and administered the pledge to tens of thousands. In the same year he also received an invitation from Dr. Foran, Bishop of Waterford, to visit that place. Here some 70,000 were added to his standard.

In June, 1840, he visited the College of Maynooth, and during his stay was the guest of the Duke of Leinster. The fruits of this mission were eight professors of the College, 250 students, and some 25,000 of the people.

Space will not permit to enter into minute detail, to particularize the success and extraordinary achievements of this great apostle of temperance. Go where he would, Dublin, Carlow, Wexford, and almost every parish in Ireland, there ready to meet him was the same vast concourse of people, clamorous to receive the pledge and imploring his blessing.

Rich and poor, lay and prelate, without discrimination of creed, hailed his coming with joy, anxious to pay homage to the great reformer and benefactor.

This being at a period when Ireland was deeply moved by the great political agitation that was revolutionizing the country: when the great liberator, O'Connell, was in the zenith of his power, demanding emancipation and redress for his wronged countrymen, Father Mathew was unjustly accused of political intrigue, of endeavoring to incite the public mind to revolution. Never was an accusation more undeserved. However strong may have been his feelings for the liberation and freedom of his country from the galling yoke of tyranny that was binding oppressively and heavily upon the necks of the people, yet he was the most earnest advocate of law and order, constantly opposing secret political societies, the petulent nurseries of outrage, that were iniquitous and disgraceful. His mission was from God, the regeneration of man the annihilation of a formidable enemy possessing more cruelty and despotism than a Nero, and to the consumation of that object he persistingly and diligently devoted his time and money.

Although not a polititian—yet love of country did not animate a more patriotic breast than that which stirred the heart of Father Mathew who next to God loved his country's people most.

For no result did this good man so earnestly labor as for the moral elevation of the youth of Ireland. In them was centered all his hopes and anticipations of the future condition of his country. If he could only bend the twig rightly, he knew the tree would correspondingly incline. An extract from one of his speeches which I think deserving of special notice, will more fully explain the interest he manifested in the rising youth of Ireland:

"I predict glorious things for the young and rising generations. My heart warms and expands as I conjure up before me all that is in progress for the advantages of and the improvement of the young minds of Ireland. Not alone in the arts and sciences how great will be their advancement, but indications of talent of every kind, of of comforts hitherto unknown amongst us, of future peace and happiness, are making themselves manifest and my aspirations are becoming more and more realized every day for the improvement and amelioration of the condition of my native land. The young men of the present day, oh! how can I describe them? Seem they not like the fixed stars shining in the clear and cloudless Heaven shining on, shining on in their glory and their purity to the end, you cannot know how it cheers my heart to find how the mind of Ireland is now progressing, not slowly, but surely, steadily and successfully."

Alas how sad to contemplate that the bright and happy future so eloquently pictured should by the cruel and relentless oppression of a tyranical and heartless government, be in a great measure frustrated, should by the legislation and execution of unjust laws be instrumental in preventing the consumation of the fondest hopes and sanguine expectations of this kind and humane man; thwarting the natural inclinations of the mind, intelligence and pecuniary prosperity of the rising generations by the pursuance of a pernicious policy of government, tending. and designed to discourage and destroy the intellectual advancement, enterprise and aggrandizements of the unfortionate and distressed inhabitants of persecuted Ireland.

(To be Continued)

Personal.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. D. B. McConnell—a girl.

George Vinnedges, of Kokomo, was in the city yesterday.

John Breneman, one of Logansports good citizens, leaves for Kansas City, to-day.

George Bevan left for Milwaukee, Wis., yesterday afternoon, to be gone several days.

Dr. C. A. Price now sports a new gold plated harness and a patent Brewster side-bar buggy.

Two Cass county boys, Messrs. Leece and Thompson, left yesterday for Des Moines, Iowa, to make or break.

Mr. H. H. Barnheisel has been quite poorly for several weeks past and is confined to the house by reason of poor health.

Rev. Mr. Hutchins, who for a time was pastor of the Episcopal Church at this place, is said to be expounding gospel truths in an Eastern city.

Miss Hettie Dunn returned to Washington yesterday, after a visit of several weeks in this city the guest of Mrs. S. M. Tipton, on East Market street.

Kate Liebreck, the lady evangelist who has been laboring for the Methodist people in this city. goes to Fort Wayne next week to work in the Lord's vineyard.

Mrs. A. S. Barnett, of this city, will assist in a concert given at Camden, Indiana, Saturday evening, by home talent of that place for the benefit of the Baptist Church.

Councilman Henry Paul was on the streets yesterday, the first time since the Lutheran Church fire. He caught cold at that time and has ever since suffered considerably.

Walter K. Landis and F. R. Barnheisel took the 4 o'clock train yesterday afternoon for Chicago. From that point they go to Chihuahua, Mexico, Success to them is the wish of all their friends.

At the last Board meeting of the Y. M. C. A., it was decided to close the institution. We are not conversant with any particular reasons for this decisive step. It is simply stated that Secretary Willard has resigned and the premises must be closed after Saturday night. Undoubtedly there will be additional information forthcoming at a reasonable time. As it is, we regret that our local Y. M. C. A. is no more, but trust the community will not consent to this kind of Christian work being abolished permanently in our city.

—On this day one hundred and twenty-four years ago the first House of Representatives of the U. S. was organized.

THE PRESS.

Over 400 had signed the pledge at the Portland, Ind., temperance revival up to Tuesday.

The temperance question will be prominent in politics until it is definitely settled by the organic law of the State.—Frankfort Banner.

Mayor Jacobs, of Logansport, has entered the Journalistic field as editor and publisher of the Temperance Banner. We are in receipt of the initial number.—Benton County Review.

The initial No. of Mayor Jacobs' new paper the Temperance Banner made its appearance to-day. It is a neat six column folio filled with choice reading matter and ably edited. May success attend the new adventure.—Daily Advertiser.

Portland, Ind., is having grand temperance meetings. On the night of the 18th inst. the M. E. Church at that place was packed, many standing. One hundred and thirteen signed the pledge and they now have 350 on the roll. The interest is unabated.

We have received a copy of the Temperance Banner. It is published at Logansport, and is conducted by Samuel Jacobs, Mayor of that city. Its name indicates its mission. It is a readable paper and contains many pungent paragraphs. We wish the Banner an army of valiant followers. —Argus Reflector.

We omitted last week to notice the reception of the Temperance Banner, published at Logansport, Ind., by Mayor Jacobs. The Banner presents a handsome appearance, and the editor strikes right out from the shoulder at the evil monster he has determined to throttle. Success to the Banner and the cause it advocates.—Stark County Enterprise.

We have received the second number of the Temperance Banner, published by Samuel Jacobs & Co., at Logansport. The Banner is published every Saturday, price $1.50 per year in advance. It is filled to the brim with choice reading, and the Mayor "speaks right out in meetin' " on the temperance question —he is a live worker in the temperance cause, and his paper deserves the patronage of all temperance societies and temperance people.—Star City Chronicle.

Insane Asylum Commissioners.

Governor Porter on Tuesday appointed the gentlemen who are to serve with him on the commission to select locations for the insane asylum. They are General William Grose, of Newcastle, and Hon. Joseph R. Gray, of Noblesville, Republicans, and Judge John C. Robinson, of Spencer, and Hon. DeFoe Skinner, of Valparaiso, Democrats.

The preferences of these gentlemen are not known, but judging from their geographical position they are well informed as to the superior advantages offered by Logansport as one of the points for the location of an asylum. The advantages were discussed fully at the time the Legislature was here and need to be only briefly reviewed. We have a building with gas and steam heating apparatus costing a few years ago some $80,000, which is now offered to the State for $25,000. This building is situated on the bluffs in a healthy locality, has twelve acres of ground belonging to it with plenty of land adjoining at a low rate by the special offer of Judge Dykeman. Logansport is the second railroad city in Indiana. We have railroads leading in ten different directions, affording direct communication with forty counties and passing through the county seats of twenty-seven of these.

We are geographically in the center of Northern Indiana—60 miles west to State line, 70 miles east to State line, 70 miles south to Indianapolis, and 80 miles north to the lake.

These advantages make Logansport the most desirable location in the State, and we have no doubt that the commission having canvassed the subject will decide in our favor.

—If the preaching of one of out clergymen would cause a single murder he would be decapitated and his church leveled to the ground. Yet our saloons can ply their business year in and year out sewing the seed of every evil known to the calender of crime, all under the eye of the law, and untouched by its decipline, because forsooth they help to swell the school fund.

—It is with pleasure we learn that David Conner who has for years been engaged in vending whisky has ceased the business and engaged in a more honerable calling. In conversation with sevesal saloon keepers of this city they admit that the business is one of a very low calling, and they intend to abandon it as soon as possible. These men have noble hearts, and have become utterly disgusted with the saloon business.

Baltimore conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, reports possession of 393 churches, with a probable value of $763,000, parsonages, eighty-two, probable value, $127,000; indebteness, $8,000; amount raised for building and improvement, $37,000; indebtedness $22,000. The conference has also 487 Sunday schools, with 28,400, scholars; expenses, $11,000.

Farm and Household.

A Lexington, Ky., firm has thirty tons of turkey feathers on hand.

English mines yielded 156,500,000 tons of coal in 1882, and employed 501,000 men.

The Nebraska bee keepers, in convention at Wahoo, estimated that there were 20,000 stands of bees in the State.

A thorough system of under drainage would, the Prairie farmer maintains, "double the productive capacity of Illinois."

Frost has destroyed the lime crop and seriously injured the lemon crop in California. The orange crop is but slightly damaged.

A Connecticut farmer is mentioned who, though eighty years old, was at his post in the hay and harvest field early and late all last summer.

West Virginia has 310 square miles of timber, containing 990,000,000 feet of merchantable lumber. Last year's crop was of the value of $2,431,857.

Crude petroleum has more preservative power than paint. It will render wood almost indestructable. Try it on the farm implements and outbuildings.

Information from the great peacch growing regions of Trimble county, Ky., opposite the city, says the peach crop is all safe up to this time.—[Madison Courier.

Warren Leland, the well known landlord, has purchased the Hot Springs, Bath county, Virginia, for $100,000. The place will be made a resort for invalids.

The Iowa Sheep Breeders' Association lately resolved that the State ought to offer a bounty of $10 to $15 each for wolf scalps and also "pass a stringent law taxing dogs."

A man in Georgia is raising a mullen crop, from which he expects to realize handsomely. He says that mullen tea is good for hog cholera, chicken-pox and hydrophobia.

Some revelations in St. Louis concerning oleomargarine butter made of fat animals that died of disease are said to have been "enough to rouse the wrath of every honest citizen."

The annual cost per acre for the maintenance of public parks in six cities is as follows: New York, $656; Brooklyn, $140; Philadelphia, $68; London, $83; St. Louis, $24; Albany, $108.

Dr. F. M. Hexamer thinks the canning of oranges is likely to become an important industry of California and Florida. The fruit is peeled, broken into its natural sections and put up by a process similar to that generally in use.

Mr. J. N. Muncey, of the Iowa Agricultural College, is of opinion, as expressed in Governor Gue's Homestead, that when pork sells for six cents a pound skim-milk may be fairly estimated as worth 35 cents per hundred weight for pig feeding in connection with corn.

It is said that farmers of De Witt county, Ill., as well as many other parts of the west will have to depend on old corn for seed (the germs in last year's crop having been generally destroyed), and the price of it, according to the Chicago Tribune, "will range from $2 to $3 per bushel."

Mr. G. W. Hollingsworth, Barnegat N. J., tells the Poultry Yard that his chickens, hens, ducks and turkeys thrive "wonderfully" on all the skimmed milk they will drink, and what is left is made into "Dutch cheese" and fed to them, sometimes mixed with potatoes, beets, pumpkins, corn and barley meal.

Mr. William M. Singerly, Gwynedd, Pa., loses horses nearly every winter—of late—of what is locally known in Montgomery and Bucks counties, to which it seems to be confined, as "choking distemper." The disease, though known for thirty years, continues to baffle veterinary skill, and kills in from forty-eight to seventy-two hours.

Returns to the departments of agriculture of the cotton sent to the market from plantations make an aggregate of 5,000,000 bales gone forward up to March 1. This is about 86½ per cent. of the crop as indicated by the last returns of products. The proportions by States are: North Carolina and Texas, 83 per cent.; South Carolina, 85; Georgia and Tennessee, 86; Arkansas, 87; Louisiana, 88; Mississippi, 88; Alabama, 90; Florida, 93.

Many years ago a lady in frying out a kettle of lard, discovered the children had thrown one of their shoes into it. She thought the shoe was ruined 'dead sure.' However, she cleaned it off, the child wore it, and after its mate was nearly worn out this one that had been boiled in the lard was nearly as good as ever. If the farmers before they put on their boots and shoes, and while perfectly dry, would immerse them for say five minutes in boiling hot fish oil they would save themselves in the aggregate millions of dollars. The sole of a boot or shoe completely saturated with oil is rendered more impervious to water, more pliable and yielding to obstructions, and consequently will wear very much longer than one that is stiff and unyielding to be rasped down every step you take.

The country devoted to the sheep husbandry lies between the Monongahela and Ohio Rivers, embracing all of Greene and Washington counties, and part of Allegheny in Pennsylvania, and Brooks, Ohio, and most of Marshal county in West Virginia. This region, as is well known, is the special American home of the Merino sheep. (People up in Vermont may skip that line if they don't like it.) For more than fifty years it has been the nursery where most of the fine woolled sheep in this country were propagated, and many as fine flocks as can be found in the world live on these steep and ragged, but dry hills. In the territory indicated there are nearly or quite 4,000,000 head of these fine-woolled sheep, and many of the other millions of sheep in different sections from Texas to Oregon can trace their origin to this same territory.

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Judge Biddle

TEMPERANCE BANNER.

"IN HOC SIGNO VINCES."

VOL. I. LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1883. NO. 8.

The Banner will be furnished to ladies for $1 per year, in advance.

—The Devil has his synagogues on earth—the saloons.

—The foundation of temperance is broad, strong and deep.

—Persecution is a band of steel that binds temperance people together.

—Intemperance disturbs, annoys, offends, corrupts and shocks the moral tastes.

—Temperance is booming. Let those who wish shame and disaster oppose it.

—Pure earnest vigilence will save our sons from the contaminating influences of rum.

—Temperance wreaths the pale lips with smiles and kindles a light in the sorrowful eye.

—Why are some people so sensitive when told that intemperance is alarmingly prevalent.

—The influence of temperance in forming public sentiment is greater than many imagine.

—Party leaders need not solace themselves with pleasant prospects they are only visionary.

—Therecent reverses of the temperances cause is only a rain cloud embosomed with blessings in the future.

—Temperance is the key that opens the temple of honor. Let every drunkard enter its surprising walls, and view its capacious chambers, and read the wonders of love inscribed thereon.

—Hannibal the Carthagenian general when a child was led by his father to the altar of the temple of Jupiter, and there made to swear eternal hostility to Rome. He afterwards became the most formidable enemy Rome ever had. Let temperance people lead the inebriate to the altar consecrated to the cause of temperance, and made to swear eternal enmity to an enemy more frightful and formidable than any general that ever grasped a sword or or shook a continent with the tread of marching armies.

Whisky in Politics.

It is now believed by the politicians that the whisky league holds the balance of power in politics, and this accounts for the prodigious efforts now being made to capture it by catering to its proud and haughty demands. The result os the last election has confirmed them in this belief. The strife going into capture this element is marvellous. The temperance element seems to be entirely ignored, while the whole power of political leaders are employed to secure the influence of whisky element together with all the appertinances thereunto belonging. This is the bone of contention now. There is evidently fun ahead, the Democrats believing that it is easier to keep a bone from a dog, than to take it from him after he has got it, are hugging the delusion to their bosom that the whisky element belongs to them by right of purchase and possession may probably wake up when it is too late to find themselves most beautifully sold. They seem to have forgotten that the very element that now has so strong a hold on their affections sold out the party in 1880, Darsey's money did it. Thousands of that thiefs money went into the pockets of saloon men in Indiana and the consequence was the State went Republican. What assurance has the Democracy that this same thing may not again be repeated? The Republican leaders fully aware of the truthfulenss of our assertion in relation to the election of 1880, will have recourse to the same method in order to secure the victory. They know very well that the whisky element is a commodity that will be knocked down to the highest bidder. The whisky element has carefully explored the field and are perfectly familiar with the situation, and instead of being bled by the Democracy to the tune of thousands for campaign purposes will turn tail upon that party and demand of them a return of what they expended in the last election with interest from date. The Democratic party will then learn to its sorrow the great mtstake it made by placing itself at the mercy of the liquor league. In the mean time another Dorsey with his dray load of greenbacks and the single promise on the part of Republican leaders that their business shall not be interrupted to the extent of prohibition the whisky element will be captured, the Republican party successful and the Democracy left to chagrin and disappointment. we admonish the Democracy not to lay the flatterng unction to its soul that the whisky element belongs to them beyond a peradventure—nor to deceive themselves with the vain belief that vast sums of money will be realized from that quarter of campaign purposes. It was once wofully betrayed by the slave-holders of the South, and the strong probabilities are they will meet with a similar fate with the liquor league. The alliance with that element will be found to be the blunder of blunders.

Never was there such an oppertunity for the temperance element to achieve a brilliant victory than at present. If they would for once declare themselves independent of party and combine their efforts in the grandest cause of the age they would have the satisfaction of seeing victory perched upon their banner, and their names covered with a halo of glory that would shine to the latest generation of time. The only trouble is the want of some feasable plan to secure a concentrated effort, an amaranthine wreath awaits that individual who shall mature a plan to secure this object.

Our Threatened Danger.

Probably the greatest danger now threatening the perpetuity of the government is the immense political power wielded by the slums and drunken vagabonds of our large cities. The danger in this direction is iminent and should fill the honest laboring class with alarm. The people in the rural districts dare not shut their eyes to the fact if they would protect themselves from the dire consequences of this sae state of affairs, so long as the peasantry of the Roman empire adhered to frugality, temperance and rectitude so long was the nation one of strength at home and influence abroad, when these were no longer cherished, the rabble controlled the government and from that hour the nation began to decline, and culmited in the downfall of that once proud monarchy, who needs to be told that the very same causes which contributed to the overthrow of Roman empire are at work to-day undermining the country of Washington, Jefferson and Lyncoln, ndrunkenness and crime exists in our large cities to an alarming extent, and permeating other classes beyond the city limits. These are the men who carry the municiple election, and who bid fair to run the state and national elections also. What shall stay it is the wild and despairing cry heard in every side. Disguise it as you will the fact nevertheless remains true, that the honest yeomanry in the rural districts will be subjected to the dictation of the very lowest element of society, unless they combine and resist the further encroachments of these vagabonds upon the best interests of the country. We sound the tocsin of alarm. Will you suffer this state of things to continue until resistance is impossible, a point which is nearly gained already. If you do it will be a sad day indeed. The triumph of the temperance cause would do more than any other that could be named to retard the further progress of an evil so powerful and so dangerous to our country.

Lipuor Licenses.

Strenuous efforts are now being made by many party organs and party leaders to educate the public mind in favor of a high liquor license, which, as they claim, will reduce the number of saloons. A very respectable class of temperance people seem to sanction the effort. The former are evidently aiming to effect a compromise with the temperance element, for political purposes. Here is where the delusion lies. Would license, though it be high, remedy the evil of which we complain? How? In what way? It would create a monopoly, to begin with, as none but the wealthy would be able to pay a high license; and having done so, would be impelled by self-interest to do a greater amount of business by making their places more seductive in the erection of palatial houses with marble fronts. Its tendency would be to throw around the business an air of respectability. It would have all the glamour and fashion which wealth could throw around it. They would therefore become the resort of the moderate drinker—the starting point in the career of drunkenness. It is not the low dens of the whisky traffic that makes drunkards, they only finish them. It is with the gorgeous, fascinating establishments free from repulsive surroundings, where the habits of drinking are first formed. These are the places that tempt and lure the unwary, and lay the foundation for a drunkard's end.

The whole whisky business is wrong: morally, socially and intrinsically wrong. From whence, therefore, comes the authority to license a wrong? It is wrong to commit theft—to license it would be equivalent to saying it is right if restricted and regulated. Can a wrong be made right by exacting a thousand dollar license any more than by a thousand cent license? Money in a case like this is nothing—principle everything. The whisky business has so long enjoyed the protection and sanction of law, that it now claims to be considered preeminently a legal business. Is it right to license a business, by a high or low license, whose history is written in blood?—a business for which there is no natural demand, individually or collectively. License makes it a protected nuisance. If such a contingency should arise that we were compelled to choose between license and no license, we would choose the latter rather than a license law such as we have had, which only stimulated and shielded the traffic. Without this license we could deal with this incomparable curse as a nuisance at common law.

It may safely be asserted, that all licenses of which we speak, made with a view of diminishing intemperance, have always failed, and always will prove abortive. We endure it because we must, and only while we must. We shall therefore urge prohibition until "finis" is written on the last page of our history.

Heaven.

Among the multiplied thousands who have entered upon an eternal state of existance no one has returned to tell us wheat he has seen, and upon what state of existance he has entered, aside from the sacred volums all beyond this sublunary existance is a dark and unexplored region to us. The few glimpses which inspiration has furnished may aid us in forming some conception of that "far off land." These strokes of light eminating from the devine throne are as the grapes of Eshcol, calculated to inspire us with a longing after immortality. Perhaps there never existed a nation that did not picture to themselves "a land of pure delight," either in some remote spot on this mundane sphere, or beyond the sublunary things of time and sense. Poets sang of Hesperian gardens and Elysian fields adorned with fragrant flowers and the air redolent with sweet perfume, with unclouded skies, crystal lakes, sparkling fountains, beautiful landscapes, sylvan groves, shady retreats beds of amaranth, and ambrosial gales, in short a region where they would be exempt from all the ills incident to the present sphere of human existance. This is doubtless owing to the unsatisfying nature of terrestial things, an inherent principle and longing which the great Creator has interwoven in our constitution, call it tradition, call it a mere philosophical refinement, a pious fraud, call it what you will, it is a divine principle implanted in the human mind, a ray of hope engraved on the tablet of the heart by the finger of God it is the echo of the universe. The speculations and logic of the wise may all be wrong, but the sighs and yearnings of humanity are sweet and true. It hrs been most beautifully said

"The soul unweary and confined from home,
Rests and expasiates on a life to come."

Philosophers no less than the poets have expended their energies and dilated upon a home in the future, Socrates, one of the wisest and best of men exclaimed "I am in good hope that there is something for those that are dead." Plato, adeciple of Socrates, represents his masters as being received up high into a pure region where they live without their bodies in scenes of joy which cannot be disturbed. The stoic Philosophy having its origin with Zeno had its place of happiness. Ever since man became a denizen of our world he has evinced a desire for something more real, more tangible than this world can impart, a place where no contentions ever arise to mar the bliss of its inhabitants, such a place is the christians heaven. It is the theme of poetic fancy, the charm of christian hope, Heaven the bright beautiful and blest, heaven the pure and sweet and musical exhuberantly blissful world. Into that fair region will finally be gathered together into one vast assembly the good and faithful of every age, and every country. There the patriarchs, prophets, apostles martyrs, will unite in one grand exultant oratorio of inaffable delight, repeating their hymns of raptnre from age to age and from orb to orb, what greetings, what rapturous applause, what high sounding symphonies, what universal exultations of triumph of over sin and every evil annoyance.

"A home in heaven what a happy thought."

AN OPEN LETTER

To the Christian Ministers of the United States of America:

CHICAGO, April 5, 1883.

DEAR BROS:—For two reasons I may speak to you on the subject of the present letter without presumption. For thirty-two years I have been one of you, and it is safe to say that the majority of the active ministers of the country are my juniors. For several years past it has been my duty in the allotments of Providence to be a careful observer of the temperance reformation, especially in the northwestern States, where that reformation has manifested the greatest activity, and to be in constant correspondence with its leaders. For several months, or since the National Convention in August, my duties as corresponding secretary of the National prohibition. Home Protection party, have engaged all my time and attention. That I have uncommon facilities for observation will hardly be disputed, and my official position makes it proper for me to address you.

Permit me therefore to remind you of a few facts and to ask your attention to a few suggestions.

1. It is a fact that an immense sum of money, estimated at from $612,000,000 to 750,000,000, is spent in this country every year for alcoholic drinks.

2. That a large part of this money—probably one-half—is wickedly taken from innocent women and children, leaving them without suitable furniture, clothing, food and education, and entailing a heavy and needless burden upon the sober and charitable citizens.

3, Thae alcoholic drinks are poisonous, producing diseases of a peculiar character in those using them. They not only set up a fierce, unnatural appetite for the narcotic, but they derange the action of every organ of the body, and especially the nervous system, sothat mental derangement of various kinds and degrees result from their use. At the most moderate estimate more than one-half the insanity and three-fourths of the crime which weigh as burdens on the State result from alcoholism.

That this unnatural demand be created and kept alive by the traffic. As in other artificial conditions it is the supply which creates the demand. An apparent contradiction of this statement appears in the fierce thirst of the drunkards, and the lengths to which they will go for gratification; but these instances of slavery only prove the desperate nature of the disease; It is found in Georgia that many of the most hopeful drunkards vote for prohibition, and for the best of reasons in the hope that the removal of the drink may enable them to gain control of themselves. The decisive fact that no conventions of drinkers are held to secure their supply, or to look after their "rights;" but many organizations of manufacturers and dealers exist to protect and extend the traffic

5. By the license system every voter is implicated in the guilt of the traffic, so that with a fiendish ingenuity it has wound itself into the very warp and woof of the net-work of government, supplying a large part of public revenue national and municiple. It has become a monstrous monopoly, paying about $100,000,000 a year for the privilege of selling poisoned drinks, and producing disease, brutality, poverty, idiocy, insanity, and crime.

6. The guild of manufacturers and dealers is thoroughly organized—They control, as they estimate, about $1,200,000,000 of capital; and their products cost the consumers at least $615,000,000 per year. This enormous money power greater than that of slavery in its palmiest days, is a bond of union most complete and effective. Having secured the franchise from government which permits this traffic, their great purpose now is to perpetuate it, and to this end they are organized as a political power, and have become a formidable conspiracy in both State and national politic, as well as reaching into every municipality. Their methods are not the open and manly methods of a party; but they seek their ends by political assassination and by corrupting Legislatures. A more dangerous enemy of the liberties of mankind it is difficult to imagine, than such a conspiracy in a country like ours. They openly boast of their success in securing the election of judges such as they desire, and of the influence they can exert to defeat legislation in the States. At their dictation the Republican party announces and acts upon the doctrine that the people have no right to so amend the fundamental law as to prohibit the traffic in alcoholic drinks, while the Democratic party makes no pretense of offering any objection to the behests of alcoholism. It is entirely a fair statement of the political situation to say that neither party is influenced by any high patriotic statesmanlike motive. To hold the offices is the one passionate desire of both, and both are before the people in the attitude of adroit hucksters bidding the popular favor, and making any sort of profession, no matter how contradictory, if thereby "the party" may be saved.

Meantime, prohibition, the one issue of the hour which stirs the hearts of the honest masses, is the foot ball of politicians. Whenever the people can get a chance to vote on a clear issue they vote for prohibition. They believe in it. The oft-repeated lies of the alcoholists do not deceive them. Their common sense anticipates the success of prohibitory legislation, and their conscience proclaims and recognizes its righteousness. But from 1854 until now legislatures, governors and courts have succeeded in defeating the will of the people.

The one reason for this constant defeat has been that the temperance people have not organized into a party. Many times they have threatened to to do so, and made some movements in that way, always to be followed by passionate appeals from politicians to desist, and some apparently honest efforts to provide what temperance people desire. Politicians and even saloon keepers, have no fault to find with temperance efforts. They will attend "Murphy" meetings, help to sing "Rescue the Perishing," applaud when some utterly bankrupt drunkard signs the pledge, and have even been known to make a small contribution to the expenses. They are serene when temperance lectures are in progress. But temperance men begin to vote their sentiments, and make some common sense plans for organization, then there is trouble.

"Take any shape but that," cries the pale and trembling culprit. The adroitness and activity with which dust can be thrown, false issues raised, schemes for reform devised that are going to do the work some time in the next century; high license salvation, something anything, except the straight-forward and common sense plan of getting all the voters who want to get rid of the dramshops on one side, leaving those who want dramshops on the other, is "a spectacle for gods and men."

If it be urged that the late election in Chicago demonstrates that in our large cities the majority is in favor of the dramshop, and the type of civilization it indicates, I answer that I am afraid it is true. What then? Clearly a National party, in which the intelligence and virtue of the country can assert itself against the ignorance and brutality of the city. For many reasons the better element of the great cities is helpless, and unless reinforced in some wise and effective manner it will be overridden entirely, and the cities become moral and political ulcers on the body politic.

But why speak of these things to you? You are not politicians or party leaders. No, you are moral teachers. Whatever lies in the domain of righteousness, and the purview of conscience is your legitimate field.

Are there not many topics in this field which need a much more thorough discussion in the pulpit and the religious press? Allow me to suggest a few of these:

1. The doctrine of prohibition needs adequate definition. Nothing is more common than to find even educated men in all walks of life who have no accurate idea of what we mean by prohibition. Instead of regarding it as the "application of the police powers of the government to suppress the traffic in poisoned drinks, as a traffic in unwholesome meat is now suppressed," they have in mind some enactment which watches the drinker and exercises a guardianship over him. They fancy some new puritanical device is intended, and can not believe at first telling that prohibition simply proposes to make the laws consistent with themselves, and remove an absurd and monstrous anomoly which has no legitimate place in our civilization.

2. The responsibility of the voter in this country. God's peculiar function is government. Kings stand in God's place for human affairs. In this country the voter is the king. He is charged with government If he enacts iniquity by a law, or allows a wrong he might prevent, it is at his peril. The practice of farming out the traffic in poisoned drinks, and keeping open saloons, is one the more it is investigated the more vicious it appears. To show the voter that he is responsible for this glaring crime against God and man, is to be done, if done at all, by the pulpit and religious press. It is a question if there is any one department of morals more neglected than that referring to the duties of citizens in this country. tI is a large and varied subject demanding earnest study, and more depends on it than thoughtful men now realize.

When the conscience of the citizen is educated it is easy enough for him to know what to do. He may be misled for a while, but it will not be for long.

3. Much popular misapprenension needs to be corrected respecting parties and partisanship. It is quite the fashion in an indiscriminate and thoughtless way, without stopping to ask how the machinery of government in this country is to go on without parties. That they may become an abuse is true enough; that a party, like a man, may become a nuisance, is impossible, but the growth of a party in a free country around some great principle, is one of the grandest facts of the ages. A great party in a free country rallying around and crowning some great truth, or new application of old truth, or striking down some old abuse, is one of the things which call for alleluias.

Christian ministers of America, in this last quarter of the nineteenth century, let me ask you to ponder what and where you are. Let me ask you to consider especially this question of Alcoholism now clamoring for a settlement, and remember that nothing is ever settled till it is settled right.

A. J. JUTKINS,
Cor. Sec'y Nat. P. H. P. Party.

We Believe In Temperance.

Those organs that never fail to stab the temperance cause in the dark when opportunity presents itself, and shield themselves under the cover of such expressions as "We believe in temperance," should throw off the mask of their hypocrisy and openly defend the whisky traffic. It would be more in accordance with their real sentiment. It stings like a scorpion when they learn that temperance papers are being sustained and temperance literature circulated and read by the people. Let them show their true colors and defend their principles if they dare. Let them stand by their principles like brave men, and in their hypocritical assertions such as "We believe in temperance," commence with themselves, and by their acts convince the people of their sincerity. Temperance papers have no concealments to make. They boldly proclaim their opposition to drunkard making, and stand ready on all occasions to defend their principles. If those organs to which we refer are sincere in their declarations, let them demonstrate it by their acts, and cease skulking behind the stereotyped expression of "we favor temperance" in order to lay claim to respectability. They know our cause is right. Dare they maintain the right? Out with such hypocrites and cowards. Let us propound a few interrogatories: Do you believe that whisky saloons are a necessity?—that the business is an honorable one Do you help to sustain them? Give us an unequivocal answer to these interrogatories if you dare.

Annual Meeting of German Baptists.

EXCURSION ARRANGEMENTS.

For the benefit of those who wish to attend the Annual Meetings of German Baptists, to be held at Bismark Grove, Kansas, and Flora, Ind., The Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railway, and Chicago, St. Louis & Pittsburgh Rail Road, Pan-Handle Route, will sell Half Fare Excursion Tickets to Bismarck Grove, and Flora and return.

Excursion tickets will be on sale at the principal stations from May 10th to 15th inclusive, or will be sent to any of the smaller stations on application; they will be good to return until June 10th, 1883 inclusive, and will allow one stop over, within the time limit, at any intermediate station on lines of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railway, or Chicago, St. Louis & Pittsburg Rail Road. These Companies will send you to your destination by the most direct routes in the quickest time and with the fewest changes of cars. Please apply to agent of the Companies at any station, or to E. A. Ford, General Passenger Agent, Pittsburg, Pa., for information in regard to rates of fare, time of trains and connections.

—We hate inebriety let it wash its face ever so much.

Temperance Banner.

BY SAMUEL JACOBS.

LOGANSPORT, : : INDIANA

A PREACHER down in Arkansas, whose church was flooded, preached from the roof of the sanctuary to a congregation in skiffs.

THE French Government is making most laudable efforts to improve the breed of horses in the country. It has just voted a law that no stallion will be allowed to cover mares which is not provided with a certificate, and to be renewed every year, setting forth the absence of certain diseases. An infringement of this law entails a fine of 50 to 500 francs, on the owner of the stallion, the man in charge, or the farmer who allows his mares to be covered.

WE clip the following from the Indianapolis Journal, it being exceptionally appropos just now: There is a movement among Boston educators to introduce a morality department into the public schools. Emerson's "Conduct of Life" is suggested as a text book for beginners. From "Behaviar" the child can go on to "Culture," then to "Power," then "Beauty," which will be a winter's work. This, says the Advertiser solemnly, ought to strengthen the power of thought, increase the extent of use—whatever that may mean—the grace of manners, and "lighten the faces with the true beauty of expression." Just so. If a Western barbarian can be allowed a suggestion on so exalted a theme, it might be well, in view of Tewksbury and other developments of Massachusetts culture, to give a preliminary course of the ten commandments and the golden rule.

TOBACCO is precious on the Island of Eteetlan. The men there smoke, the women chew. The latter carry a little bag in which they save quids until absolutely tasteless. "The same system of economy induces the men to mix finely chopped shavings of wood and bark with their smoking tobacco, and their pipes are the smallest known. Even then they fill the bowl with reindeer hair before putting in the tobacco, and when lighted they continue to inhale the smoke without breathing until the tobacco is exhausted. In the meantime the face and neck swell, the veins are distended, the eyes shed tears, and when human nature can stand it no longer they burst into a violent fit of coughing and spitting which lasts for several minutes. It is of no use speaking to a man from the moment the light is applied to the tobacco until the coughing spell is over."

JULES FERRY, Prime Minister of France has been led into a discussion of the American idea of a republic and the possibility of its application to France. M. Ferry expressed the opinion that a President and Ministers responsible to him alone, as in the United States, would lead in France to a dictatorship. He went further than this, and said it would be better to return to the imperial constitution of 1852 than to adopt the American idea, as the former would be more in accordance with French traditions of centralization than institutions borrowed from the United States. And yet M. Ferry admitted in the same speech that a strong government was one of the necessities of the hour in France. The French Republicans tried the constitution of 1852, and where did it land them? They have tried the plan of what they call a parliamentary republic and are not satisfied with it. As the Constitution of the United States forms about the only model for a strong republican government, which has stood the test of time and the wars of factions, France might do, worse than adopt such a model.

PROF. R. A. PROCTOR found at Reno, Nevada, a man who claims to be the strongest man in the world. His name is Angela Cardella. He is an Italian, aged thirty-eight, and stands five feet ten inches in height, weighing 138 pounds. His strength was born with him, for he has had no athletic training. He differs from others chiefly in osseous structure. Although not of unusual size his spinal column is double the ordinary width and his bones and joints are made on a similar large and generous scale. He can lift a man of 200 pounds with the middle finger of his right hand. The man stood with one foot on the floor, his arms outstretched and his hands grasped by two persons to balance his body. Cardella then stooped down and placed the third finger of his right hand under the man's foot, and, with scarcely any perceptible effort, raised him to the height of four feet and deposited him on a table near at hand. Once two powerful Irishmen waylaid Cardella with intent to thrash him, but he seized one in each hand and hammered them together till the life was nearly hammered out of them. He is of a quiet and peaceful disposition, and his strength is inherited, for he states that his father was more powerful than himself.

IT is remarkable that there should hav existed in the United States for nearly a half century a little independent State or community about which practically nothing has been known until within a few days. A recent exploration of the mysterious island of St. Malo, situated at the mouth of a small bayou running into Lake Borgue, in Louisiana, resulted in revelations that read like a story from the Aleutian Islands or the Spanish Main. The population of St. Malo is 150. They are natives of Manila, one of the Phillipine Islands, north of Java. They have an automony of their own, hold allegience to no power or potentate, and, though within the geographical boundary of Louisiana, are beyond the reach of its laws—at least, they have never yet been disturbed. A peculiarity of this Malay colony is that the female sex is not represented. The community has an ordinance, rigidly enforced, excluding women from St. Malo. The inhabitants are described as a mixture of Chinese and Japanese, with the ugliness of both and the better features of neither. The cheek bones are high, the jaws broad and the chin pointed. The nose is short, the nestrils large, and the thick upper lip is rendered more unsightly by short, bristly tufts of wiry moustaches. They are chiefly deserters from Manila—men who left that island to avoid heavy taxes and forced enlistment. The only industry of the colony is catching fish, which are sold at New Orleans. Spanish is the language commonly spoken. The form of government is extremely simple. There is no regularly selected chief, but all the colony regard an old Malay named Hilario as the virtual head. Arbitrators settle disputes concerning property. All the houses in St. Malo are built on the same model, which is not unlike the huts in the Phillipine Islands. They are square with low roofs running up with a concave curve to the top, and are built on piles, some nine feet from the water. Furniture is entirely unknown. Rough benches take the place of chairs. Boards on trestles serve as tables, and wooden bunks, built one above the other, are the bedsteads. There is only one chimney in the place, and that runs only from the rafters of a hut through the roo being about eight feet in length, and is never used, but is pointed out with considerable pride by the Manila men as an evidence of their advanced civilization. The average Manila man swears like a trooper in English—which he probably regards as another evidence of his advanced civilization. St. Malo is undoubtedly the most unique community in America.

THE PUBLIC PRESS.

Excerpts from the Newspapers on the Various Topics of Interest.

RATHER FAMILIAR.

Gath's New York Special.

Tom Hendricks is in town.

FAIR PLAY FOR IRELAND.

New York Times.

The American people believe in fair play. This is what they demand for Ireland. But no people not wholly depraved ever looks upon secret assassination as fair play,

AFTER THE IRON WORKS, WHAT?

Philadelphia Times.

Since the star-route trial began the Bible has had a long rest from attack. When Mr. Ingersoll gets through assaulting the government the turn of the Bible will come again. It can stand it.

STANDARD DOLLARS.

New York Times.

The mints go on coining standard silver dollars under the law which Congress failed to repeal or modify, but the coins roll back into the government vaults. The people will not have them.

RUNNING DRY.

National Republican.

The Ohio river is a beautiful stream that rises near the Pittsburg Commercial Gazette, runs past the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, and goes on to Louisville where the Commercial is waiting for a gazette.

EXTERMINATION ADVOCATED.

Danville, Ill., Commercial.

No Apache has ever been known to be possessed of any civility, decency or regard for the rights or life of others until he was dead, and the Apache tribe will never become civilized until it has been exterminated. Just why this band of murderers and thieves should be borne with longer it is difficult to conceive.

WOMEN TO THE FRONT.

Cleveland Leader.

The civil-service law opens the government clerkships to competition, and well-educated women should not be backward in presenting themselves for examination whenever and wherever they have an opportunity. They have the law in their favor, and it will be their own fault if they do not take advantage of it.

NO SENSATION.

Washington Republican.

A nice, polite old man, who came into court to see and hear the star-route trial yesterday, took his right shoe off and put it down by his hat. There was no sensation as was the case once in a Kentucky court, when the judge ordered a suspension of the argument until the Sheriff could open a window, remarking, "Some one has drew a boot."

IMPORTING PAUPERS.

Chicago Tribune.

The action of the British government in importing its paupers to become a charge upon the people of this country is a wanton outrage. It would be so if our laws were silent on the subject, but done in the face of our express declarations that it shall not be done, it is an affront and an injury that the whole country will bitterly resent.

EXTRAVAGANT EXPENDITURES.

Union City Eagle.

The greater the rate of taxation, the greater will be the burden upon the productive interests of a community, and whenever the burden wipes out profits the business must be abandoned, and each branch of business thus abandoned only increases the burden upon the remainder, until all are destroyed, and bankruptcy will then reign supreme. It is time to call a halt in all useless and extravagant expenses.

THE HOUSE WITH CLOSETS.

How dear to the heart of the housekeeping woman
Are comforts of which so few architects tell;
Nice children, good servants and plenty of room in
The well fitted mansion in which they must dwell,
But first of the blessing kind fortune can give her,
If she in the city or country abide,
Is that which she longs for and covets forever,
The big airy closet, her joy and her pride—
The roomy, clean closet, the well-ordered closet,
The big, airy sloset, her joy and her pride,

The house may be perfect from garret to cellar.
Well lighted, well aired, with cold water and hot,
And yet, to the eye of the feminine dweller,
If closetless, all is as if it were not,
How oft she has sunk like a dove that is wounded,
How oft she has secretly grumbled and sighed,
Because she saw not, through with all else surrounded,
The big, airy closet, her joy and her pride!
The roomy, clean closet, the well-ordered closet,
The big, airy closet, her joy and her pride.

Fond husbands, who fain would have home be an Eden,
For you and your Eves all complete as a whole,
To read in, to write in, to sleep in, to feed in.
Forget not the closets so dear to the soul;
But build them in corners, in nooks and in crannies,
Whatever a closet may harbor or hide,
And give to your Marys, your Kates and your Annies,
The big, airy closets, their joy and their pride—
The roomy, clean closets, the well-ordered closets,
The big, airy closets, their joy and their pride!

—The Builder.

THE HEATHEN CHINESE.

Not "Childlike and Bland," but Rude, Brutal and Disobliging—They Murder Their Sick, and Dishonor Women.

E. V. Smalley in the Century.

There is a mistaken notion in the East that the Chinese are always humble and submissive, and much put upon and abused by the whites of the Pacific Coast There was a time when the hoodlums of San Francisco maltreated the Asiatic immigrants shamefully, but that time has gone by. Now the Chinaman appears to be as secure in his rights of person and property as anybody. Instead of being deferential and timid, he is often pushing and insolent. He does not give way in the street. He hustles you as rudely as an English navvy. A body of Chinese laborers marching down a narrow street will crowd ladies into the gutter. The Chinese merchants, doctors, and other beonging to the better classes, are as poilte as Frenchmen, but the masses of the Chinese population on the Pacific Coast are rude and brutal. The chief thing in their favor is their habit of personal cleanliness. The railroad laborers, who are the poorest and most ignorant class, wash themselves from head to foot at the end of each day's work. All classes are frequent customers of the barber, who gives minute attention to their heads, faces, ears and necks. Among the common laborers there is little sympathy for the sick and injured comrades. If a man is likely to become a burden, the other members of the gang want to get rid of him as soon as possible. It is commonly believed by the bosses on the railroads that the Chinese doctors put sick men out of the way by poison when they think they cannot be speedily cured. A case was told me in Oregon of a coolie railway laborer who had an arm broken. It was set by the company's doctor, and was doing well, but the man's comrades insisted on bringing a Chinese doctor to attend him. The doctor came from a distant camp and gave the patient a dose In an hour the poor fellow was dead. In such cases there is no investigation, nobody cares that there is one Chinaman less. The death of a cart horse is of much more consequence. One great difficulty the employers of Chinese labor have to contend with is the superstition of these queer people. Their religious worship consists chiefly in propitiating the malevolent spirits of the dead. If a Chinese domestic fancies there is a ghost in the house he departs at once. and leaves an inscription behind to warn his successors. It often happens that a family will be unable to keep a servant longer than a single day. Man after man will come and go without giving any reason for his abrupt departure. At last the warning sign is found in the kitchen or servant's room and expunged; then there is no more trouble. Not long ago two Chinamen were killed in Oregon by the premature explosion of a blast on a new railway line. One of their fellow-workmen declared that just before the explosion he saw two devils come to the opposite bank of the river and heard them talking. Thereupon the whole gang of forty men dropped work, and could not be induced, by threats or persuasion, to return to the spot. It was necessary to send them to another part of the line, and bring on a fresh gang who had not heard of the occurrence.

It is commonly supposed in the East that the Chinese make excellent servants. Some of them do, no doubt; but I met no housekeeper on the pacific Coast who did not say she would greatly prefer a good white woman, if one could be obtained, to the best Chinaman. As a rule, the Chinese domestic servants, while they do faithfully, and in a machine like way, what they agree to do, and are shown how to do, they are stubborn and disobliging if asked to go outside of their regular day's routine of labor. They insist on having their evenings to themselves, and on leaving the house to gamble and smoke opium with their comrades in some dirty den. If for any reason breakfast is wanted at an earlier hour than common, the mistress must get it herself. The greatest trouble with them is, however, to teach them to show the same defference to the mistress of the house that they show to the master. They despise women as a lower order of beings, and cannot understand, until they have been some time in this country, how a woman can rightfully have authority in a household. The only reason the Chinese are valued as house-servants on the Pacific Coast is because white service is scarce and very bad. Knowing that they can always get situations, the few white women who go out to service are, as a rule, arrogant, lazy and incompetent.

Odd Happenings.

Joseph Thompson, of Simmons' Gap, Ga., has had nine wives and fifty-three children.

A queer present at a hog-killing was a handsome package of candies to each worker and visitor. Gideon Boggs, of Port Elizabeth, was the host.

The only bequest in the will of Morris E. Jones, of Lancaster County, Pa., gave Mary E. Whiteside his daughter Delia, to do with her as she pleases.

A Portland, Oregon, expressman put his overcoat over his horse as it stood in the street, while he himself stamped on the sidewalk to keep warm.

While seining in the river at Shippingport, Ky., a fisherman brought up a rubber overcoat containing a pocketbook, in which were a $50 greenback and a $20 gold piece.

"Just for fun" a scoundrel of Richmond, Va., gave a boy a pint of whisky to drink. The boy died, and his murderer has been sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment.

Charles Clewell, of Catawissa, Pa., up on cleaning up the old granary upon the remises lately occupied by his deceased father, found $700 in old gold and silver coin in a barrel of screenings.

A California paper says; "in passing over the glassy surface of Truckee River, which is now frozen to the bottom, whole schools of trout are seen firmly fixed just where the cold wave struck them.

A Lexington, Ky., doctor hangs out the following sign: "Dr. Tooles, scientific carver of toes and limbs; specialist and expert in removing rheumatism; corns and cramps extracted according to nature."

The oldest son of Farmer Saunders, of Richardson County, Nebraska, cut out he tongue of his younger brother because he threatened to tell their father of some offense that the elder brother had committed.

A well to-do farmer, living near Reading, Pa., created a sensation by bringing his three young and handsome daughters into court as the plaintiffs in three separate actions for breach of promise of marriage.

The Surf-Riders.

Owing to the entire absence of coral reefs, the surf, says the author of "Fire Fountains," at all times breaks on the shores of Hawaii with prodigious violence. But in stormy weather this is, of course, increased ten fold, and the great green billows come rushing in with overwhelming force. These are the delight of the surf-riders. Each carries a surf-board, which is simply a wooden plank, and raiment is of course almost nil. Plunging beneath the first wave, they rise beyond it, and swim out to sea till they meet another, and then another, in each case diving just at the right moments to allow the billow to pass over them.

If they miscalculate by one second, the surf catches them and dashes them shoreward, when they need to be good swimmers to escape being battered on the rocks. But long practice makes perfect, and many of the surf-riders dive safely beneath each successive wave till they reach the comparatively smooth water beyond the swell. Then, laying themselves flat on their board, they prepare for their exciting ride. Their first care is to select a winning sea-horse. They calculate that every third wave is larger than the tres and rushes higher upon the beach, so their aim is to mount the biggest billow, which carries them shoreward at almost lightning speed.

The ride has all the excitement of a race; for, should the rider fail to keep his plank at exactly the right angle on the crest of the green billow, he will be overtaken by the breaking surf of the wave which follows, and, to avoid this, must again dive beneath it and swim out to sea to make a fresh start. Should he fail to select the right wave as his courser, and find himself on one of the lesser waves, the result is the same, as it will break ere he reaches the shore, and he must again do battle with the pitiless surf and swim for his life.

Mules Used in Coal Mines.

Shenadoah, Pa., Correspondence,

Turkey Run Colliery has a phantom mule, which miners believe in implicitly. Dozens declare they have seen the specter and describe it as double the size of an ordinary mule. The vision haunts the old breasts, and no one is ever said to have seen it in the main gangway, where fleshly mules work. When a minor declares that he has seen the spectral beast superstitious people working about him believe that a catastrophe is at hand Three men, two of whom, John Devine and David Thomas Williams, now live in this place, vow that they saw the apparition an hour before the big explosion in August, 1881, when four men were killed and several others were injured. An ordinary mule cannot be induced to enter parts of the mine where damps exists in dangerous quantities. There are instances on record, however, in which mules have been overpowered by damp. when the mules and the rats in a mine start for the foot of the shaft or mouth of the drift the miners rarely fail to follow, as it is considered a sure indication of danger.

The confinement of mules in coal mines has no evil effect on their constitutions. They are always well fed and cared for, and the coal dust gives their coats a gloss rarely seen on the hair of mules living in the open air. While a mine is worked the mules never come out. Some months ago water in the lower workings of the largest colliery at St. Clair caused a suspension of the work and all the mules were brought up. More than a dozen of the animals had been in the colliery eleven years. When turned out to pasture near the village they did not pay the slightest attention to the scant herbage about them, but devoted their whole time to gazing at the sky, the mountains and the horizon. They were evidently lost in open-eyed astonishment and failed to realize where they were. They stood for hours in silent contemplation of the scenery and appeared so stupefied that not one of the lot offered to make war on his mates. The strangeness of the scene had driven all the combativeness out of them for a time. On the first day they did not even make a circuit of the ten-acre field they were in, and the food offered to them was refused. That night, however, they devoured the food, and at daylight again huddled and remained so until nightfall. Their astonishment did not wear off until a week went by, and hundreds of people visited the place to see them. Just as they were becoming accustomed to the place and were beginning to indulge in kicking matches they were lowered into the colliery again and renewed work in the dark.

The Bombardment of Alexandria.

Admiral Nicholson.

There was only two buildings left standing in the European quarter after the pillage of the city—the St. Mark's building, which the American consulate occupied, and the building of the Egyptian tribunal, containing the real estate or other records of the city. As a sample of the damage done by the pillagers, I may mention the house of Baron Manasse the American consul. He must have expended £70,000 in building and furnishing it. The Bedouins went into it with pickaxes and deliberately smashed the elegant plate-glass mirrors, tore off the upholstering of the furniture, and cut up pieces of the furniture to carry away. The damage to the furniture alone mus have amounted to $40,000. When I landed American troops I sent to the Khedive to obtain his consent to re-establishing our consulate. The Khedive is well versed in American affairs, and he speaks English as well as you or I. He said to my officer: "Yes, establish the consulate and for God's sake help to restore order in my unfortunate city." That doesn't look much like troops invading a foreign shore. I imagine that Arabi Pasha evacuated Alexandria for the purpose of giving up the European quarter to pillage The Egyptian troops were poor soldiers, I think the Soudan blacks manned only two of the twenty odd batteries. If the Egyptians could have stood the fire of the English fleet the defense of Alexandria could have been prolonged, for they would have exhausted the ammunition of the bombarding fleet. Of course, further supplies would have been obtained later, but the fight could have been made more difficult if there had been Europeans behind the Egyptian works.

Winter Luxuries.

New York Sun.

"Fifty thousand quarts of strawberries may be expected here next month from Florida, Georgia and South Carolina," said a wholesale dealer yesterday. "Two thousand quarts arrived to-day from Jacksonville, and this makes 7,000 quarts received from there this month. They are selling to-day at seventy-five cents a quart; the first brought $2.75. Let the young folks who are thinking of matrimony know that two cases of orange blossoms arrived this morning from Florida' being the first that have ever been sent here from there. They were sent in a refrigerator, and are in a fine condition.'

Hot-house strawberries from Massachusetts and Rhode Island bring $3 a quart now; the first brought $10. Peaches from the same source will begin to arrive in about two months. Cucumbers from the hot-beds around Boston and Fitchburg are arriving, and retailers sell the best at $3 a dozen or $1 more than the wholesale dealers charge. Mushrooms from Long Island and from the hot-houses around South Amboy are worth fifty cent a pound at wholesale; the retailers net a large profit. The hot-house radishes in market come mostly from Long Island. "New York is the best market for all these luxuries," said a dealer, "but Boston, Philadelphia and Washington also take considerable. New England is the seat of the hot-house industry, though we have houses also on Long Island and in New Jersey."

The Wine State.

California is rapidly coming to the front as the great wine-producing country of America. During the year 1881 the vintage was estimated at 9,000,000 gallons, and for 1882 it was supposed to have been between 10,000,000 and 11,000,000 gallons. Considerably more than two-thirds is used at home, while the rest is exported, chiefly to Eastern cities. The effect of the California vintage is certainly felt in France, as within the last two or three years the falling off in the export of champagne wines to the United States has been marked. It is predicted that within ten years a large part of the wine drunk in the United States will be produced in California.

GENERAL MISCELLANY.

An unfinished story—the attic.

Good vinegar can be made of honey cappings.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe is building a church near Jacksonville, Fla.

The colored Methodist Episcopal church has more than 100,000 members.

Even young Mr. Wilde must concede that the dude's head is full of sawdust.

Colorado is one of the few states that can boast to-day of freedom from debt.

A Dresden artist has made a watch entirely of paper, which keeps good time.

St. Peter never passed anybody in on the say-so of a string of obituary resolutions.

Generous natures will hesitate about licking a postage stamp when it gets down to two cents.

It is now the time to save your spare money for summer vacation.

The British wild ox is extinct, except is a few English and Scottish parks.

Canada is having a larger immigration this year than last, the U. S., less.

In Paris men wear bracelets of gold. In N. Y., of iron—put on by policemen.

A national bank about to be established at Meridan will be the second one thus far opened in Mississippi.

Workingmen who labor hard for their daily bread do not object to having a "loaf' thrown in once in a while.

It is asserted that Jews have, in proportion to their number, fewer illiterate caildren than any other people.

The military guard of the Band of France, which was discontinued some time ago, has been re-established.

Fifty thousand copies of Mark Twain's new book, "Life on the Mississippi,' will be printed for a first edition.

The garden truck raised about Norfolk Va., this season, will require 1,000,000 barrels in which to market it.

Lobsters are becoming Scarce and the need of protection for them in Connecticut and Rnode Island water is felt.

Governor Glick, of Kanasas, is President of a cattle company, the capital of which is $1,000,000.

Stock cattle are very scarce in Arizonia, and prices very high, cows without calves ranging as high as $26

Wyoming has a territorial, vaterinarian and model law for the prevention and suppression of contagious diseases.

The greatest winner on the running turf in this country was Hindoo, and his net earnings amounted to less than $80,000.

They have regular county stock sales in Madison county, Ohio, which have been kept up monthly for over seven years.

A man in Georgia made $9,000 last year from 100 acres of watermelons. This year 7,000 acres, in seven counties, will be planted.

Parties from the Wisconsin pineries says that the woods are now in better condition for work than at any former time this year.

The Prince of Wales has at Sandringham, 105 Shorthorn cows and 29 Shorthorn bulls, which are kept in two distinct herds.

It is a mistake to suppose sheep can go a great while without water. They drink little at a time, it is true, but on that account they require water often.

He has Been There.

Cincinnati Saturday Night.

Mr. Oppenheimer, Mr. Levi, Mr. Rosenbaum, Mr. Einstain and Mr. Greenfield, all prominet Italian gentlemen, are enjoying a sociable game of draw-poker after dinner. Mr. Oppenheimer, who is host, returns to the room after a brief absence, and finds that a hand has been dealt him.

He picks it up. It is a king-full.

He skins it over very carefully.

It is a king-full.

He glances inquiringly at his guests:

"Who doled dem carts?"

Mr. Greenfield replies:

"Chakey Einstein."

Mr. Oppenheimer gives the king-full another careful going over. It looks very large—certainly. None of the kings have got away.

But he sorrowfully lays it down without betting.

"I pessr."

Mr. Rosenbaum deals and the game proceeds.

Beyond the Limits.

Some darkies started a faro bank in a Kentucky town a short time ago, and no one was allowed to bet over ten cents at a time. A man from Allan county was in to see what he could see, and in his rambles came upon the darkey faro bank. He pulled out a five dollar bill, bought its worth in chips, and put them on the jack. The dealer was busy, and at first did not see the big pile of chips and commenced dealing. He all at once looked up, saw Allan county's pile, and inquired:

"Who's dat got pecamed on dat pack?"

Allan county, not knowing the rules of the game, very sternly remarked, "That's mine."

The dealer glanced at him a moment and replied:

"Pull her down from dar; you must tink Roschilles am playing dis game."

A Double Pig.

Mayfield Democrat.

Dr. W. P. McKeel, of Wingo, has a natural (or rather unnatural) curiousity in the shape of a double pig. It has eight legs, four ears (two on top of the head and two caudal appendages, but has only one mouth. It is now preserved in alcohol

A stove made in 1828 in York, Pa., was recently sold for $1,000.

EBB AND FLOW.

Life throbs with tides that ebb and flow,
With things that come, and things that go.
The mists that rise when morn is fair,
That rise and float, then melt in air,
Are not more transient in their stay
Than are the hours that sped away,
For often life seems like a dream—
So quickly flash with glances and gleam,
A thousand things that come and go,
And cause the tides to ebb and flow.

A sad sweet strain that's borne along
By breath of wind; a bit of snow,
A few fond words when dear friends meet;
The music of laugh that's sweet;
The sympathy that prompts a sign;
A winsome face that passes by:
Brief joys, that stay their little while,
A kindly glance, a loving smile,
These ever come, and ever go,
And like the tides they ebb and flow.

A lovely landscape, fair and bright,
One moment seen, then lost to sight
The gorgeous clouds at set of sun
That crown the day when it is done
The frosty pictures on the pane
That fade, and come, and fade again;
The curling smoke that floats away;
A snow wreath on a winter's day;
All these like waves that ebb and flow,
With ceaseless throb still come and go.

—New York Tribune.

DEATH IN THE PIT.

Amy Glover was the prettiest lass in the village, and lovedI her,but,as for that all the young chaps in the village were of the same mind, but she never looked at one more than another. One day there was no work in the pit for my gang, and so I made up my mind that I would go and have it out with Amy. I set out with a brave enough heart, but just as I reached the cottage, who should come out but Amy herself, looking prettier than ever; but appearing so suddenly she dashed my spirit, and I hadn't a word to say to her.

"Why, Charley, what is the matter?" the cried, in a frightened sort of way.

"Well, it is just this," I said. And there I came to a full stop.

"Is anything wrong with Jack?" she asked, eagerly.

"Jack."

"Yes; he is down in the pit, and they say it is foul, which makes mother and me uneasy. You've not heard anything?"

'No," I answered, steadier now that I could comfort her. "He is all right. You musn't mind what the old women say, or you'll be looking for a blow-up every day in the year, when there is nothing more than common. I haven't come about Jack; it is about myself."

She looked at me; then her cheeks flushed, and she turned away.

"I want to tell you how I love you; I can't say all I want to, but here I am, and I wouldn't change for a king if you will take me as I am."

"Ah, you don't know how you pain me," she answered.

"Don't say that, Amy; but if you have pity in your heart show it to me, and I'll cherish you to the day of my death."

"It is no use. I can never marry a pit man. I gave the promis to mother and Jack over the graves of my father and three brothers, all killed at one time."

She looked at me through a mist of tears, and I turned and left her without another word.

I felt as if the sun would never shine for me any more; I thought I might as well be in my grave as to try and live there. Why shouldn't I go to Yorkshire to Derbyshire, or even to the diggings in Australia, for that matter? The notion of it gave me a little spirit. It turned my thoughts,and I stepped out more briskly, doing straight home. I hadn't much to little there, only to bid goodbye to the people I lived with, and I soon came out, pack on back, and began my tramp.

I was walking on, when suddenly the air rang with a crash which shook the ground. I knew what it signified; such sounds denote but one result in the Black Country; and, throwing off my pack, I darted off to the pit.

It didn't seem a minute before I came to the dust heaps around the pit's mouth but some were there before me, and people were rushing from the village in a stream. The smell from the pit almost threw me down as I came up, and I had to get my breath a little when three or four of us crept on to the mouth and looked down. The explosion had destroyed the cage, but it hadn't injured the signal rope; hence a means of communication remained for any one immediately below. As soon as I saw this I proceeded to rig a cross bar, and presently had it ready.

"Just lower me quietly; I may pick up one or two, if there's any near," I said to two banksmen.

"You can't go down yet," said the viewer. "How many are there in the pit?"

"Half an hour ago there were fifty; but I'm thankful to say they all came up but ten," replied the time-keeper.

"And they are lost,for there will be another explosion presently," said the viewer.

"I'll go down, anyhow," I said doggedby; "and if nobody will lower me I will jump down."

A good many were on the heaps, now, and two or three called out, "Good-bye, God bless you, dear lad." The banksmen answered me down,and I sank through the the pit's mouth. A Davy-lamp was tied found my waist, and I held a rope in my hand, so that I might signal to be hoisted up, if the air became foul. But I had no intention of going back until I had searched the pit and seen if there were any alive. One thing, I didn't care about my life; and another, I would have been ashamed to face the folks above without something,doing so I felt impatient that they lowered me at such a snail's pace, and I kept looking up and down to measure the distance yet to be traversed. But my progress was noticed by the increasing density of the air which began to affect my breathing; and so as I went on I had to shift my face from side to side to make a little current. At last my feet touched ground.

I looked around as I jumped off the straddle, and saw the furnace was out, which put a stop to the ventilation of the mine, and no air but by the shaft. The stench was overpowering, and from this and the silence I guessed the worst. It was evident that the explosion had killed the horses, for no sound came from the stables,which were close to the shaft; and what hope could there be for human beings in a distant part of the pit? I did not stand to make these reflections; I was working forward as they went through my mind. I knew the old pit blindfold, but what with the gloom and my shortness of breath,I was some minutes scrambling to the incline. When I reached the first gallery I pushed open the trap and went on a few steps, but my lamp was 'afire," and I knew the atmosphere was so much gunpowder. As I stumbled along it came into my head what Amy had said about Jack being in the pit. I rushed forward like mad; my foot struck something and I bent over what appeared to be a corpse, and the gleam of my lamp fell up on its face. It was Jack. I caught him in my arms,and with the strength of a giant and the speed of a deer—hardly conscious, hardly breathing—I made a dash for the shaft.

It was easier work going back, when you were in the main or horse road, and I found that Jack was breathing when I reached the shaft. The discovery kept all my senses at work without my seeming to notice it. I only felt that there would be another explosion. I placed Jack on the straddle and tied him hand and foot; then pulled the signal rope,and as the people above hauled the tackle, I hung on by my arms.

It wasn't till we had reached twenty feet up that I felt the strain of standing on nothing; but from that moment it became terrible. My hands seemed ready to snap and my head spun round in an agony. I watched the mouth of the pit until my eyes swam, and I thought I must drop before I reached the top. Then they began to hoist faster; I could see the walls of the shaft; I could feel the purer air; I heard voices; and presently strong arms caught me, and I was landed on the bank.

They had Jack off the straddle before you could look round,and he was carried away, while they raised my head and poured a little brandy into my mouth. I called out for the viewer.

"What is it, Charley Batson?"he asked bending over me.

"Everybody away from the moth of the pit, sir," I said.

"You are right; it will come in a minute or two," he answered.

They got me to the top of the bank, when I heard a scream, and there was Amy trying to throw herself on her brother, but kept back by the other women. She never glanced at me. I wished then that I had staid in the pit, or let myself drop from the bar as I came up, and so escaped seeing her again. But I made up my mind that I had looked on her for the last time. I told my helpers that I could walk now; and when they let go my arms I turned toward the moor intending to pick up mp pack and drag on to the next village. But I could no more walk five miles than I could fly. When I came to my pack I sank down by it and felt that I must give up. I was so beat that though the second explosion at the pit shook the ground under me, I didn't lift my head. All I thought of was lying quiet. By degrees I recovered a little strength, and my thoughts took me to my old lodging, where I decided to rest before I set out on my wanderings.

The day passed, and the night, and the next day, and I was still in bed, and the good folks of the house attending me like a child. My limbs, which had been racked with pain, now felt easy, and I was ready for a start again. But I thought there would be opposition, so I got up very quiet and was putting on my things, when the door opened, and in came Jack Glover.

"Hilloa, Charley, here we are, 'he cried, seizing my hand and giving it a hearty squeeze. "Who would have thought of us two being alive to-day?"

"Well, Jack, I am glad for you, but I shouldn't have cared for myself."

"How's that?"

"I have something on my mind."

"You!" he said, laughing, and giving me a little push. "Here, sit down and have a pipe, and it will all go off like the smoke."

"I don't care if I never smoke a pipe again," I said savagely.

"Now, I'll tell you what it is; you've been having a tiff with our Amy."

"I haven't."

"Well, you know best about that, but you were seen talking with her, and she had a crying fit directly after. And when she heard from me that it was you who brought me up from the pit, she fell fainting into my arms."

"Didn't she know that until you told her?" I asked.

"No."

"Then I'll just tell you all about her and me," I said.

I was a long time telling it, but Jack sat up as if he were listening to a play or a sermon at chapel. I told him of the feeling Amy had raised in my heart; told him how I had watched for her, thought of her, dreamed of her; and, finally, recounted our latest colloquy. Jack never moved a muscle, and not till I stopped for breath did he put in a word.

"Don't you think you have been a little fast, old boy?" he then said.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, in giving up so. Suppose when Amy said she couldn't have you, you had put your arm around her waist and said she must?"

The view had never struck me, and rather took me aback.

"But there was her promise to you and her mother never to marry a pitman."

"So there was, but did you never hear that promises were made to be broken?"

"I can't say but I have," I muttered, clapping on my hat.

"Where are you going?"

"You wait here a minute."

With that I took two strides down the stairs into the road into Mrs. Glover's cottage. I stood outside a minute, then I opened the door, and the first thing I saw was Amy sitting by her mother looking like a ghost—only ghosts never look pretty. She gave me one look, then started up and sprang into my arms. My heart was so full I couldn't speak at first but I thought I must do something, so I slipped my arm around her waist as Jack had recommended. Now I felt sure of her, and of all the happiness the world could give, and as my breast swelled proudly I began to bear a little malice.

"Ah, Amy, if you had only loved me," I said.

She tightened her arms around my neck.

"How happy we might have been," I continued.

"Then we can be, Charley," she said.

"How? We can never marry, you know."

The little fingers unlocked, and I felt Amy falling away, but I remembered Jack's counsel and held on by her waist.

"There's your promise to your mother and Jack; how are we to get over that?" I continued.

"I forgot that," faltered Amy, as white as a sheet.

"And what do you say to it, mother?" I cried to the old lady.

Mrs. Glover got up and took Amy's hand and put it in mine.

"That's what I say to it," she said heartily, "and Jack is of the same mind."

"And this is what I say to it," I cried, giving the girl a kiss.

You won't be surprised to hear that we were married the next week. And now I am the viewer of the colliery; and as for Amy she will tell you that, though she has married a pitman, and has her ups and downs like other people, there is no happier woman in the kingdom.

The Invention of Matches.

Springfield Republican,

"Did I ever tell you what Charles Sumner once said to me about the manufacture of matches?" queried Lucius C. Allin, the veteran armory foreman. "It was about fifty years ago now, when I was in doubt whether it would pay to go into the business, and asked Mr. Sumner what he thought about it. He turned around quick as a flash and said: 'Mr. Allin, how many pins do you suppose are made in a year.' I thought there must be a good many millions. 'And how many times,' he continued, 'is a pin used?' 'Perhaps twenty on an average,'I replied. 'Then at least twenty times as many matches will be needed as pins,' he concluded, 'and of course it will pay.' Now, did even Charles Sumner ever size up anything better than that? I made matches several years, and not only that, but I invented them. It was away back in the 30's when I was a boy. I was always fooling with the ingredients, brimstone and the like, until finally I struck an idea. Then I went to work and made a few matches, rather crude of course, and showed them to a few friends, but they didn't think it would amount to anything and I didn't either, at first, so I minded nothing about it till 1834, I think it was, when a friend persuaded me to apply for a patent. It was quite a trip to Washington in those days, but in a few days I got word that a Chicopee man had filed a similar application a short time before mine arrived. I was satisfied that I could get the patent by fighting for it, but I didn't think then that it would pay, and so I made an arrangement with the Chicopee man,by which I was to offer no opposition to his getting the patent, but was to have the right to manufacture matches on my own hook. He get the patent, and I went into the business. I had quite an establishment on Walnut street, hiring about thirty hands, mostly girls, and kept it till '37, the time of the great panic. The Chicopee man was a drunken peddler, and he went to Boston on a spree and gambled the patent away to men who have made their fortunes out of it. I sold matches all through the country, but there was a good deal of opposition to their manufacture. The papers said it was a bid for incendiarism, and many shopkeepers wouldn't sell them. The railroad had got as far as Worcester then, but they wouldn't carry matches, and I had to hire men to drive clear through to Boston. There were some other matches in the market that would crack like a pistol when you lit them, and when we put some in a box and set them afire it sounded like a small cannonade. But my matches were like what we have now, and were the first ever made that I know of."

A silver dime was found in the yelk of an egg recently broken at the Plankinton House, Milwaukee.

THE BAD BOY.

Peck's Sun.

"Well, great Julius Ceasar's bald-headed ghost, what's the matter with you," said the grocery man to the boy, as he came into the grocery on crutches, with one arm in a sling, one eye blackened, and a strip of court plaster across one side of his face. "Where was the explosion, or have you been in a fight? Or has your pa been giving you what you deserve, with a club? Here, let me help you. There, sit down on that keg of apple-jack. Well, by the great guns, you look as though you had called somebody a liar. What's the matter?" and the grocery man took the crutches and stood them up against the showcase.

"Oh, there's not much the matter with me," said the boy in a voice that sounded all broke up, as he took a big apple off the basket and began peeling it with his upper front teeth. "If you think I am a wreck you ought to see the minister. They had to carry him home in instalments, the way they buy sewing machines. I am all right, but they have got to stop him up with oakum and tar before he will ever hold water again."

"Good gracious, you have not had a fight with the minister, have you? Well, I have said all the time, and I stick to it, that you would commit a crime and go to State prison. What was the fuss about?" and the grocery man laid the hatchet out of the boy's reach for fear he would get excited and kill him.

"O, it want no fuss. It was in the way of business. You see the, livery man that I am working for promoted me. He let me drive a horse to haul sawdust for bedding, first, and when he found I was real careful he let me drive an express wagon to haul trunks. Day before yesterday, I think it was—(Yes, I was in bed all day yesterday)—day before yesterdav there was a funeral, and our stable furnished the outfit. It was only a common eleven dollar funeral, so they let me go to drive the horse for the minister—you know, the buggy that goes ahead of the hearse. They gave me an old horse that is thirty years old, that has not been off of a walk since nine years ago, and they told me to give him a loose rein, and he would go along all right. It's the same old horse that used to pace so fast on the avenue, years ago, but I didn't know it. Well, I wan't to blame. I just let him walk along as though he was hauling sawdust, and gave him a loose rein. When we got off of the pavement the fellow that drives the hearse, he was in a hurry, 'cause his folks was going to have ducks for dinner. and he wanted to get back, so he kept driving along side of my buggy, and telling me to hurry up. I wouldn't do it, 'cause the livery man told me to walk the horse. Then the minister, he got nervous, and said he didn't know as there was any use of going so slow, because he wanted to get back in time to get his lunch and go to a minister's meeting in the afternoon, but I told him we would all get to the cemetery soon enough if we took it cool, and as for me I wasn t in no sweat. Then one of the drivers that was driving the mourners, he came up and said he had to get back in time to run a wedding down to the one o'clock train, and for me to pull out a little. I have seen enough of disobeying orders. I told him a funeral in the hand was worth two weddings in the bush, and as far as I was concerned this funeral was going to be conducted in a decorous manner, if we didn't get back till the next day. Well, the minister said in his regular Sunday-school way, 'My little man, let me take hold of the lines,' and like a darn fool I gave them to him. He slapped the old horse on the crupper with the lines, and then jerked up,and the hearse driver then told the minister to pull hard and saw on the bit a little, and the old horse would wake up. The hearse driver used to drive the old pacer on the track, and he knew what he wanted. The minister took off his black kid gloves and put his umbrella down between us, and pulled his hat down tight on his head, and began to pull and saw on the bit. The old cripple began to move along sort of sideways, like a hog going to war, and the minister pulled some more, and the hearse driver, who was right behind, he said, so you could hear him clear to Waukesha, 'Ye-e-up,' and the old horse kept going faster, then the minister thought the procession was getting too quick, and he pulled harder, and yelled 'who-a,' and that made the old horse worse, and I looked through the little window in the buggy top, behind, and the hearse was two blocks behind, and the driver was laughing,and the minister he got pale and said, 'My little man, I guess you'd better drive,' and I said 'Not much Mary Ann; you wouldn't let me run this funeral the way I wanted to, and now you can boss it, if you will let me get out,' but there was a street-car ahead and all of a sudden there was an earthquake, and when I come to there were about six hundred people pouring water down my neck, and he hearse was hitched to the fence, and the hearse driver was asking if my leg was broke, and a policeman was fanning the minister with a plug hat that looked as though it had been struck by a pile-driver, and some men were hauling our buggy into the gutter, and some people were trying to take the old pacer out of the windows of the street car, and then I guess I fainted away agin. O, it was worse than telescoping a train loaded with cattle."

"Well, I swan," said the grocery man as he put some eggs in a funnel shaped brown paper for a servant girl. "What did the minister say when he come to?"

"Say! What could he say? He just yelled 'whoa,' and kept sawing with his hands as though he was driving. I heard the policeman was going to pull him for ast driving, till he found it was an accident. They told me, when they carried me home in a hack, that it was a wonder everybody was not killed, and when I got home pa was going to sass me, until the hearse driver told him it was the minister that was to blame. I want to find out if they got the minister's umbrella back. But I am all right, only my shoulder sprained, and my legs bruised, and my eye black. I will be all right and shal go to work to-morrow, 'cause the livery man says I was the only one in the crowd that had any sense. I understand the minister is going to take a vacation on account of his liver and nervous prostration. I would if I was him. I never saw a man that had nervous prostration any more than he did when they fished him out of the barbed wire fence, after we struck the street car. But that settles the minister business with me. I don't drive for no more preachers. What I want is a quiet party that wants to go on a walk," and the boy got up and hopped on one foot towards his crutches, filling his pistol pocket with figs as he hobbled along.

"Well, sir," said the grocery man, as he took a chew of tobacco out of a pail, and offered some to the boy knowing that was the only thing in the store the boy would not take, "Do you know I think some of these ministers have about as little sense on worldly matters, as anybody? Now, the idea of that man jerking on an old pacer. It don't make any difference if the pacer was a hundred years old, he would pace if he was jerked on."

"You bet," said the boy, as he put his crutches under his arms, and started for the door, "A minister may be sound on the Atonement, but he don't want to saw on an old pacer. He may have the subject of infant baptism down finer than a cambric needle, but if he has ever been to college, he ought to have learned enough not to say 'ye-up, to an old pacer that has been the boss of the road in his time. A minister may be endowed with sublime power to draw sinners to repentance, and make them feel like getting up and dusting for the beautiful beyond, and 'cause them,by his eloquence, to see angels bright and fair in their dreams,and chariots of fire flying through the pearly gates and down the golden streets of the New Jerusalem, but he wants to turn out for a street car all the same, when he is driving a 2:20 pacer. The next time I drive a minister to a funeral, he will walk," and the boy hobbled out and hung out a sign in front of the grocery, "Smoked dog fish at halibut prices, good enough for company."

A Flock of Fifty Eagles.

Sioux City Journal.

A flock of eagles is believed to be a rare thing, but that is just what Nick Maher ex-Sheriff of Dakota county, and R. L. Ward, of this city, saw on Friday afternoon. These two gentlemen were returning from Jackson to this city, coming by the island road. When about four miles out from Covington, in Col. Orr's timber in Brushy bend, they saw on the trees ahead of them what they at first supposed was a flock of turkeys. Coming nearer they saw that the birds were not turkeys but eagles, bald eagles, too. As they came close most of them flew off toward the north and were hid by the timber. But six remained. Among these six was one which Mr. Ward said looked like Old Abe, the Wisconsin war eagle. This one craned his neck as the two men passed directly under the tree where he sat. The men halloed, but neither this white-headed veteran nor any of the six flew off. Mr. Ward says there was fully fifty eagles in this flock. Their plumage was not all alike, some being gray-headed and others with white heads. Both gentlemen are confident that there are no mistake about the identity of the birds. It is possible that these bald eagles had been south to winter and so happened to come back in a body.

The bald eagle is not entirely the noble bird that he is pictured by the poets. Truth compels the statement that he is by birth and practice a thief, and his principal source of support is the fish-hawk, whom he robs remorselessly. He will catch rabbits and other small game when he can't find a fish-hawk to rob,and when on the tramp and hard up will eat carrion. The bald eagle, it may be mentioned in this connection, is the bird of our land.

A Peculiar Case of Blindness.

San Francisco Chronicle.

The case of Christopher Lynch, who is at present confined in St. Mary's Hospital is the most peculiar ever brought to that institution for treatment. Lynch was working last month in a field at his home, in Butte County, when, without apparent cause, he became in an instant totally blind. As he never experienced any former trouble with his eyes, the physicians were at a loss to account for this peculiar affliction, so Lynch was sent to Dr. McCarthy, at the hospital in this city, for treatment on February 26th, where he has since remained. The doctor made a careful diagnosis of the case, and found that the blindness was caused by a sudden hemorrhage at the junction of the optic nerves where they pass from the brain to the pupil of the eye. There is only one other case of a similar nature recorded.

In a poorly regulated family a bone of contention often develops into a skelelon in the closet.

IN THE HARBOR.

[Longfellow.]

When I compare
What I have lost with what I have gained,
What I have missed with what attained,
Little room do I find for pride.

I am aware
How many days have been idly spent;
How like an arrow the good intent,
Has fallen short or been turned aside.

But who shall dare
To measure loss and gain in this wise?
Defeat may be victory in disguise;
The lowest ebb is the turn of the tide.

CONDIMENTS.

A gentleman at the theater sits behind a lady who wears a very large hat. "Excuse me, madam, but unless you remove your hat I can see absolutely nothing." Lady ignores him, "Excuse me, madam, but unless you remove your hat something unpleasant will happen." Lady ignores him again. Gentleman puts on his own hat. Loud cries from the audience: "Take off that hat! Take off that hat!" Lady thinks they mean her hat, and removes it. "Thank you, madam.

One of the sweetest pictures of domestic economy is a poet blacking a white stocking so that it won't show through the fissure of his boot.

A seatside belle having left her bathing-shoes out of the hotel window to dry, the town paper announced that the hotel had erected new awnings of a unique design.

"They say Charlie has married. Do you know his wife? Is she a woman of any intelligence? Is she well-informed?" "Well-informed? Well I should say so. She has belonged to the village sewing-circle for ten years and never missed a meeting."

A famous North Carolina clergyman while preaching a few Sundays ago from the text, "He giveth His beloved sleep," stopping in the middle of his discourse, gazed upon his slumbering congregation and said: "Brethren, it is hard to realize the unbounded love which the Lord appears to have for a large portion of my auditory."

A man up town made a wager with a lady that he could thread a needle quicker than she could sharpen a lead pencil. The man won; time, 14 minutes and 40 seconds. It is thought the result would have been different if the woman had not run out of lead pencil inside of five minutes.

A young politician explained the tattered condition of his trowsers to his father by stating that he was sitting under an apple tree enjoying himself, when the farmer's dog came along and contested his seat.

A Safe Game.

Arkansas Traveler.

The Arkansas Judge, as a supporter of the law, knows nothing but the discharge of his duty, or rather what he considers his duty. He is never influenced, unless the pressure is great. The other day a negro charged with a misdemeanor was taken before a rural Judge, who, after hearing the testimony, said: "I shall have to fine him to the full extent of my financial jurisdiction. I shall make an example of him and send him to jail."

"Jedge, I uster work at yer house, didn't I?"

"Yes, but you needn't attemt any sympathy on me."

"I ain't er gwine ter ax fur no sympathy, as yer calls it, an' yer needn't skeer yerse'f. Yerse'f is a big man in de church, an' is hil' up as de zample ob a good husband; but I uster to work at yer house, an' ef yer plasters one ob dem fines on me I'll proclamate some mighty disagreeable news in dis neighborhood. Jes go ahead, sah, an' send me ter jail; but on de road dar ef I doan 'mulgate some 'telligence 'bout yerse'f, sah—suthin' what I diskivered while I was workin' at yer house—dat'll make de folks stan' aroun' an' ax fer mo'."

"Get out of this Court-room," demanded the Judge,"and if I catch you here again it won't be good for you. Mr. Officer, let the scoundrel proceed."

"Has he paid his fine, Your Honor?"

"Paid nothing. He was never known to pay any thing."

"What was de facks dat yer had on de Jedge?" asked an acquaintance when the "prisoner" left the room.

"Nothin'. Doan' know a thing agin de man; but, lemme tell yer, you can try dat game on any ob em wid success."

Material for a Romance.

Russellville Herald-Enterprise.

The departure of a certain gentleman of Muhlenberg county for Arizona,last week, was an incident in a story about which could be built an interesting romance. Between twenty-five and thirty years ago, when the gentleman was a baby, his father left home to better his fortunes, andwent, it was thought, to California. His wife heard nothing from him or of him until he had been gone for three or more years, when she received a check for $500 and requesting her to come to him. She kept the money, as was proper, but declined to make the journey, and he became silent again. Years went by and the lady, after the proper preliminaries, married again. The gentleman had almost dropped from the minds of his old neighbors, many believing him dead, until a few weeks ago, when he gave another sign of life by sending another check for $500. This time the money was sent to his son, whom he remembered only as "the baby," but who is the father of a family himself now. In his letter he said if his son would come to him in Arizona, he would give him a good farm. The young man accepted the offer. The meeting of the old man and "the baby" will doubtless be an interesting one. The gentleman is said to be quite rich now.

Temperance Banner

SAMUEL JACOBS & CO., - PROPRIETORS.

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TIME TABLE.

Chicago, St. Louis & Pittsburgh R. R

Schedule in effect April 1, 1883.

Trains depart from and arrive at Logansport Station as follows:

DEPART.

For Chicago, *2 50 a m, †7 00 a m, †2 35 p m, †4 00 p m.
For Columbus via Bradford, †12 50 a m, †10 30 a m, †4 09 p m.
For Columbus via Richmond, *12 45 a m and †1 35 p m.
For Cincinnati via Richmond, *12 45 a m, †5 20 a m, †1 35 p m
For Indianapolis and Louisville via Kokomo, *12 55 a m, †1 30 p m
For Richmond, *12 45 a m, †5 20 a m, †1 35 p m
For State Line, †8 00 a m, †10 40 a m, †7 00 p m

ARRIVE.

From Chicago, *12 35 a m, †11 50 a m, †1 15 p m, †8 00 p m
From Columbus via Bradford, †2 10 a m, †1 10 p m, †6 00 p m
From Columbus via Richmond, *2 35 a m †2 20 p m
From Cincinnati via Richmond, *2 35 a m and †2 20 p m
From Louisville and Indianapolis, via Kokomo, *2 20 a m, †2 15 p m
From Richmond, *2 35 a m, †2 20 p m, †6 00 p m, †7 30 p m
From State Line, †10 10 a m, †1 00 p m, †3 50 p m.

* Daily; †Daily except Sunday.

Sleeping Cars attached to through trains run regularly between Logansport and Chicago, Indianapolis, Louisville, Columbus and Cincinnati.

For time tables, rates of fare, through tickets and baggage checks, and further information regarding the running of trains, apply to J. A. McCullough, Ticket Agent, Logansport, Ind.

Time given above is Columbus, O, time.

JAS. MCCREA, Manager, Columbus, O. E. A. FORD, Gen Pass Agt, pro tem, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific Railway.

GOING WEST.

Through Express	1 26 p m
Pacific Express	8 02 a m
Express (to Lafayette only)	7 40 p m
Fast Line, daily	11 22 p m
Accommodation	2 52 p m†

GOING EAST.

Lightning Express, daily	4 17 a m
Through Express	11 54 a m
Atlantic Express	6 23 p m
Express to Ft Wayne only	8 32 a m
Accommodasion	8 30 p m

DETROIT BRANCH.

2 00 p m	Mail	10 15 a m
7 80 p m	Accommodation	4 00 p m

PEORIA DIVISION.

Arrive at 3 40 a m and 4 00 p m
Leave at 8 15 a m and 11 37 p m
Take passengers from Logansport to Peru †For Lafayette only. *For Sheldon and points west, 11 35 p m daily. Through Express 8 15 a m daily except Sunday.

CHURCH DI RECTORY,

Catholic.

St. Bridget's—North-west corner of Wheatland and Heath. Rev. B. Kræger, pastor. Services—Mass, 8 a. m. and 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. Vespers, 3 p. m.

St. Joseph's.—Northwest corner Second and Market. Rev. H. Koehne, pastor. Services—Mass, 8 and 10 a. m. Vespers, 3 p. m.

St. Vincent de Paul—South side of Spencer, between 8th and 9th. Rev. E. P. Walters, pastor. Services—Mass, 8 and 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. Vespers, 3 p. m,

Presbyterian.

First Presbyterian Church.—South-east corner of Spencer and Seventh streets. Rev. W. E. Loucks, pastor. Services—10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 9 a. m.

Broadway Presbyterian Church.—South-west corner of Ninth and Broadway. Rev. E. S. Scott, pastor. Services—10.30 a. m and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m.

Baptist.

Baptist Church.—North-east corner Seventh and Broadway. Rev H. L. Stetson, pastor. Services, 10. 30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m.

Christian.

Christian Church—South-west corner of Ninth and Spear streets. Rev. W. R. Lowe, pastor. Services—10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m.

Episcopal.

Trinity Church.—Northwest corner of Seventh and Market. Rev. E .H. Peruker, rector Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.

Evangelical.

German Evangelical Church.—North-east corner of Wheatland and Brown. Rev ..... pastor. Services 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 9 a. m.

Lutheran.

St. Jacobs'.—North-east corner Ninth and Spear. Rev. A. J. Jox, pastor. Services, 10 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.

Methodist Episcopal.

African Church (colored).—Southwest corner of Market and Cicott. Rev. T. A. Alexander pastor. Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 3 p m.

Broadway M. E. Church.—North-east corner of Eighth and Broadway. Rev. J. H. Ford, pastor. Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

Market Street M. E. Church.—South side of Market, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth. Rev. M. S. Metts, pastor. Services, 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.40 p. m.

Cumberland Presbyterian.

Cumberland Presbyterian Church.—North side of Broadway, West Side. Rev. A. W. Hawkins, pastor. Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday School, 2.30 p. m.

HANS SAUERMILCH'S

Opinion on "Der Penefits uv Trinking."

From the "Dinner Hour Department" of The Hub.

MEISTER SHENTLEMENS: Py reauv a letter in der newspaper, I haf been requested to ocks-press mein-self on der vhiskey question.

As I am der boss mit a bier saloon, it was yust right dot I stand oop fur dot peezness. Uv a man vas got a saloon mit himself, I guess hevas know some tings apout trinks, *ain't it?*

I am avare dot lots uv vellers dat vants to save monish, vas dryin' to runs down der peezness: der vas Shon B. Go-off, und Suse Anthony, und Parnum's Circus, und blenty uv unner vellers; but ven I dold you some dings I guess you vould say "Pully fur Sauer milch! his het vas level."

Der ort to pe a rum schop on every corner, in every town, and den peezness vould be goot. Der vhiskey peezness helps enny town. No matter how dull peezness vas, beeples will spend der monish fur trinks. Dis vas broved efry tay. All ofer Nye-York you can find vorking mans dot vos gomblaining apout der pay, und dromish in det dey vould go on some strikes pecause dey don't got some more vages und yet dose same mens vill spend feefty cents efry tay fur vhiskey und bier. Dot brooves dot der liquor peezness vas helpin' drade, *ain't it?*

Und dot vas not der only vay; der vas menny unners. Uv it vas not fur trinking, menny public puildings vould not peen puilt: dese brisons, und shails, und poor hauses, und inebriate asylums und such dings; und eef dees hauses vas not puilt vy uv course der meganics vould haf nodtings to do, *ain't it?*

Uv you don,t got some rum schops in der town you von't need no shail, und uv course you don't vant no sheriff und vot vould der boliticians done?

Uv der vas no rum der vould peen no murders, no fites, no stabs, no licking your vife, no nodtings fur der newspapers, und vat vould der editors done? Und vat vonld der lawyers done? Ah! mein freunds, pefore you run down der rum, you yust think uv all dose dings. How menny beeples vould peen out uv vork, mit-out liquor? Vy! ve vould need no bo-lices; no charity gommissious; no supe-hauses, no communists; no nodtings.

Uv you hat no vhiskey-schops, vare vould your poys spend der efenings? Vy! dey vould haf to stry at home, und it vould kill menny uv them to be case into der same society as der mudders' und seesters. Der mudders could not dell dem der same sholly stories vot dey here mit der sallon: dot vas em-bossible. Pesides, der saloon vas uv puse to der vamiley Uu you half a son, und you don't vant him setting around der havs all der efeing, you can yust send him to der saloon: und he vould not vorry you some more dot night. In all dese vays a saloon helps a town ferry mooch, ain,t it?

Und it helps you socially. It penefits your vamily. It helps your sons to get ock-quainted mit beeple dot dey vould not odder vise know, mit-out der saloon.

Der vas nodtings like bier fur sociableness— except vhiskey. Vhiskey vas a lettle ahed.

Der vas a time ven dwo or dree freunds meet, und schake hands mit demselves von uv dem vill say: "Let's haf somedings?" und dey vill valk into der saloon (der is always von hanpy) und von veller says: " Vot vill you dake? ,, Und der unner veller says: ,, I vill take der same; ,, und den dey yust douch dose glasses to gedder und say: " Her she goes, ,, und she does go. Den der unner veller vill say: " Now you must dake somedings mit me, " und dey go droo der same berformances mit demselves vonce more. Dot vas sociadility. Uv you don't got some saloons how you vas gone to done dot, eh?

Vhiskey onables a man to bury his thoughts. He vill forgot all about his harp vork—somedimes fur more ash a veek

It gifs a man courage in running his haus. Vot uould a man done mit out hss trinks? I vas so meek as Moses val I vas sober, but ven I vas full mit bier, you yust pet yhur poots der children und der olt voman vas Sot to shump arount lifely. Mein vife don't dalk dack to me den ;uq she vauld, I lick her like plazes. I let her know I vas so good a man as vot she vas, or some unner vons also

Viskey teaches a man not to pe broud mit himself. Ven a man vas sober he vants glean glose, und a goot bec, und blenty oj unner dings. But ven he is drunk, he vas not no stoockoop. He don't gare vot kind of glose he vares und yen it cooms to schleeping, he vould yust so soon schleep in der gutter as some unner blaces, und he dinks der curbstone vas a pillar, don't it?

Liquor vas healthy, doo. I know me dot. Yust you vatch enny man dot keeps a saloon, und vas not doo stingy ro daink his own drinks. Yust you vatch him und see vat a pig pelly he vas got. You don't vant some petter broof as dot, ain't it? Ven I started a saloon I vas ferry skinny, und now der poys gall me "old bloat." I vas gettin' ferry fat

Efry town likes to haf rich men, und dere vas no peezness in vich a man gould got rich so soon as in der saloon deezness in vich a man gould got rich so soon as in der saloon peezness. Der vas a ferry pig brofit in all kinds uv drinks. Yust look at some boor yung veller vat vos tending bar' He starts mit nottings. und ni a few yahrs he vos got schirts mit frills, und a dimon pin, und gold vatch mid a chain dot weighs den pounds, unc monish enuff to start a saloon uv his own.

Look at me. I start a bier saloon after I failed to get rich in der puggy peeznese, und now I got no droubles, und no vork, only to tap a new kag ven der unner van vas dry, and rake in der stamps.

I am a freund do der vorking man pecaues dey are freunds to me, und help to support me. Ven der vorkingmens vas mat mit ter posses, dey meet at mine saloon, und trink bier, und make speeches, und say: "Tam ter panks, und der rich beeples," und tings like dot. I say so doo. Somedimes I vas mat. It vas ven vimmens und children coom here to peg monish to puy pread, und ven I say " No, " den dey say der husbunds and vaters spend all der monish here. Vot vas dot 'dere peezness? All vimmens tinks uv, vas spending monish on dress, und der olt man must vork!! vork !!! und haf no enshoyment.

I stick me to mine saloon. I haf a license, und der government vas backing me; und Murphy, nor der Vimmen's Crusade, nor enny unner man can make me stop. Dots der kind of feller vot I vas!

HANS SAURMILCH.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

A fire broke out in the stave factory of A. G. Shafler, at Columbus, last week, was extinguished after a loss of $700.

Andrew Tyler shot and killed French Graham, a roustabot from Ripley, Ohio at Cincinnati, to day. Both were colored.

A runaway team dashed a young man named Hoops, of Monroe City, against a stump on Tuesday, inflicting serious injuries.

Eli Solomon, a section hand was run over by a hand car west of Washington, and terribly bruised and cut. His recovery si doubtfull.

At Stockton, Cal., Henery Emil Johnson and James Donelly met in a grocery last evening and fought with knive, each killing the other.

Hezekiah Downs, of Connersville, hurt a few days ago by falling upon a picket fence, died Monday from the bursting of an artery in the wond.

Miss Jane Grow, an accomplished young lady of Montgomery, has been sentenced to two yeara imprisonment in the Daviess county jail for stealing silk from a store.

The residence of Daniel Emick, of Hendricks township, Shelby county, burned Monday night. The household goods were saved. Loss $1,750; insured for $1,100.

Thomas Ladd, who owns a saw mill four miles east of Plymoth, while endeavoring to kick a chip from near a buzz saw, struck the saw insted and had his foot cut off.

While the Van Amburg show was parading the streets in Connersville a lion in one of the cages became enraged, and seized his keeper by the leg, inflicting serious injuries.

John Wallace had his skull fracturd Monday evening in an altercation with Harrison Fox, in Madison. Fox was arrested and lodged in jail. Wallace is lying in a critical condition.

Thomas Lindsey, a well-to do farmer living near Muncie, while in the woods with his gnn, yesterday, accidently fired it, lodging the contents in his right breast. Death followed in a few hours.

At Clinton, Iowa, a nine-year old son of Buck Jorden was permited to play with an old gun. Result; Mrs. Wheeler, an aged women, killed and her daughter, Mrs. Allen, and a baby wounded.

In an altercation at Madison Saturday night, resulting from a quarrel, over a game of, Peter Siegel was shot in the left breast by Samuel Kelso, who gave himself up. Siegel's recovery is doutful.

Charles Thore, formerly a saloonkeeper at Union City, has been convicted of the murder of W. F. Commings, a wealthy banker of Nevada City, Cal. and has been sentenced to the penitentiary for life.

Fire consomed the large barn of Alexander Thomas, a few mill north of Muncie on Saturday, together with four valuabl horses, agricultural implements and feed. Loss estimated at $3,000 no insurence.

Mrs. Flora Fately and Miss Anna Trimble, both resideing in Washington township, Shelby county, have been indicted by the grand jury in two cases each for disturbing a church meeting at Lewis creek.

Monday night the residence of Daniel Ewick, in west Hendricks township, some twelve miles from Shelbyville, caught fire and was burned. Most of the furniture was saved. Loss $1,500; insurance $1,200.

John Monroe, a resident of Urbana, Wabash county, and sixty years of age, while intoxicated, last night, attempted to ascend the Huntington street hill, at Wabash, but rolled down it, breaking his shoulder.

A Washington, D. C., man, named King, has invented a suicide pellet. They are the size of a capsule, and are flavored to suit any taste. When swallowed by the victim the moisture of the stomach causes them to explode, and the man is blown to atoms.

A large barn, belonging to Capt. George U. Carter, one mile south of Winchester, was burned yesterday morning. Its contents, consisting of six head of horses, five cows, eight calves, a wagon, buggies, harness, farming implements and a quantity of grain all burned. Loss about $3,000.

Temperance Onward.

The temperance cause has gained favor, and waxed strong against power and wealth against stately wisdom in high places, against the rebuke of the politicians, beneath the frown of authority and the decree of courts, and political Charlatans It has steadily moved forward gathering strength until its enemies have well nigh become its footstool, such a swelling spirit is not a wind from the desert, it is the spirit of God. It is the sublime progres of the grandest cause of the age, christianity excepted.

RUM BLOSSOMS.

We build houses for the poor, levy taxes to support them, and then license a grog-seller to fill them with the wives and children of its patrons.

William Sanders, a New York saloon keeper, was yesterday probably fatally beated by Mike Cleary, a pugilist, and James Freeman, a wrestler.

Alcohol does not contain any of the elements of food, and therefore is not useful in developing bone, nor muscle, nor blood, nor brain, nor any part of the human body.—Dr. Story.

Mortiz Stadelmbnn a Chicago saloon keeper, resisted arrest for attempting to kill his wife, and fatally wounded one constable and slightly wounded a second. He was locked up all the same.

George Hendricks and James Foster, the later of whom tends bar in Field's saloon, in Fairland, five miles north of Shelbyville, got into a row over a game of pool, in Field's saloon, and Hendricks drew his revolver and shot at Foster, the ball hitting him in the arm.

William Saxton, a countryman was cut into pieces by an Ohio and Mississippi train west of Olney, Ill., April 20. He had been in town drunk that afternoon, and went to sleep on the track. He leaves two penniless sisters.

A young man from Fergus Falls, in the employ of an itinerate doctor, imbibing too freely of bad whisky at one of the saloons a few days ago, was attacked with delirium and became so violent that he had to be locked up in the villiage jail. He was taken to St. Cloud on Wednesday morning, adjudged insane and sent to the asylum at St. Peter.—Melrose Record.

Edward Jump, a well known cartoonist, and a native of Paris, formerly of Frank Leslie's staff, attempted suicide at Chicago, one evening last week, at the printing house of J. B. Jeffrey & Co., putting a bullet through his forhead. He cannot live much longer. In his pocket was found a letter requesting that if he was disfigured his wife should not be allowed to see him. Domestic trouble was the cause. When the news was taken home his wife was found dead drunk.

I deliberately declare that in five weeks and a half in England I have seen as many women under the influence of liquor as I have seen men under like influences within the preceding three years. Nor do these women idrink beer alone; they, as a rule, drink whisky. I have in scores and scores of instances seen little children' late at night, at the saloon door, crying for mother to go home; as in our land wives plead for their husbands. At the very treshold of nearly all the grand ruins of palaces, and abbys, and castles beer and whiskey beg to be swallowed:—Dr. Arthur Edwards.

The Des Moins Register says: We hear a great deal in Iowa just now of the splendid high license law of Nebraska. But a solid citizen of Omaha writes the Inter Ocean that so far from being effective in that city, the saloons there have been running during the year withot any license at all, bnt paying into the city treasury a fine of $25 per month. Very recently the city council of Omaha has passed an ordinance fixing the price of license at $500, whereas under the State law, it should be 1,000. Ah, what a bubble and cheat high license is! In the river cities of Iowa the anti-Prohibiti on papers advocate for the State at large, bnt opposes it at home. If these river papers and the people back of them in their cities only delieved in high license, they would adopt it in their own town.

But it is only a makeshift under wnich to oppose prohibition."

I believe that the only remedy for intemperance is to make drunkenness the prime offense, and to bring about a state of public feeling in which drunkenness and all approaches to it shall be looked upon with the same disesteem, loathing and intense moral disapprobation with which the attempt is made to brand the sale of spirituous liquors. Stigmatize the sale and the seller as you please, I care not with how deep a brand, if you will only make one deeper still for those whose vice makes the sale infamous. The most efficient legislation in behalf of temperance would be subjecting intoxication in all cases to ignominious punishment. What the law makes ignominious society will hold in like disesteem. If a young man of a respectable family is liable to be locked up in a house of correction for coming home drunk from a convivial gathering, not only will he be restrained from excessive indulgence, but his parents and friends will be very careful how they start him on the first steps of the evil way. Making drunkenness infamous would do more than all things else towards checking, and to a very large degree preventing, the use of strong drink of any kind in families and on occasions of social festivity, and would multiply beyond any other conceivable cause the number of total abstinents.—Rev. Andrew P. Peabody.

—No man can fail to see the signs of progress in the temperance cause, and no man can fial to see the combined efforts to check it.

GOLD DUST.

Montaur is entirely out of debt.

There is flogging in English military prisons.

Washington is now as dull as a woman's penknife.

Some valuable phosphate beds have been found in Florida.

There are now 331 students at the University of Virginia.

There are now $700,000 in silver in the Texas State treasury.

About 450 miles of thread are made each day in American mills.

Since 1876 over 41,000 miles of tile drain has been laid in Illinois.

The 217 native papers of India are trying to form a press association.

Even young Mr. Wilde must concede that the dude's head is full of sawdust.

The colored Methodist Episcopal church has more than 100,000 members.

A Dresden artist has made a watch, entirely of paper which keeps good time.

New Jersey stands second in regard to railway facilities in the United States.

In the Suttgart library are 577 different editions of the Bible in over 100 languages.

Pearl fishing is pursued by no less than 1,000 divers on the coast of lower California.

In Wilmington, N. C., the white schools receive $3,904 and the colored $6,132 of the school tax.

The law can never make a man honest; it can only make him very uncomfortable when he is dishonest.

As many as eight different colored ribbon cockades with cock's comb end are seen on some new bonnets.

The first metal found in the ruins of the Tuileries was coined into a medal and presented to Victor Hugo.

George M. Pullman has donated a public building and library of over 5,000 volumes to the town bearing his name.

A strange fact about the Snake river, in Idaho, is that a body drowned in its waters is never seen or heard of again.

The local option act lately passed by the legislature of Florida has been sustained by the supreme court of that State.

It is estimated that there are about 111,000 old soldiers in Kansas and about 20,000 soldiers' widows and orphans.

Bishop Simpson advises, "Never invest in mining stocks any money that you are not prepared to lose." As that piece of wisdom was purchased by the good Bishop not long ago at a cost of $600, it ought to be worth something.

The temperance movement is at high tide in England and the revenue from intoxicating liquors is falling off. Since October, 1880, 1,000,000 people have put on the blue ribbon, and one half a million have signed thepledged.

Miss Belle Cushman Eaton, a grandniece of the famous Charlotte Cushman is said to be preparing to go upon the stage. She is seventeen years old, lives in Boston, and appeared as a public reader, for the first time, a few evenings ago.

Landlord—"We're so crowded, I'm sorry to say, that you two gentlemen will have to sleep in the same bed with another guest." Travelers—"O, no, we can't do that; we're grangers, and don't want any middle man."—[Courier-Journal.

Mrs. Johnson, cook at a Seymour hotel, was notified a few days ago by attorneys at Jeffersoville that she would hear of something to her advantage by calling on them. She did so, and found that a fortune of $22,000 awaited her.

Some scamp is traveling through the state representing to ex-soldiers that they are entitled to 160 acres of land, and filing claims for them in the land office at Washington. The claims go into the waste basket at the department, being entirely worthless.

"Women's rights!" exclaimed a Philadelphia man when the subject was broached. "What more rights do they want? My wife bosses me; our daughters boss both of us and the servant girl bosses the whole family. It's time the men were allowed some rights."—Philadelphia News.

Dr. E. R. Showalter, of Mobile, Ala., has presented to the university of Alabama his valuable collection of fossils and marine and fresh-water shells, embracing more than 100,000 specimens, together with a library of scientific works. It is said to take rank among the best collections of the United States.

Rosa Bonheur is in her 61st year, and still lives her curious retired life, dressed in male attire, and painting industriously. Lefevre's gallery in London is to have an exhibition of her later works, including the "Random Shot," in which the figures are by Sir Edwin Landseer; "The Old Monarch," "The Wounded Eagle," "The Wild Cat," and eight or nine other large compositions.

Farm and Household.

Young peaches in Tennessee are as large as thimbles

Thirty-five people left Mattoon, Ill last week for Dakota

10,000 people a week are pouring into the far northwest.

It is estimated that $25,000,000 worth of small fruits are sold annually in the city of New York.

Monarchist, the stallion owned by D. Swigert, of Fayette county, Ky., is dead. He was valued at $15,000.

The garden truck raised about Norfolk Va., this season, will require 1,000,000 barrels in which to market it.

A French investigator finds that in proportion to its size, a bee can pull thirty times as much weight as a horse.

Within one week Wm. Furgeson, of Liberty, has lost twenty-one good colts and two good horses from pink eye.

Fifteen thousand fruit trees were received in Seymour a few days ago, most of which went to farmers in a German settlement of Jennings county.

The famous Greeley farm in Chappaqua has recently been advertised to rent, and will, before long, be sold under the provisions of Mr Greeley's will.

Below Little Rock, Arkansas, they have been figuring out the profits of a strawberry raising, and find that the average net proceeds per acre to be $154.

John Anuck, the well known fruit grower of Morgan county, says that the peach buds are all killed in that locality, and that he will take fifty cents for his entire crop.

A Culpepper, Virginia, farmer three years ago bought a flock of sheep for which he paid $300. From that flock he has since realized $2,100, and has on his farm 200 lambs.

A tract of 280 acres of land one mile south of Lawrence, Kan., has been purchased by the government as a site for an industrial school for Indians. It is designed to erect buildings capable of accommodating 300 pupils.

Fruit growers in Floyd county report the buds of the peaches, apples, and pears uninjured; May cherries somewhat injured, but other varieties all right. There is promise of a large s rawb rry and rasbberry crop.—Paon Republican.

The seed department of the agricultural department at Washington is at a low ebb. The drain during the past two or there months has been so great from all sections of the country, that now but a little granary of galden and flower seed remain on hand.

According to the reports of farmers and others there has been a vast improvement in the growing wheat crop of this country during the past two weeks. Under the influence of the favorable weather it has developed rapidly, and everything now indicates that there will be a full average crop,—Columbus Republican.

A man in Bridgeporte, Conn., cut a branch from a cherry tree and placed it in water, with which he mixed, the first day, five grains of nitrate soda. The dose was increased one grain each day, and in less than a week the buds began to swell and the branch was full of blossoms. The man expects to have ripe cherries in a few weeks.

HOW TO TINT WHITE LACE.—In reply to a question "how best to get a yellow tint for white lace?" saffron is suggested. It desolves in cold water as easily as indigo, and various beautiful, creamy tints can be obtained, varying according to the amount saffron used. First experiment with a bit of refuse lace, and take care that the yellow tint be not too deep. For tulles and fichus that are ironed and not merely stretched and pinned down, some powdered gum arabic must be added to the saffron, and must be allowed to thoroughly melt and mix with the dye, thus giving it the same tone, color, and crimpness by dipping the lace or tulle (without twisting) into the solution of gum and saffron. To iron lace, fine muslin should be laid over it, and it should be ironed on the wrong side upon a thick blanket, so that the raised cords, etc, forming the pattern, shall not be pressed and flattened into the tulle ground. Very choice laces should not, of course, be ironed, but, when every tiny point has been tacked in place upon a strip of flannel, it should be placed under a heavy weight.—Exchange.

HOW TO SET YOUR NEW HOUSE.—The question has been asked why is it that in placing a house or laying out a town or the street lines of house walls are usually made to conform to the cardinal points of compass? Another method is suggested which, from a sanitary point of view has several reasons in its favor. If house walls were arranged in a direction diagonal to the customary plan, so that walls that now run north, south, east and west would run northwest, southwest; northeast and sometimes respectively, the sun would shine on two sides of the house all day, instead of blistering the south side while the corresponding half to the north remains in the shade and permanently damp. At noon, according to the new plan, a corner of the house would pe presented toward the sun, instead of a side, so that the violenbe of the heat would strike in a slanting direction on two sides at once, and therefore with diminished force. The diagonal plan of arraugment would lesson the force of the prevailing north winds in the same way, so that extremes of heat and cold would be less felt, while the sunlight would reach every quarter of the house during the day. A new town planned according to the diagnal method would possess a novel advantage, having one side of every street shady during the heat of the day.—Toronto Mail.

The complexions of these English girls are exquisite, showing not only the results of a favorable and humid climate, but that which is more essential as a factor—good health. No tight lacing, no late hours, no hot bread and ice water, no candies or sweets, no insubordination to family rule, no rushing into womanhood while yet school girls. Again, nine-tenths of these young ladies have never known what it was to violate the wish of a parent or a propriety of action or speech.

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H. P. Biddle

TEMPERANCE BANNER.

"IN HOC SIGNO VINCES."

VOL. I. LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1883. NO. 9.

—Saloons are odious excressences.

—Right should make no compromise with wrong.

—Whisky in our large cities dictates nominations.

—Burglary is prohibited. Liquor selling is unmolested.

—Every whisky saloon is a recruiting station for the devil.

—Drunkenness renders the existence of police courts a necessity.

—The right to sell that which is a bane to virtue ought to be prohibited.

—Prompt in decision, firm in action, vigorous in effort, are the essentials necessary to success.

—"Something must be done," cries the liquor league, "to prevent the spread of temperance."

—Temperance, Organization and Revolution are now the three great acts in the drama of our national existence.

Drunkenness is the result of liquor selling; liquor selling is the result of liquor making. Prohibition would put a stop to both.

—The progress of temperance is like the morning dawn. The day begins, not with a burst of meridian splendor, but its dawn peeps from behind the hills, tinging the sea with its beautiful rosy colors.

—Could a bell of sufficient dimensions be constructed and suspended in the air, and could be heard by every man, woman and child in the continent, and were it tolled 10 minutes for every inebriate that died, its mournful dirdge would never cease tolling.

—A political party that depends upon the whisky vote deserves to be defeated, whether it be Republican or Democratic. What a humiliating spectacle it is to see any great party crouching at the feet of the Whisky League imploring its smiles and favors. How are the mighty fallen!

—The interests of the Liquor League must be protected against the demands of wrecked homes, half-starved children, and poorly clad women. The latter seem to have no rights that legislators, supreme courts or liquor leagues respect. If there is a God in Israel this iniquity must cease among men.

HEAVENLY RECOGNITION.

There is a question connected with our future existence to which affection ever prone demands an answer, and will not turn away unsatisfied. It is future recognition, or shall we know each other in heaven?

As we stand by the grave of departed worth and sigh for the dead, the memory of the loved and departed rekindles the fires of old affections, and we almost imagine them at our sides. How natural the inquiry, Shall we see them again, and will there be a mutual recognition of each other? The soul revolts at the very thought that in that world beyond the stars friend will not hold fellowship with friend on a more intimate relation than could exist this side of heaven. Then again when dark clouds overhang the mental vision, fears are entertained that we have been cherishing a fond dream of fancy, instead of a reality clearly deducible from the "Book of Life," that the "wish is father to the thought" that has cheered so many death-beds, and shed a gleam of light on all the sepulchers by our side. The reunion of parents and children in heaven, as well as earthly friends, is a thought full of consolation; and the idea that our departed friends will welcome us into the region of the blest imparts a joyful sensation of delight.

A lovely and precious child lost her mother at an early age, too early to fix the loved features in her memory. She was frail as beautiful; and as the bud of her heart unfolded it seemed to turn instinctively towards heaven. She was the idol of that bereaved family. But death, who predominates over all flesh, commenced on this dear one with his arrows of fatal destruction, and she faded away. She would lay upon the lap of a friend, and, throwing her tiny arms around her neck, would say, "Now tell me about mama." And when the same old tale had been repeated, she would softly say, "Take me into the parlor; I want to see mama," and the dear one would lay for hours gazing on her mother's portrait. The hour camp at last. The dew of death was already on the tender flower, as its sun was about to set forever. "Do you know me, darling," sobbed close to her ear, but it awoke no answer. Suddenly a brightness as if from the heavenly world burst over the child's colorless countenance. Her eyelids flashed open, the lips parted, her little hands flew up, and looking piercingly into the far-off land, "Mother!" she exclaimed, and serenely passed into her mother's bosom. Said a distinguished divine who witnessed the scene, "If I never before believed in the ministration of the departed ones, I could not doubt it now."

The truthfulness of future identy might with safety be left to what in our times is denominated Christian consciousness. Nature feels it, reason confirms it, and revelation makes it divinely sure.

There is not a nation on the globe that has formed any conception of heaven, without associating with it a reunion of kindred spirits in a purer and better world than this. Our own red men of the forest believe that there is beyond the setting sun a heaven for them, where with their ancestors and friends they will meet again and light up their council fires. Among the Greeks and Romans the same doctrine of recognition was held. According to Homer and Virgil, the heroes Ulysses and Eneas, when they passed through the infernal regions, met their friends and identified eminent historical characters who had lived before them.

Eneas is represented as having descended to the shades below that he might hold converse with his father, Anchises, respecting the future fortunes of his house, and finds him in an enchanting vale, where he received the desired information.

Socrates with the fatal hemlock in view was cheered with the prospect of meeting illustrious characters who had lived before him. "Is it possible" says he "for you look upon this as an important journey ? is it nothing to converse with Orpheus and Homer and Hesiod? Belive me, I could cheerfully suffer many a death on the condition of realizing such a privilege. With whae pleasure could I leave the world to hold communion with Palemedes, Ajax and others who like me have had an unjust sentence pronounced against them. There would I explain the wisdom of Ulyses, Sysyphus and that illustrious chief who led out the forces of the Grecian army against the city of Troy."

Cicero in view of his last moments could exclaim "O happy day when I shall quit this impure and corrupt multitude and join myself to that divine company and council of souls who have quitted the world before me. There I shall find not only those illustrious personages to whom I have spoken, but also my Cato who I can say was one of the best men ever born, and whom none ever excelled in virtue and piety. I have placed his body on that funeral pile when he ought to have laid mine. But his soul has not left me, but has only gone before me into a country where he saw I should soon rejoin him."

What a reunion that will be when those who grew up at the same fireside, knelt at the same altar, sung the same song, gathered together in the same clime, what mutual congratulations. What high sounding acclamations of triumphant joy! That nightless land will be the land of reunion and recognition, each exclaiming in the fullness of his ecstatic delight, I was born in the eart, hbut I live in the sky. Each mourning pilgrim may look up and behold his future home, and the prospect of meeting those dear ones in heaven will hang like garlands of light upon their pathway.

Prohibition Advancing.

Owing to the numerous disasters on our railroads in consequence of drunken employes it has been found necessray to issue peremtory orders to employes to refrain from intoxicants whether on or off duty. It was thought at first such an order could not be enforced, but the firmness of the officials has demonstrated that it can. This is a step in the right direction, and meets with universal approval among the business men of the country. The lives and property of our citizens ought not be left to the mercy of drunken employes, the order ought to be rigidly enforced. No railroad company will suffer by it. Business houses in our large cities are adopting similar measures. A strict adherence to such rules will exert a salutory influence on our young men, and will do much towards advancing prohibition in the country. Let the good work go on. If the people at large would dispense with the service of drunken politicians it would become the universal sentiment of the prees, and politics be purged from the contaminating influence of rum.

Temperance Papers.

At the present stage of the temperance reform, nothing seems to be of more vital importance than the circulation of temperance papers. Its importance transcends all others.

In order that people be properly educated on the temperance question it is necessary that they be furnished with facts and figures. By this means they will be able to vote intelligently. This can only be accomplished through the medium of temperance papers. The importance of this fact is evidently underrated, as the meager support given to this class of papers bears ample testimony. There are with in a radius of 50 miles not less than 10,000 persons who are in sympathy with the temperance movement. Suppose this number or even one half were paid up subscribers of the BANNER who could estimate the good results that would follow? Imagine for a moment one individual addressing 10,000 persons weekly on the subject we hold so dear. Moreover, that portion of the press favoring the whisky traffic teems with the most palpable falsehoods respecting the progress of temperance and the results of prohibitiou. They never publish temperance revivals or any intelligence which would tend to aid our cause. This is not the kind of news they desire to promulgate. Every casualty caused by rum is carefully excluded from their columns. If an individual has delerium tremors they call it a paraletic stroke, if he dies, it is a disease of the heart. How are the facts to get before the public without the aid of temperance papers? Not long since we were told by their organs that prohibition in Kansas was a failure and had become obnoxious to the people, and for proof of this we were refered to the defeat of St. John which was blazened all over the country, but they carefully refrained from saying anything in relation to a bill presented to the Legislature proposing to defeat the amendments. It ignobly failed, and the prohibitory law of that State remains as part and parcel of their organic law. If the people were left wholly to these organs for information of such a character they would remain ignorant of the truth.

They also maintain that prohibition has been a failure in Kansas and Maine but when the truth became known to the public such assertions were found to be utterly false. The main purpose of prohibition is to prevent the manufacture of intoxicants for vending purposes. This fact cousidered, prohibition is not a failure. There is not a single brewery or distillery to-day in either Maine or Kansas, but whoever read in the whisky organs any such fact. Here again we are furnished with another argument in the support of temperance papers. If an election takes place how are we to know whether it was a Democratic or Republican victory, or a victory of vice over virtue. It therefore behooves every temperance man and woman to sustain those papers devoted to the temperance cause. The BANNER ought to be able to show a subscription list of 5,000 names. With such a list of patrons we could easily "cross the Rubican." A dollar from each would make the BANNER a fixed institution. If one or two zealous temperance ladies in each township, town, city, and village within 50 miles of Logansport would take it upon themselves to accomplish this object there would be no doubt of success. It would put life and vigor into our columns which would show it self in each issue and ultimately tell for good. It would arm us with invincible heroism, and act as a powerful incentive to brace us up in the noble enterprise in which we are employed.

A Third Party.

In some sections of the country a third party has some strong advocates. They claim that a new organization would better subserve the objects had in view by temperance people. The organization of a third party would probably be premature, and yet the present status of the temperance cause in the opinion of many seems to force the necessity of a separate and distinct party. If the two old parties ignore the temperance element and bend all their energies to capture the liquor league, what hope can we have of success in our noble cause from that quarter. If we are right in our premises, of what use is there to move a single foot farther, with both parties deaf to our entreaties? Can any man point out a scintilla of hope in this direction. What are political parties at best but mediums through which we operate to accomplish important measures? If we are to be denied this priviledge by the old parties what is to be done? In our judgement we have arrived at the most important crisis in the temperance movement, one that addresses itself to the understanding of all persons in sympathy with the temperance sentiment. Suppose that neither party is willing to embody in their platforms any thing looking in the direction of prohibition. Are we to quietly lay down our arms and submit to the continuance of an evil that has no parallel in the worlds wide history? Or shall we concentrate our forces and compel a recognition of our claims. There cannot be the most remote doubt if the moral, temperance and religious elements of this country would combine they would be able to carry the banner of temperance to triumphant victory. But how can such an object be accomplished without some kind of an organization? The weapons in this warfare are not bullots, but ballots. How are these ballets to be made effective if we are denied the privilege of voting our sentiments, and if we vote at all to be compelled to vote for candidates dictated by the whisky league. To do so would only tend to uphold and sustain the very business we are aiming to have svppressed, and render success in our cause more precarious. It is as clear as a sunbeam that no political party will incorporate in their platform the sentiment of prohibition, which is the last stage of this reform. How then is the end to be reached? Shall the iniquitous business of making drunkards be continued for want of harmonious and determined action? The situation is absolutely serious. Prohibition is our motto, and can never be reached without legislative action; and such a law will never adorn our Statue books until it emanates from temperance legislators, and these cannot be elected without a united temperance vote. It is evident that a large, respectable portion of temperance men would not sanction a third party, and being thus divided we become weakened in the same ratio. "In union there is strength," is just as true in the temperance cause as in any other. We cannot afford to give up the vantage ground we have gained, and leave the field to our enemies. The question is how are we to hold it outside a separate organization. Will some one of our readers throw some light upon the subject?

A Careless Trick.

A Baltimore hardware dealer, who had a bill against a blacksmith in an adjacent village, sent it out by his collector for payment. Upon arriving at the village the collector found the shop but not the smith, and after a long hunt found him at his own doorstep, elbows on his knees and chin on his hand.

"I bays no pills," replied the smith, as the account was handed him.

"Why, what's the matter, Mr. Coon?"

"Vhell, der matter ish dot I haf failed in peesness, und I doan pay nopody."

Failed? Have you actually failed?"

"I haf."

"Well, you'll have to pay me in full, just the same. Under the laws of this State no man can fail unless he locks his doors, and as I passed the shop your doors were wide open."

"Dunder und blitzen! dot vhas der carelessness of my boy Show! How much is dot bill? I bays him queek und runs down und nails up der doors myself! Dunder! but dot pay nefur makes a Yankee if he lifs a tousand years!"—Wall Street News.

Colorado Dialect.

"He's struck bed-rock at last." Cow-puncher, mule-skinner, and bull-whacker, each express honorable callings, while the pot-slinger, hash-driver and grub-choker refer to the "chefs de cuisine" in the more retired parts of the State. If you try to sell a horse the first question will be, "Does he buck?" A prospector starting out will "pack his burro," i. e., load his provisions and tools on a small species of a donkey. Not the least important thing is to familiarize one's self with the dialects of the State, which are getting to be widely used, and a knowledge of which is essential to understand an editorial in a Colorado newspaper. A friend accosted me one day as follows: "I say, Tom, are you going to the round up at Major B.'s to-night? Going to have 'way up time. The pretty Miss H—— will be there; but they say Jim D—— has got her corralled." If you wish to express the demise of a friend you would say in Southern Colorado that "He'd gone over the range," it would be more elegant to say he had passed in his chips."—Denver Tribune.

RUM BLOSSOMS.

A Cincinnati firm is making a $10,000 bar for a Texas saloon.

There are now more tramps than millionaires in this country. There are also more saloons than savings banks.

Nearly all the saloon keepers of Hyde Park, Pa., were refused licenses, owing to the strenuous efforts of the temperance union.

A Georgia bottle of whisky, found in the wall of an old court house, was sixty years old. That was as old as it was allowed to get.

Near Shelbyville Illinois week before last, a drunken doctor killed two children by giving them morphine instead of quinine.

It is claimed that thirty thousand people in England, and fifty thousand in the United States, are turned out of the church for drunkenness every year. Oh, shame, where is thy blush?

Judge Conger, of Montana, who has been suspended by President Arthur for drunkenness, is a brother of Senator Conger, of Michigan. The bottle appears to have been playing the devil with Michigan politicians for years past. Is it the salt water they drink that makes them such a thiristy set?

One of the many schemes by which the whisky ring is eluding the law is shipping barrels of whisky by the thousands to Bermuda and then immediately returning it. As soon as the whisky arrives at Bermuda it is rolled ashore, then reloaded and returned to New York, thus securing a two years privilege of lying in the bonded warehouse exempt from taxation.

The Chicago Saloons. The saloon question has latterly claimed a large measure of attention in Chicago. There are about 4,000 saloons, and it is estimated that $34 000 are paid over the bars of chicago annually for intoxicating liquors. The Inter Ocean of the 3d ult. published nearly a page of startling statistics and reports showing that from 75 to 90 per cent. of the crime, casualties, pauperism and insanity of the city can be traced directly to the grog-shops.

In days past I have seen drunkenness and the effects thereof. I have seen the dead bodies of women, murdered by drunken husbands; I have seen the best men in America go down to disgraceful graves; and I have seen fortunes wrecked, prospects blighted, and I have perused a great many statistics. There are crimes on the calendar not resulting from rum, but were rum eliminated, the catalogue would be so reduced as to make it hardly worth the compiling. Directly or indirectly, rum is chargeable with a good 90 per cent. of the woes that afflict our country.—Petroleum V. Nasby.

Messrs. Fowler Bros., who own and operate a very large packing establishment, employing several hundred men, at Kansas City, have issued an order that all employes, while either on or off duty, must abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors and must not visit gambling houses. All will admit that this is a very proper requirement. Messrs. Fowler have a perfect right to enforce sobriety among their employes, since the safety and prosperity of their business depends upon having only sober men engaged in it. And the State and the Nation have the same right to enforce abstinence upon the citizens and for the same potent reason.

The liquor-sellers of Kansas have been holding a State convention and passing some high-sounding resolutions about personal liberty—liberty to promote crime, poverty, and taxation. They claim that the election of Gov. Glick was a verdict of the people against prohibition, while everybody knows that the result was caused by personal opposition to Gov. St. John within his own party. They denounce the Legislature, which has, by a decided majority, declined to re-submit prohibition as a measure uncalled for by the people, a fact which is sustained by the election of so decided a majority of the members as prohibitionists. Besides, if prohibition does not prohibit as they allege, why do they bother themselves about it, and go to the trouble and expense to secure its repeal.—The Washingtonian.

True Courtesy.

Manners are of as much importance as laws. Upon them, in a great measure, the laws depend. The law can touch us here and there, now and then. Manners are what vex or soothe corrupt or purify, exalt or debase, barbarize or refine, by a constant, steady, uniform, insensible operation like that of the air we breath in.—Akron Signal.

The Supreme Court is Indeed Supreme.

Once more has the Supreme Court of Iowa asserted that the temperance people of this State must step down and let the saloon-keepers, brewers and liquor dealers hold full sway. Never, from the time the question of rehearing was first agitated by the Register, did we place much dependence upon the court reversing its former decision, until we heard the unanswerable arguments of Messrs. Duncombe, Nourse and Wilson at the Davenport term.

We do not desire to question the integrity and honor of the Judges, but prefer to grant that they acted with unbiased judgements. We believe in the enforcement of law and consequently cannot do otherwise than abide by their decision. While their action does not in the least degree shake our faith in the constitutionality of the Amendment we cannot believe but that they decided according to the dictates of their consciences.

Nevertheless, it does not follow that we must now let the matter drop. Far from it. The question of prohibition is just as important and vital now, as it was a few years ago, and our success in the near future is even more certain than was the victory last June. Because a blundering clerk has been able to defeat the will of the majority this time, it does not follow that such a thing will again happen? The next time the temperance people will leave not even such a technicality for the liquor-dealers and the Supreme court to grasp like a drowning man grasps a straw. This will be a good and effective lesson but it has been purchased at an exceedingly high price.

This decision does not destroy the foundation upon which the grand structure of constitutional prohibition has been reared, but has a tendency rather to strenghten and make them so massive that the next time there will be no chance for a failure. Notwithstanding the decision of the Supreme court has now overthrown prohibition in this State, in a few years we will be sure to gain a grand triumph over the forces of the rum element.

It now becomes necessary for the Prohibitionists to demand a prohibition plank from the Republican party and unless their demands are heeded to organize a new party with prohibition as the corner stone. Let your votes be so cast this fall that your strength will be felt and appreciated. We have heretofore steadily opposed he organization of a prohibition party trusting that the Republicans would see wherein rested their only hope of success, but unless that party now adopts a prohibition plank, and comes out squarely in favor of constitutional prohibition, we say organize at once and prepare for work at the coming gubernatorial contest. These remarks are not presents as threats, but merely to point out to the Republicans the inevitable result if they fail to indorse prohibition.—Northwestern News, of Davenport, Iowa.

Those Infernal Machines.

A bill has been introduced in the legislature "To prohibit the manufacture, sale and use of infernal machines and devices to surreptitiously destroy life and injure property." It is understood that the bill has reference to a firm in Philadelphia where explosives are manufactured and sold and "no questions asked." The bill seem sto meet with general approval, notwithstanding the prohibitory feature. We hear nothing in this case about "Personal liberty," "Individual rights," or prohibition being a failure. Here is a bill the object of which is to prohibit a business heretofore recognized as legitimate—a bill which, if passed, will destroy valuable property, and at the same time provide for no compensation. What has become of those members in the legislature whose keen sense of justice prevent them from favoring the submission of the prohibitory amendment to a vote of the people, unless compensation is allowed for the losses sustained by liquor dealersb The liquor dealer dispenses his poisons and "no questions asked." "Life is destroyed and property injured." Are not the cases parallel?—Amendment Herald, Pittsburgh, Pa.

When the ladies of Shelbyville, Ind., began their crusade in 1870, among the saloon keepers was Captain Maze a man who had served with distinction during the late war in the Federal Army. He finally opened his saloon door to the ladies. He gave up his saloon, giving the key to the ladies, and started for Kansas. He is now a very successful revivalist. While at Morristown over three hundred persons professed conversion under his ministrations.—Rochester Republican.

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Temperance Banner.

BY SAMUEL JACOBS.

LOGANSPORT, : : INDIANA

THE New York Court of Appeals has made an example of Constantine Faber in a way that he don't enjoy. It appears that some time ago he got a divorce, coupled with an order from court that he should not marry during the lifetime of his ex-wife. Like many others, in years past, Mr. Faber concluded to marry again, and did so, despite the inhibition of the court. Heretofore such an act has been construed simply as a misdemeanor. But this time the court pronounced him guilty of bigamy and sentenced him to five years in the penitentiary.

Upon the body of a man who died in Philadelphia the other day, was found a canvas belt containing several thousand dollars. He was of a suspicious nature, and had come gradually to distrust every human being but himself. He abandoned his wife, avoided his relatives, placed no confidence in banks, and converting all his property into cash, carried it constantly on his person as the only means of saving it. And yet he died suddenly leaving his heirs to quarrel over his possessions, as they might not have done had a savings bank had a chance at them first.

AFTER some weeks of almost complete ignorance of the movements of the Mohammedan Prophet of the Soudan, we are told that he has at last taken Khartoum, the metropolis of Nubia, and in fact all of Egypt above the cataracts. In this position, with the ready fanaticism of the Moslems to help him and the Sultan not particularly averse to seeing him make trouble for the refractory Viceroy, there will be nothing surprising in a serious disturbance of Egypt and its dependencies that will make the English protectorate a costly business. The belief in a new Messianic visitation, which has a firm hold on the great body of Mussel mans, is a favorable condition for the proposition of a bloody fanaticism.

We are economical in public salaries at any rate,be our other extravagances what they may. This holds good in the comparison of home salaries or allowances. Here the President receives $50,000 a year, the Vice President $10,000,Senators $8,000, Representatives $5,000, Cabinet officers $8,000, the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court $10,500, and Associate Justices $10,000. In England seven Cabinet officers get $25,000, the Lord Chancellor gets $50,000, the Solicitor General $30,000, the Attorney General $35,000, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland $100,000, the Archbishop of Canterbury $75,000, and the prelates of York and London $50,000. In Germany, the Imperial Chancellor and Prime Minister—Prince Bismarck—is allowed a salary of $14,000, a house, and an additional $5,000 to keep it in order.

DYNAMITE, which about this time is making so much trouble and suffering, is in appearance very much like moist brown sugar. Nitro-glycerine, which is formed by the action of nitric acid upon glycerine at a low temperature,is the active agent in dynamite, but it is mixed with some absorbent substance to make it safer to handle than the liquid nitroglycerine. The absorbent material used is a silicious earth, a fine white powder composed of the remains of infusoria,and resembling powdered chalk. This takes up two or three times its weight of nitroglycerine without becoming pasty, and the ingredients are easily mixed, leaden vessels and wooden spoons being used to avoid dangerous friction. If fire is applied to this mass it burns with a strong flame, but will not explode; but when ignited with a detonating fuse, or even by a sudden blow, its explosive force is tremendous, being about six times that of gunpowder.

The Nihilists at Vienna are highly gratified by information just received from a trustworthy source at St. Petersburg that the Czar has decided to commute the sentence of death, and to pardon a large number of others who have been sentenced to various terms of imprisonment. One report says that this act of clemency on the part of the Czar is only carrying out the traditions of the Emperors of Russia, who have always upon their coronation, released prisoners, and done many other acts af charity and mercy. A dispatch, however, from well-informed parties at St. Petersbvrg, who are familiar with the recent Nihilistic movements says that this concession by the Czar is due undoubtedly to the extent and mysteriosness of the Nihilistic activity, and the fear entertained by the Czar that he would meet his father's fate.

IRELAND is a prett, expensive portion of the United Kingdom for the British Government under the present Russian policy. Prior to the Land League organization three years ago it cost about $11,000,000 to run the governmental machine there. The policy of repression has necessitated larger expenditures. An army of 25,000 men was maintained during 1881 and 1882; the constabulary last year numbered about 12,000; the Dublin police force alone costs $1,250,000 last year; the Land Act cost $700,000 a year, and Arrearages Act about $300,000 more. During the last six months the administration of the Crimes Act has cost over $150,000, which goes largely to the lawyers who hang around Dublin Castle. It is probable that Mr Gladstone's Irish policy cost British tax-payers not less than $25,000,000 last year. As he does not propose to change that policy of militarism and repression, it is very certain that the Irish estimates must continue to grow in every succeeding budget.

THE French have never made an encouraging success of their Algerian colony. It has, during the forty years they have held it, been an ever increasing expense, without adequate returns. France in fact, has never been a very successful colonizer anywhere. She was driven out of India by England and out of this continent by the same power. Her colonies are now reduced in number, and those she retains are expensive experiments. In view of these facts, it is not apparent how the French Government can make its present colonizing efforts in Asia and Africa successful. The Anamese territory is held at the risk of a war with China, and the effort to establish French authority on the Congo, in Africa, has met with the angry protests of Portugal, who claims not only the mouth of Congo but the sovereignty of the lower Congo country. The British Government is opposed both to the Portuguese and French claims, and especially the Portuguese, because the Government levies the most exorbitant duties on goods going into the interior of Africa. The opinion in England seems to be that the Congo river should be internationalized like the Danube. Just now there is imminent danger of a collision between France and Portugal on the subject.

THE diplomatic corps of the United States is poorly paid compared with those of England and Germany, and it is a matter of some wonder how they keep up their state in competition, especially as few of them have personal fortunes like most of the British Ministers. Our ministers at London, Paris, Berlin and St. Petersburg are allowed $17,500 a year. The English Embassador at Paris gets $50,000, at Vienna $40,000, at Berlin $35,000 and at St. Petersburg $39,000. American representatives at Vienna, Rome, Madrid, Pekin, Yeddo, Rio de Janiero and Mexico get $12,000, and Guatemala, Santiago and Lima $10,000, at Brussels, Bogota, Stockholm, the Hague, Port au Prince,Constantinople, and Honolulu $7,500. The English Embassadors get at Constantinople $40,000, at Washington $30,000, Madrid $25,000, Lisbon and Rio de Janiero $20,000, the Hague $18,000, Athens $17,000, Stockholm $15,000, Santiago, Bogota and Lim $10,000. The German Ministers get, at Paris $30,000, at London and St. Petersburg $37,500, at Vienna and Constantinople $30,000, at Rome $25,000, at Pekin $15,000.

THE popular impression that an editorial room is a constant battle-ground, that the editors are being incessantly hounded for copy, that the indignant subscribers rush in with complaints and horsewhips, that the editor is a persecuted creature—is all a fallacy. The average editorial room is a very quiet sort of place—a spot where loafers are seldom tolerated, and where disturbances very infrequently occur. The idea that the foreman is inveterately howling for copy is an erroneous one, invented probably by some amateur journalist long ago,who did not know that all well regulated editors make it one of the important details of their business never to let the printers stand around and charge time. The editorial room is not a luxurious spot, but it is invariably comfortably quiet. It is especially a rare field for the study of character. In the course of a brief year every phase of human nature passes before the eye of the editor in his sanctum, and it is there the cant and hypocrisy of humanity are more frequently self-exposed. The hollowness and rottenness of politicians are first detected by the editor, for the politician has a confidant in the editor. And it is so with lawyers, preachers, merchants and every manner of man who steps into the editorial sanctum. If they are weak and hypocritical, the editor is the first to discover it, for the editorial room is a sort of disrobing chamber for the rest of the world—a chamber where people come and lay off their masks and toggery and display their blemishes and weaknesses. To those who are in the secrets of the sanctum it is no wonder that editors are invariably the most confirmed of cynics.

The Obel

A Buffalo manufacturer of lime and cement, Mr. Cummings, says that he has examined the Egyptian obelisk in Central Park, New York, and finds that it is not natural stone, as has been generally believed, but rather a mass of concrete composed of pieces of granite from the size of a walnut down to that of wheat. These stones are mixed with some bituminous matter not unlike asphaltum, and the stones and asphaltum are mixed with hydraulic lime containing clay. The thinness of the lime shows, according to Mr. Cummings, that the men who made the obelisk knew how to make concrete. The hieroglyphics must have been formed by fastening letters on the inside of the box into which the concrete was placed,every letter being made to "draw." The obelisk can be carried up by this process at the rate of about a foot a day, and can be exactly reproduced now at an estimated cost of $15,000. There is no doubt that it will last for ages, which would not be the case if Roman cement instead of hydraulic lime had been used.

A Mormon with a plurality of lean wives speaks of them as his "spare ribs."

THE TIRED FOOT.

The potter stood at his daily work,
One patient foot on the ground—
The other, with never-slackening speed,
Turning his swift wheel round.
Silent, we stood besides him there,
Watching the restless knee,
Till my friend said low, in pitying voice,
"How tired his foot must be!"

The potter never paused in his work,
Shaping the wondrous thing;
'Twas only a common flower-pot,
But perfect in fashioning.
Slowly raising his patient eyes,
With homely truth inspired:
"No, marm—it isn't the foot that kicks;
The one that stands gets tired!".

Our Continent.

A CURIOUS RACE.

Lieutenant Bove's Account of the Jagaus in Terra del Fuego.

London Daily News.

The Jagans impress one as a poor race. In general the men are scarcely more than of medium statue, while the women rarely reach it. The face of this race is round, large and flat, with huge cheek bones, low foreheads, large and flat noses, very black and restless eyes wide apart, large tumid lips and strong jaws furnished with beautiful teeth. The head and chest are disproportionaly large, compared to the extreme slenderness of arms and legs, and it is a marvel that the latter can support the well-developed trunk and heavy head. In spite of this strange formation both men and women have uncommon strength, and I have seen them carry weights that would have taxed the robustest of our sailors. No less surprising is the smallness of their hands and feet, which, if a beauty is very disadvantageous to the men, who can carry only one or two objects in their hands at the same time. They have rough, lusterless black hair, which they wear long and falling over face and shoulders. Some bind it with a leather strap, but most let it grow to such an extent that they look more like furies than human beings. The men have very little beard, and that little they pluck out, while neither men nor women have any hair on their bodies. They do not tattoo but use all kinds of paint, Two or three hues of color on the face and a few necklaces of shells or birds bones is the usual dress of a Fuegian.

For protection against the terrible hurricanes, the snow that fell during the ten months of the year, and torrential rains that daily visit this miserable archipelago the Fuegian only wears a small mantle of seal or guanco skin over his shoulders. The wigwams are only made of intertwined branches fixed in some sheltered spot, but they are too weak to keep out snow or rain. These wigwams are used by the Fuegians who dwell near the few residents of Uscumbia or round the mission; the other natives scarcely ever remain more than one or two days in the same place; they lead a vagrant life in their small canoes among the complicated canals of this broken up country, fishing and hunting for their subsistence, of which the sea furnishes the larger part.

The women are looked upon as slaves and the greater part of the work falls to their share. I have often seen the men sitting quietly round a good fire, while the poor women were exposed in fragile skiffs to the snow, wind and waves, fishing for their idle and hungry husbands. The greater the number of slaves a man has the easier it is for him to find a living, hence the practice of polygamy, which is so rooted among the Fuegians that, in spite of the efforts of the missionaries, it is no rare thing to see a convert suddenly break through restraint and add two or more wives to the one allowed him by his new religion. But, though a Fuegian may marry as many wives as he pleases, he seldom takes more than four, and even with that small number it is difficult to preserve domestic peace. The wigwam is the scene of daily battles and sometimes the prettiest wives pays with her life the preference of her husband.

The Fuegian women are very prolific. Seven or eight is the average number of children, but often a still young woman will have ten or twelve. The children, however,seldom all survive their parents, for the mortality between two and ten years of age is extraordinary. The variable and rigid climate, the want of nourishment, the terrible heats and the bad treatment by the parents are the chief causes of the death of these miserable infants; yet unarmed against the frightful struggle for existence.

History of Russian Coronation.

The London Echo.

The first Russian Czar who introduced the ceremony of coronation into Russia was the mighty John III. or Ivan III. (1462-1505), the contemporary of our Edward IV., Richard III. and Henry VII. He married Sophia, the niece of the very last Imperial orthodox Emperor of Constantinople, and by this marriage claimed a sort of succession to the first Christian Cæsar. It was in his region, when the Turk became master of the ancient capital of Eastern Christondom, that the Kings of Western Europe seem first to have become aware of the rise of the powerful new Christian monarchy in Eastern Europe, and began to send Embassadors to Moscow. Ivan did not crown himself, but in 1498 solemnly invested his grandson, Demetrius, with the Imperial Christian diadam and robe, which had been brought from Constantinople and had been worn by the Cæsars of Eastern Empire. The ceremony of unction at the coronation was afterward introduced by Ivan IV., or "The Terrible," and has since remained as it had all along been in Western Europe, an inseparable adjunct of the coronation. Ivan IV. was the first Czar who received the Eucharist at his coronation. Michael Theodrovitsch insisted upon being anointed, not only on his forehead and over his ips,but on his beard also, after the Biblical precedent. In earlier times the clergy of the Russian Church played a greater part than they do at present in the coronation ceremony. As it was held almost indispencible alike in England, France and Germany that the National Primates, the Archbishops of Canturbury, Rneims and Mainz, should "consecrate" the national monarch to his office, so it was in Russia with the Patriarch of Moscow. The Prelate was supposed to be the peculiar steward and minister of the sacrimental right of coronation. He gave the divine confirmation and unction to the presumed free choice of the people. The voice of the people was thus supposed to become the voice of God The notion of a divine right inherent in the head of a reigning family was a comparitively late conception in Russia, as well as in the West. This appears, however, to be now the predominant notion of the Russian Czars and the Prussian Kings. The present German Emperor took the crown from the altar and placed it upon his own head. Similarly in Russia the representatives of the Church now play quite a subordinate part in the coronation of the Czars, being little more than ministering servants and assisting spectators. Formerly the Muscovite Patriarch stood in much the same relation to the Muscovite Monarch as the Roman Pope stood to the Roman Emperors throughout the Middle Ages. The thrones of the Czar and the Patriarch stood upon an equal level, and the Russian secular ecclessiastical chieftains represented the ancient theory of the "Two Swords."

Sheep Raising in Nebraska.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman writes: Colonel J. H. Roe, at Kearney 200 miles west of the Missouri River, has 2,250 acres fenced with wire for a sheep pasture. On this is a well-finished one and half story frame house for the men in charge; a barn 40x80 feet, the upper part having storage for 225 tons of hay and fodder; five corials; a windmill which pumps the water and grinds the grain; sheds with troughs for feeding; corn cribs, and all the conveniences for the proper handling of sheep. Of 2,100 high-bred Oregon Merinos, 1,500 are breeding ewes, and the rams (one to 100 ewes) are of the very best Vermont stock. In raising cattle, sheep or hogs, there is a large profit in growing animals for breeding, for which there is always a demand. Mr. Roe has sold this year forty yearling rams of his own raising at $15 to $80 each. His ewes last spring sheared six pounds, worth twenty-eight cents. The lamb in the fall is worth $2, and when kept till spring, gives a fleece, and is then worth $3.

In connection with the sheep pasture he has 640 acres of the best farming lands, on which he will raise all the winter feed necessary for 8,000 sheep, which number he considers the capacity of his ranch. 100 acres of corn in 1882, which was grown at a cost of $3 per acre, yielded 3,500 bushels, and fifteen acres of oats 600 bushels Twenty-seven acres of sweet corn were planted in hills eighteen inches apart and cut and cured in August for winter feed, which sheep eat readily. During the winter, besides the abundant native pasture, the sheep will be fed plenty of hay, which costs only the cutting, with corn fodder, and after January some corn, with ground corn and oats to lambs and old sheep. Mr. Roe has had a profitable experience with sheep and gives this advice to a man beginning with small capital:

"Go back from the railroad twenty miles, and take a homestead and timber claim, buying in connection a section of railroad land, which would make 640 acres, the whole costing $836. 600 ewes, costing for the best $3 per head, would make a good start. The first shearing with wool at twenty-five cents, would give $600, and the 450 lambs (an increase of 75 cent.) at $2 each would be $900 more a total of $1,800 for the first year, with 1,050 sheep to commence the second. A sod house, and sheds of sod walls covered with poles and prairie hay, will be all the buildings needed. One man will take care of a thousand sheep. Then follows grain growing or feeding. Hay is abundant, no expensive machinery is needed, and it is plain that a man with common diligence can soon acquire. The only disease known in this country is scab, introduced by sheep driven from abroad, and the best time to cure it without any danger of return is just after shearing, using sulphur and tobacco at a cost of three cents per head. Good ewes for a atart can be had from dealers who drive every year from Oregon to California. These are large Merinos of high grade, giving a heavy fleece of delaine wool, and make the best of mutton."

Curious, Useful and Scientific.

From obserations made in the Zoologic al Gardens, London, it seems probable that the extreme lease of life of the hippotamus is thirty years.

This curious story occurs in Lee Moudes of December 16. A man who was very close to a tree struck by lighting asserts that he was saved by crouching on the ground and covering himself with a woolen umbrella. He was enfolded in flames and completely electrified but received no hurt.

A novel railway-wagon has been invented and patented in Europe. It is an amphibious sort of a thing. When it ceases to run on rails on land it is capable of swimming on the water by means of pontons attached to both sides. It is provided with a bow and stern piece before being set afloat, and on the latter the motor is placed. Such a means of conveyance might be very useful in certain places.

Additional tests made by M. Balce seem to prove that low temperature has but little to do with the fracture of railroad tires. Other things being equal, the tires are as strong, he says, in severe frost as when the temperature is normal; but low temperature increases, of course, the rigidity of the road and its inequalities and so renders the shock received by the tires very violent, producing at times disasters to changes in the metal.

Mention was made in the Popular Science Monthly some time since of an immense Japanese spider-crab in the cabinet of Rutgers College, N. J., which measures eleven feet six inches when extended. It is the Macrocheira Camperi. It was for many years the largest specimen known in any collection. Since then one ten feet long was taken to Edinburg. A specimen is now advertised for sale in London which measure over fifteen feet in length.

The Lancet says "it is high time that attention were directed to the subject of narcotics generally, and the use of choral and bromide of potassium in particular. Incalculable injury is being done, and public opinion is being grievously misled by the tolerance given to the use of 'sleeping draughts, falsely so-called. In regard to this matter and that of the reckless use of hypodermic injections of morphif the profession should seek to form a deliberate judgment, and gravely deliver itself. At the present moment we are under a heavy responsibility, which it is idle todeny and vain to disown."

Geological examination of the delta o the Mississipi shows that for a distance of about 300 miles there are buried forests of large trees, one over the other, with inter spaces of sand. Ten distinct forest growths of this description have been observed, which it is believed must have succeeded each other, Of these trees, known as the bald cypress, some have been found over 25 feet in diameter, and one contained 5,700 rings; in some instances, too huge trees have grown over the stumps of others equally large. From these facts geologists have assumed the antiquity of each forest growth at 10,000 years or 100,000 or all.

The total eclipse on the 6th of May next will last six minutes, and no longer; one will probably occur within the next hundred years. It will be partially visible in many places, but few will see it in its entirety, as its path lies almost entirely through the ocean, touching land nowhere but at a little island in the South Pacific called Caroline Island, which is out of the track of any established commerce or travel. The French Goverment has determined to send and expedition to that island, and a grand international gathering of astronomers will meet there to take part in the scientific quest.

Bovine Eccentrici ies.

Thomas Collins, of Bakersville, N. J., has a calf that, when but six months old, weighed 404 pounds, measured five feet six inches in the girth, and was fourfeet six inches high.

Hawkinsville, Ga., has a cow 100 years old that still gives milk. A Hancock County (Ga.) farmer sold in six months $350 worth of butter, the product of eight common cows.

As he passed a cow in the road Sheriff Mickell, of Lincoln County, Miss., said "Shoo!" but she evidently thought he was High Sheriff, for she tossed him at least twenty feet up in the air.

Artie Van Winkle, a little boy, living near Belleville, Kan., while leading a cow to pasture, put the rope around his neck and kept his hands in his pockets. The cow suddenly threw her head back, and broke the boy's neck.

A young man of Dooly County, Ga., jumped over a cow-pen where a nice young woman was milking a cow. The lad kissed the lass, the cow kicked the milk-pail, the milk-pail struck the lover, and the lover has ceased his visits.

A Gridley (Cal.) farmer hunts geese with a cow. She walks to where a flock of geese have settled down on the grain. Her owner walks along by her off side, and when near enough the cow lies down, and he shoots into the flock.

A railroad train in Virginia ran into a cow and cut the animal in two, the forequarters falling on one side of the railroad track and the hind-quarters on the other side. The cow was with calf at the time, and the calf was left on the outside of the railroad alive. The owner of the cow raised the calf, which grew to be a cow, and was killed by the cars near the spot where her mother was killed in 853.

Stopping the Paper.

It is related of the late Mr. Swain, founder of the Philadelphia Ledger, that one fine morning, on his way to the office in Philadelphia, an important citizen accosted him with the remark: "I have stopped the Ledger," "Is that so?" says the proprietor. "Let us walk down to the office and see if we can not remedy the matter." The walk was pleasant and conversational, as became citizens. Arrived at the office, the proprietor saw the clerks in the offics at their desks, and business apparently going on in its regular order. He then said: "I understood you to say sir, that you had stopped the Ledger. I find you have possibly only stopped a subscription to it. That is unimportant. Good morning, sir."

At 20 man is less lover of woman than of women; he is more in love with the sex than with the individual, however charming she may be.—Retif de la Baatonne.

GENERAL MISCELLANY.

The N. Y. canals will not be opened before May 10.

Asia Minor has olive trees 1,200 years old, in full bearing.

A Cincinnati firm is making a $10,000 bar for a Texas saloon.

Richmond, by a police census, has a population of 70,684; in 1880 it had 63,600.

N. Y. city has just one regiment of ragpickers.

The monks and nuns in Italy number nearly 32,000.

Many Catholic priests in Italy receive only $80 a year.

There are over 900 blind persons in the state of Arkansas.

Our national flour export has more than trebled in ten years.

The best butter brings eighty cents a pound in N. Y. and Philadelphia.

Solom Chase, of Maine, has suspended publication of his paper, Them Steers.

The telegraph cannot sing, but it can beat time.

Not a single house in Manila escaped damage from the recent typhoon.

A Clevelander complains of milk that is "thin waisted and gander shanked."

The Castleton, N. Y., concern which marks our postal cards turns out 1,250,000 a day,

Mr. William Black is supposed to be making the largest income of any English novelist living.

Pennsylvania contains 46,000 square miles; England. 50,992; Ireland, 32,532, and Scotland 30,463.

Mr. Welsh, of Flushing, L. I., gets three months of hard labor for kissing a lady on the street.

Register Bruce, next to Frederick Douglass, about the most noted representative of his race, was refused a seat in a white barber's chair in Washington the other day.

A N. Y. Central railroad engineer will not take a train out on any day that a white cat has run across his path. He has tried it several times and has always met with accidents.

A somnambulistic girl got out of bed at Prescott, Minn., and walked across half a mile of ice and snow to the railroad station, clad in her night clothes only, and was waiting for a train when awakened.

Ben. Perly Poore says that he has found proof, in the Congressional library, that Jefferson was not inaugurated with the democratic simplicity that has been supposed, but with cannons firing and whatever display was possible.

Domestic government.—Working joiner (button holed on his way home by political plumber): "Look 'ere! Come along and my missus will give us a cup o' tea, and you'll see the speaker an' the opposition an' 'ome rule all in one!"

Out of a population of 25,000,000 England sends only 5,000 students to her two great universities. Scotland, with a population of 4,000,000, had 6,500 university students, and Germany, with a population of 43,000,000, has 22,500 students in her various universities.

The inscription "Ysnat" on a jar in a Philadelphia Indian doctor's shop, puzzled a reporter until he discovered that it was "Tansy" spelled backward. With this clue he read other names of mysterious medicines with a clearer understanding than before.

West Indians have a curious test for telling whether a person has negro blood in his veins. It is called the nose test. The negro has no division in the gristle of the cartiligenous portion of his nose, such as all of pure white blood can feel at its tip with the end of the finger. This is the last thing to yield to the white accession. Any negro blood is marked with a nose the gristle of which is undivided, and the object of putting this paragraph in is to prove that no person will read it through without touching the finger to the nose.

They Dou't Affiliate.

Texas Siftings.

A colored man was busily engaged in sawing wood for Col. Powis, when the latter observed that the bosom of the man and brother, so to speak, was adorned by an Odd-Fellow's breastpin.

"Do the white Odd-Fellows and the colored Odd-Fellows in Austin affiliate?" asked Col. Powis.

"Don't fillyate wuf a cuss, but they helps each odder out."

"Well, that's the same thing, ain't it."

"No, sir: hit's not the same ding."

"What's the difference?"

The colored man stopped sawing wood and made the following explanation:

"Last week when dat norther was a-freezin' der marrow in yer bones, I went inter der saloon of a white man what tote dis very same emblem. I was in distress, rale distress, as I hadn't had a dram dat mornin', so I gib him de signal of distress."

"Did he respond?"

"He didn't gib de proper response. De proper response would hab bin to hab rubbed his lef ear with his right hand, and to hab sot out de bottle."

"Then he did not respond correctly?"

"No, sir; he made a motion at de doah wid one hand and reached under de bar wid the odder. I made de Odd-Fellows' signal of distress once moah, and den sumfin hard hit me on de head and knocked me clear out inter de street. It was de bung-starter what dat white brother Odd-Fellow had frew at me in response to de distress signal."

"Then the white Odd-Fellows and the colored Odd-Fellows do not affiliate?"

"Jess what I toled yer. Dey don't fillyate, but dey helps each odder out. I was helped out inter de street wid de bung starter, but fillyate means to set out de whisky."

WHEN THE-MAKING'S ON US.

'I'wixt the vernal days of springtime, and the winter's gloomy reign;
Ere the farmer turns his furrows, 'ere the farmer sows his grain,
omes the jolly sugar-making, from the stately maple trees,
While music of the sugar birds, floats on the mellow breeze:
Oh! it's grand to tend the sugar-camp, and breath the sented air,
With odors freighted gracious, like to India's spices rare,
Oh, it lights the soul with gladness and with thankfulness and glee,
When the sugars making's on us, and we tap the maple tree.
There is something tranquilizing, round about the sugar-camp,
When the evening shades come o'er us, and the drippings in the tank,
In little silvery echoes fall upon the listening ear,
In cadence with the murmurs of the ripling stream that's near:
While the flaming, fervent furnace cast its shadows all around,
And the hasty steam is flying 'mid the hissing, bubbling sound
Of the syrup tossing wildly round and round in floating foam,
Ah! it is a place of pleasantness, a grand, enchanted home.
There's a rapture that's peculiar, and a flow of life and zeal,
When we make the maple sugar, that we're always sure to feel;
There's a halo, too, of gladness, that encircles all around,
When we feast on maple sugar, on the camping sugar ground.
You may boast of sorghum syrups, or of Cuba's luscious sweets.
Of the canes of Mississippi, or the sugars made of beets;
And the crystal candies pure, or honey from the bee,
But the best or all's the sugar from the towering maple tree.
While the poets fondly lavish undue praises of the spring,
With its landscapes and its forests, and its birds on airy wing;
Of its flowers and its grasses, and on worthy ones of rank,
A strange neglect they manifest, to overlook the sugar-camp:
They may sing of sweets of roses, of nectar in their sells,
Of the cane of Lousana, or Cuba that excels,
Or of much lov'd, boasted sorghum, or the honey of the bee,
These all are only second to the towering maple tree.

Crawfordsville Jounral.

AMONG THE REDWOODS.

BY BERT L. THOMPSON.

It was up in the country of the redwoods, that stupendous growth which has won a world-wide renown. Who has not heard of the man who built his house and barn and fenced in a two-acre lot from the product of one gigantic tree, or the schooner filled with shingles made from another, of the mile of railway ties furnished by a third?

The fame of that unexampled paradise of lumbermen had brought Bryce Renfrew all the way from Maine to invest in the business, with a partner who had more capital but less practical knowledge of its requirements.

They had procured a site for their mill at the mouth of one of those shallow, turbulent little rivers which pierce the rocky coast at frequent intervals, and were doing well until one Jules Craycroft started a rival mill within a few miles of them.

Craycroft had not chosen a water course for his site, and at first thought it would appear that he was placed at a disadvantage, but he kept his teams at work drawing in the logs during the dry season, when the lumber droghers could drop anchor in comparative safety under the bluff, and while Renfrew & Hayden's mill stood idle, while their logs accumulated, and they waited for the rise necessary to float them down the shallow stream, Craycroft was securing the orders which they had hoped to obtain.

But at last the long drought gave promise of breaking up. A leaden-gray sky spread over the forest. There had been rain up in the mountains already, and the river had swollen over the rocky points of its bed, and rushed in a frothing, coffee-colored current to the sea.

All was life and excitement at the log ing camp, but in the midst of the cheerful bustle came one of the frequent accidents which attend the adventurous life of the lumberman.

An axe glanced, flew from its haft, and buried itself in the shoulder of one of the choppers, who went down under the blow, with the red blood spurting from the ugly wound.

"It's all up with me, I reckon," he said, as his companions gathered about him. "I—I wish, though, that death had druv the stake fair. It's as hard on a tree to be held on a strain jest by a few fibers what's bound to give way soon."

"Not when holding on will bring you back to your feet again,' said Renfrew, who had been applying a rude compress to the wound. You'll drive many a stake yet, Neff. Keep up your heart, man. It may take a better surgeon than I am to pull you through, but you shan't die for want of him. I'm off for the doctor boys; see that the work goes on, will you?"

They promise, readily. It was a magnanimous act for "the boss" to leave his duties at that critical time, and they were determined that he should not be loser by it.

Half an hour later, Renfrew was ridin at break neck speed, over the trail to the coast. It brought him into sight of the river more than once, and his pulse thrilled to see the current charged with the floating logs which the men had been launching all that morning.

Another turn, however, brought an unwelcome sight to his gaze. The logs had gorged, and the twisting channel was piled high with the blockaded freight. With an exclamation of blank disappointment, Renfrew reined in his horse. Just below him the river narrowed to a mere pass between the rocky walls, and in this passage swung and twisted the key log of the jam. It looked as if an effort might turn it lose, and release the timbers which were held above.

He sprang from his horse, scrambled down the bank, and made his way out, over the bumping logs, to the point he had in view. He had picked up a pole which he used as a pry, but it took only a few minutes' work to assure him that the key-log was much more securely fastened than he had at first supposed. The mass of timber behind was spread out in the shape of a triangle, while it was caught in the apex, and held there as if in the jaws of a vice.

His utmost efforts failed to release it, and he was forced to relinquish the trial at last. Dropping the pole, he stood upright, wiping the perspiration from his face, when a rush and a roar, which had been dimly apparent to him, broke with renewed force upon his ear.

He looked up expecting to see the tree tops writhing in a strong wind, but they were almost preternaturally still. The clouds had gathered in a thick, black mass overhead, but the breathlessness which precedes the storm was unbroken.

He knew then what was coming, and turned to face it, dropping down upon the key-log and clasping it with his arms—none too soon.

A wall of water, which filled the channel from side to side, and towered high above him, swept down upon the gorge, and broke upon the mass of wedged timber, which was lifted and thrown forward by its resistless force.

Renfrew came up from the sudden plunge, still clinging to his log, with the grating and grinding and bumping of the other logs sounding horribly in his ears—came up to find himself afloat on that sudden flood. At the same moment a fork of lightning darted down and played luridly over the landscape, and when it was withdrawn, the rain burst forth, the thunder pealed, the now seething torrent was lashed to madder fury by he shrieking gusts.

Bryce was chilled to the bone. He was in constant danger of being crushed against the rocky walls or between the floating logs; in constant danger of losing his hold when his particular log rolled, as it did more than once, to submerge him in the stream.

How he managed to cling fast, how he was born onward at race horse speed, how he found himself presently in a wider portion of the stream, and began to collect his disturbed senses, was ever afterward like a painful dream.

He could do nothing but cling fast to his ark of refuge. The river was filled with tossing debris, and, an indifferent swimmer at the best, it would have been sheer madness for him to have left the log and attempted a landing, His only hope lay in being able to leave it when he approached the stiller water of the basin beside the mill.

He was nearing it rapidly now. Hayden, who was at the mill, ought to be there with one or two men armed with hooks fixed at the end of long poles, ready to seize upon and draw out the logs from the fierce current, which otherwise must bear him on over the dam.

Ordinarily, the force of the stream was not sufficient to carry them beyond the break water, which protected the basin, but the present flood would over-ride that obstruction and sweep everything before it out to sea. Surely, Hayden would be warned by it in time to guard against their inevitable loss.

There he was, sure enough, when the basin came in sight, perched upon a flotilla of logs—doing what?

Bryce raised himself, and strained his eyes through the gloom, as something sinister in the actions of the crouched figure struck him.

"Helloa!" he shouted. "Grapple on here, Hayden—hook on, I say!"

The figure straightened, turned. It was not Hayden. Like a flash, Bryce recognized one of Craycroft's myrmidons a Pike, who had annoyed them before this by lounging about the mill, and realized the enormity of the act in which the fellow had been engaged.

"Spiking our logs," he breathed, and threw himself forward, to be caught by the irresistable current and borne back, tossed and buffeted, dashed hither and thither, until, with a desperate effort, he succeeded in regaining the log, as it hung for an instant above the brink of the chute by which the lumber was passed over the dam.

In that instant he took in the scene the mill seeming silent and deserted, the Pike still standing in his startled attitude gazing after him, the wild, downward rush of the water until it broke in a track of white foam, and was lost in the rough waves of the ocean.

Then he was in the midst of the rush and roar and down-bearing weight of water. There was a taste of salt brine in his mouth when he came up at last.

He had been borne over the chute, through the surge, and out upon the sea, lashed just now by one of the sudden storms which make that rugged coast a terror.

Fortunately, it was already beginning to abate. More dead than alive, bruised and beaten, and chilled to the very marrow, Bryce Renfrew clung to the log which had saved him, and was washed toward greater danger than he had met yet.

Sudden, impenetrable darkness succeeded to the gloomy pall of the storm. He had been swept into one of the numerous caves which line that wave-eaten Western coast.

As he realized what had befallen him, he felt the log graze against the unseen rocks that surrounded him. He threw up his hand and it touched against the wall above.

The tide was rising, too. It was only a question of time until his brains would be dashed out against the rocks or he should be drowned like a rat in its hole.

Lying prone, too weak to struggle against inevitable fate, with the waves washing his very face, something like a star shone out in the darkness overhead.

It was there one instant; the next it had twinkled out and there was a splash in the water at his side.

He put out his hand, and a snaky coil slid over it. He grasped it, and found—a rope.

It was a work of minutes, in his benumbed condition, to fasten it about his waist; but a feeble jerk at last testified to those wailing above that their quest had not been in vain.

He was drawn up through a hole in the rocks, and staggered when he found his feet.

"Craycroft's men have spiked our logs and we want a surgeon at the camp," he managed to gasp, before sea and sky, and brown faces bending over him, were lost in the blank of utter unconsciousness.

It was long before he knew how he had been saved.

He had been seen by the lookout of a lumber drogher which was anchored beneath the bluff, as the log, with its human freight, was whirled by and swallowed up by the current which bore in under the cliff.

It was impossible to follow there with a boat, so the captain had landed a couple of the crew to give the alarm, and extend what aid they might from the shore.

And meanwhile, Hayden, growing impatient when the logs failed to appear with the rise, had set out up stream to discover the cause of the delay, and found the riderless horse of his partner, which was making straight for the mill.

He hastened back, and set the two hands, who were playing euchre in their bachelor's shanty, to watching the river—thus effectually putting a stop to the Pikes' opportunity for mischief—and himself fell in with the sailors who were searching the cliffs.

The logs came in with a rush when they began to appear. Renfrew & Hayden dropped two prices with which Craycroft, with his additional expenses, dared not compete, and it was not long before they had the field to themselves.

Neff survived his accident under the efficient, though delayed, attendance of the surgeon, only to be killed by the falling branch of a tree a few months afterward.

Such is life in the redwood forests.

Cunning Maine Foxes.

Lewiston Journal.

One morning last week, as I was crossing lots with my hound, I saw an old red fox run into a thicket. I put my dog on his track, and concealed myself in the thicket knowing that a fox will often circle and pick up his old track. I could hear the hound baying off toward New Gloucester. Then it changed and grew more and more distinct, and I knew the fox was returning. I must have waited some half an hour, when I saw the fox dart into a hollow log a little distance to my left; but, as he went out at the other end, I remained in my hiding-place, supposing it a trick of the fox to put the dog off the track. The dog was puzzled only an instant, and followed the fox on a longer circuit this time, but in the course of an hour I saw it again enter one end of the log and come out at the other. Thinks I "My chap, I'll play you a Yankee trick by stopping up the further end of that log." This I did, and again hid myself, hoping for a third return. I was hidden about the same length of time, when, by the voice of my dog, I knew the fox was returning. A few minutes later I saw the fox enter the log. I ran up to the oper end and soon had it secured. This being done, I waited the coming up of the dog, which I tied to a sapling, while I went out to get an ax. I soon got back and opened the log sufficiently to see four foxes instead of one. "How was that?" It's plain enough. One fox would run until tired, then would enter the log, and another would take its place.

The Texas Cattle Drive.

A gentleman largely interested in cattle who has just returned from an extensive trip among the ranches, says ninety-five herds of cattle, averaging 2,500 head each, will be driven out of the State this spring. The entire "drive" is estimated at 240,000 head against 350,000 last year. Most of these cattle will go to Dodge City, Kan., and Ogallala, Neb Shipments by rail are said to be overestimated, and will not probably exceed 50,000. Large herds of horses are also moving toward the markets.

The importation of 20,000 cattle, reported from Brownsville, Tex., a day or two ago, are from the States of New Leon, Mexico. 16,000 head of them are already gathered, to be driven across the Rio Grande in a few days. They were purchased by Mr. Ford, a prominent stock man of Colorado, and are intended to stock his ranches in that State. The price paid was $12 per head.

A Hen of Advanced Notions.

Santa Rosa Republican.

J. L. Beasly has a hen with a very progressive turn of mind. She has scratched around and laid for her master a pair of eggs of entirely new design. One egg contains the yelk, the other the white. Both are joined together by a ligamentous membrane, something after the style of the Siamese twins.

THE BAD BOY.

Peck's Sun.

"There, you drop that," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he came limping into the store and began to fumble around a box of strawberries. "I have never kicked at your eating my codfish, and crackers and cheese, and herring, and apples, but there has got to be a dividing line somewhere, and I make it at strawberries at six shillings a box, and only two layers in a box. I only bought one box, hoping some plumber, or gas man would come along and buy it, and by gum, everybody that has been in the store has sampled a strawberry out of that box, shivered as though it was sour, and gone off without asking the price," and the grocery man looked mad, took a hatchet and knocked in the head of a barrel of apples, and said, "There, help yourself to dried apples."

"O, I don't want your strawberries or dried apples," said the boy, as he leaned against a show case and looked at a bar of red transparent soap. "I was only trying to fool you. Say, that bar of soap is old enough to vote. I remember seeing it in the show-case when I was about a year old, and pa came in here with me and held me up to the show-case to look at that tin tobacco box, and that round zinc looking-glass, and the yellow wooden pocket comb, and the soap looks just the same, only a little faded. If you would wash yourself once in a while your soap wouldn't dry up on your hands," and the boy sat down in the chair without any back, feeling that he was even with the grocery man.

"You never mind the soap. It is paid for, and that is more than your father can say about the soap that has been used in his house the past month," said the grocery man, as he split up a box to kindle the fire. "But we won't quarrel. What was it I heard about a band serenading your father, and his inviting them into lunch?"

"Don't let that get out, or pa will kill me dead. It was a joke. One of these Bohemian bands that goes about town playing tunes, for pennies, was over on the next street, and I told pa I guessed some of his friends who had heard we had a baby at the house, had hired a band and was coming in a few minutes to serenade him, and he better prepare to make a speech. Pa is proud of being a father at his age, and he thought it was no more than right for the neighbors to serenade him, and he went to loading himself for a speech, in the library, and me and my chum went out and told the leader of the band there was a family up there that wanted to have some music, and they didn't care for expense, so they quit blowing where they was and come right along. None of them could understand English except the leader, and he only understood enough to go and take a drink when he is invited. My chum steered the band up to our house and got them to play 'Babies on our Block,' and 'Baby Mine, and I stopped all the men who were going home and told them to wait a minute and they would see some fun, so when the band got through the second tune, and the Prussians were emptying the beer out of their horns, and pa stepped out on the porch, there was more nor a hundred people in front of the house. You'd a dide to see pa when he put his hand in the breast of his coat and struck an attitude. He looked like a congressman, or a tramp. The band was scared, cause they thought he was mad, and some of them were going to run, thinking he was going to throw pieces of brick house at them, but my chum and the leader kept them Then pa sailed in. He commenced, 'Fellow Citizens,' and then went way back to Adam and Eve, and worked up to the present day, giving a history of the notable people who had acquired children, and kept the crowd interested. I felt sorry for pa, cause I knew how he would feel when he came to find out he had been sold. The Bohemians in the band that couldn't understand English, they looked at each other, and wondered what it was all about, and finally pa wound up by stating that it was every citizen's duty to own children of his own, and then he invited the band and the crowd in to take some refreshments. Well, you ought to have seen that band come in the house. They fell over each other getting in, and the crowd went home, leaving pa and my chum and me and the band. Eat? Well I should smile. They just reached for things, and talked Bohemian. Drink? Oh, no. I guess they didn't pour it down. Pa opened a dozen bottles of champagne, and they fairly bathed in it, as though they had a fire inside. Pa tried to talk with them about the baby, but they couldn't understand, and finally they got full and started out and the leader asked pa for three dollars, and that broke him up. Pa told the leader he supposed the gentleman who got up the serenade had paid for the music, and the leader pointed to me and said I was the gentleman who got it up. Pa paid him, but he had a wicked look in his eye, and me and my chum lit out and the Bohemians came down the street bilin' full, with their horns on their arms and they were talking Bohemian for all that was out. They stopped in front of a vacant house and began to play, but you couldn't tell what tune it was, they were so full, and a policeman came along and drove them home. I guess I will sleep at the livery stable to-night, cause pa is afful unreasonable when anything costs him three dollars, besides the champagne."

"Well, you have made a pretty mess of it," said the grocery man. "It's a wonder your pa does not kill you. But what is it I hear about the trouble at the church? They lay that foolishness to you."

"It's all a lie. They lay everything to me. It is some of them ducks that sing in the choir. I was just as much surprised as anybody when it occurred. You see our minister is laid up from the effect of the ride to the funeral, when he tried to run over a street car, and an old deacon, who had symptoms of being a minister in his youth, was invited to take the minister's place, and talk a little. He is an absent minded old party, who don't keep up with the events of the day, and whoever played it on him knew he was too pious to even read the daily papers There was a notice of a choir meeting to be read, and I think the tenor smuggled in the other notice, between that and the one about the weekly prayer meeting. Anyway it wasn't me, but it like to broke up the meeting. After the deacon read the choir notice he took up the other one and read, 'I am requested to announce that the Y. M. C. Association will give a friendly entertainment with soft gloves, on Tuesday evening, to which all are invited. Brother John Sullivan, the eminent Boston revivalist, will lead the exercises, assisted by Brother Slade, the Maroi missionary from Australia. There will be no slugging, but a collection will be taken at the door to defray expenses.' Well, I thought the people in church would sink through the floor. There was not a person in the church, except the poor old deacon, but what understood that some wicked wretch had deceived him, and I know by the way the tenor tickled the soprano, that he did it. I may be mean, but everything I do is innocent, and I wouldn't be as mean as a choir singer for two dollars. I left real sorry for the old deacon, but he never knew what he had done, and I think it would be real mean to tell him. He won't be at the slugging match. That remark about taking up a collection settled the deacon. I must go down to the stable now and help grease a hack, so you will have to excuse me. If pa comes here looking for me, tell him you heard I was going to drive to a picnic party out to Waukesha, and may not be back in a week. By that time pa will get over that Bohemian serenade," and the boy filled his pistol pocket with dried apples and went out and hung a sign in front of the grocery, "Strawberries two shillin a smell and one smell is enuff."

Dr. Brigg's Ghost Story.

Dr. Briggs, when quartered in the Hill country, used to meet once a week with the officers and others, the custom being to breakfast at each other's houses after the sport was over. On the day for Dr. B.'s turn to receive his friends he awoke at dawn and saw a figure standing at his bedside. Having rubbed his eyes to make sure that he was awake, he got up, crossed the room and washed his face in cold water. He then turned, and seeing the same figure, approached it and recognized a sister whom he had left in England. He uttered some exclamation and fell down in a swoon, in which state he was found by the servant who came to call him for the hunt. He was, of course, unable to join his hunting friends, who, when at breakfast on their return, rallied him as to the cause of his absence. In the midst of the talk he suddenly looked up aghast and said, in a trembling voice, "Is it possible that none of you see the woman standing there?" They all declared there was no one. "I tell you there is; she is my sister. I beg of you all to make a note of this, for we shall hear of her death."

All present, sixteen in number, of whom Sir John Malcolm was one, made an entry in their notebooks of the occurrence and exact date. Some months after this, by the first mail from England that could bring it, came the news that the sister had died at the very time of the vision, having on her deathbed expressed a strong desire to see her brother, and to leave two young children in his charge.

The German Barber.

"Dot monkey barper py der negst shair, he says 'der Irish gwestion looks like it vil soon peen zettled if all der Chenerals py der batriot army come to dis guntry und all der high brifates git locked mit British chails up.'

"Der idea of such monkey feller drying o dackle such a pig subchect is as much foolishness as if a von eyed man should dry to see der bote sites of himself after gedder. His olt fader says he is like der shmard Cherman poy vich vent to burchase a horse avay from a Chew. 'I know how to told a goot horse,' he sayt; 'all vot has got to peen done is to look at his deeth.' Der Chew a horse prought owid vich befect deeth had, and swore peside der grafe of his fader der animal peen choost as sound as der olt fashioned fife-cent bieces. Der shmard poy baid der brice und der horse dook avay, but ven his fader saw him he gried owid, 'Vy dot horse has only dree legs got.'

"'Py shimminy hooky!' der poy hat say, 'I forgot to gount his legs.'"

A Town of Giants.

Benton (Mont.) Record.

There is a movement on foot to establish a town somewhere in the neighborhood of the mouth of the Judith to be called Giantsville. The program is to secure 320 acres of land, to divide the same into town-lots and streets, establish laws and regulations allowing only "six-footers" to obtain possession of any of the lots, and allowing no female thereon below the standard of five feet eight. By this means it is proposed to establish, in due course of time, a race of giants.

MAID OF ATHENS.

Maid of Athens, we must part,
I hear your father—I must start:
He's broken of his midnight rest;
Discretion on my part is best;
I'd better git.

Maid of Athens, ere I go,
Kiss me once, for luck, you know:
Your father's foot is on the stair—
None but the brave deserve the fair—
The gas ain't lit.

Maid of Athens, just once more—
Little ships must hug the shore;
Hark! the dog has broken his chain,
Zounds! I am in hard luck again—
Great Scot! I'm bit.

CONDIMENTS.

"Now is the time to subscribe," said the cross-roads editor, as he led his wealthy bride to the marriage register and shoved a pen into her trembling hand.

Blobson says he does wish the ladies would give up their fondness for long trains in society, and run an accommodation train once in a while—an inch above the floor, for instance.

"How do you like my waffles?" asked a society belle of her guest. "Could not be nicer," was the reply. "Did you really make these yourself?" "Oh, yes indeed, I read off the recipe to the cook and turned the patent flour-sifter all myself."

First dude, with an embarrassed smile: "Say, Augustus, I really believe I've broken a corset lacing. Have you an extra one with you?" Second dude, with an expression of horror: "Really! Why, Algernon, where could you fix it if I had one? The gyurls are all looking at us, ye know."

A young city fellow dressed in a faultless suit and a pair of shoes which tapered to a point in the most modern style, was visiting in a rural district. A bright little boy looking him all over until his eyes rested on those shoes. He looked at his own chubby feet and then at his visitor's and then looking up, said: "Mr., is all your toes cutted off but one?"

Unfortunate little Levi: "Why so gloomy this morning, Jacob?" "Ah, my poor lettle Penjamin Levi—he is tead!" "Dead? You susprise me. How did it happen?" "Vell you see, my leetle Penjamin he was at der synagogue to say his prayers, and a poy put in his head at der toor an' gries; "Job Lot!" and Penjamin—he was vas gilt in der grush."

"Dude" has been discovered to be the ablative of an irregular Latin noun "Dud" signifying brown goose. It is thus declined Singular—Dud, dudis, dudi, dudem, dud, dude. Plural—Dudes, dudium, dudibus, dudes, dudes, duibus. Being in the ablative it is so much taken away from a real brown goose. Under the homeopathic doctrine it follows that the cure of a dude is to rub him with goose grease.—[A. Oakey Hall.

Myomatoses tumors growing in the ciliary muscles are often mistaken for ciliary staphyloma. [Louis. Medical Herald.] This is only too true; and the ignorance at the bottom of such mistakes can not be too severely reprimanded. The man who does not at once perceive that his myomatoses tumors are not ciliary staphyloma, ought, perhaps, to be permitted to live, but that he should be allowed to raise a family is altogether preposterons.

Phrases of Women

Wrinkles disfigures a woman less than ill-nature.—Dupuy.

Woman is an idol that man worships until he throws it down.

Women love always; when earth slips from them they take refuge in heaven.

The whisper of a beautiful woman can be heard further than the loudest call of duty.

There is no torture that woman would not suffer to enhance her beauty.—Montaigue.

Of all things that man possesses, woman alone take pleasure in being possessed.—Malherbe.

Before promising a woman to love only her, one should have seen them all, or should only see her.—A. Dupuy.

We meet in society many beautiful and attractive women whom we think would make excellent wives—for our friends.

We censure the inconsistency of women when we are the victims; we find it charming when we are the objects.—L. Desnoyers.

The highest mark of esteem a woman can give a man is to ask his friendship; and the most signal proof of her indifference is to offer him hers.

Men are so fearful of wounding woman's vanity that they rarely remember that she may, by some possibility, possess one grain of common sense.—Miss Bradden.

Women among savages is a beast of burden; in Asia she is a piece of furniture in Europe she is a spoiled child.—Senac de Meilhan.

It is not easy to be a widow; one must re-assume all the modesty of girlhood, without several hundred thousand dollars.

Women of the world never use harsh expressions when condemning their rivals. Like the savages, they hurl elegant arrows, ornamented with feathers of purple and azure, but with poisoned points.

Jumbo Getting Fat.

Bridgeport Standard.

Jumbo, the big elephant, is getting fat. His weight is now about seven tons. He seems to be satisfied with this country. Bridgeport ozone agrees with him; in fact he wouldn't go back to the old sod if he could. He is very playful for one of his size, and will stick his trunk in the pockets of all who come within reach with the freedom of an old acquaintance. He likes almost everything, and in spite of all lectures to the contrary, will chew tobacco like an old sinner.

Temperance Banner

SAMUEL JACOBS & Co., - PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

TIME TABLE.

Chicago, St. Louis & Pittsburgh R. R

Schedule in effect April 1, 1883.

Trains depart from and arrive at Logansport Station as follows:

DEPART.

For Chicago, *2 50 a m, †7 00 a m, †2 35 p m, †4 00 p m.
For Columbus via Bradford, †12 50 a m, †10 30 a m, †4 00 p m.
For Columbus via Richmond, *12 45 a m and †1 35 p m.
For Cincinnati via Richmond, *12 45 a m, †5 20 a m, †1 35 p m
For Indianapolis and Louisville via Kokomo, *12 55 a m, †1 30 p m
For Richmond, *12 45 a m, †5 20 a m, †1 35 p m
For State Line, †8 00 a m, †10 40 a m, †7 00 p m

ARRIVE.

From Chicago, *12 35 a m, †11 50 a m, †1 15 p m, †8 00 p m
From Columbus via Bradford, †2 10 a m, †1 10 p m, †6 00 p m
From Columbus via Richmond, *2 35 a m †2 20 p m
From Cincinnati via Richmond, *2 35 a m and †2 20 p m
From Louisville and Indianapolis, via Kokomo, *2 20 a m, †2 15 p m
From Richmond, *2 35 a m, †2 20 p m, †6 00 p m, †7 30 p m
From State Line, †10 10 a m, †1 00 p m, †3 50 p m.

* Daily; †Daily except Sunday.

Sleeping Cars attached to through trains run regularly between Logansport and Chicago, Indianapolis, Louisville, Columbus and Cincinnati.

For time tables, rates of fare, through tickets and baggage checks, and further information regarding the running of trains, apply to J. A. McCullough, Ticket Agent, Logansport, Ind.

Time given above is Columbus, O, time.

JAS. MCCREA, Manager, Columbus, O. E. A. FORD, Gen Pass Agt, pro tem. Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific Railway.

GOING WEST.

Through Express	1 26 p m
Pacific Express	8 02 a m
Express (to Lafayette only)	7 40 p m
Fast Line, daily	11 22 p m
Accommodation	2 52 p m†

GOING EAST.

Lightning Express, daily	4 17 a m
Through Express	11 54 a m
Atlantic Express	6 23 p m
Express to Fs Wayne only	8 32 a m
Accommodasion	8 30 p m

DETROIT BRANCH.

2 00 p m ..... Mail	10 15 a m
7 30 p m ..... Accommodation	4 00 p m

PEORIA DIVISION.

Arrive at 3 40 a m and 4 00 p m
Leave at 8 15 a m and 11 37 p m
Take passengers from Logansport to Peru
†For Lafayette only. *For Sheldon and points west, 11 35 p m daily. Through Express 8 15 a m daily except Sunday.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Catholic.

St. Bridget's—North-west corner of Wheatland and Heath. Rev. B. Kræger, pastor. Services—Mass, 8 a. m. and 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. Vespers, 3 p. m.

St. Joseph's.—Northwest corner Second and Market. Rev. H. Koehne, pastor. Services—Mass, 8 and 10 a. m. Vespers, 3 p. m.

St. Vincent de Paul—South side of Spencer, between 8th and 9th. Rev. E. P. Walters, pastor. Services—Mass, 8 and 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. Vespers, 3 p. m,

Presbyterian.

First Presbyterian Church.—South-east corner of Spencer and Seventh streets. Rev. W. E. Loucks, pastor. Services—10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 9 a. m.

Broadway Presbyterian Church.—South-west corner of Ninth and Broadway. Rev. E. S. Scott, pastor. Services—10.30 a. m and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m.

Baptist.

Baptist Church.—North-east corner Seventh and Broadway. Rev H. L. Stetson, pastor. Services, 10. 30 a. m. and 7.30 p.m. Sunday school, 12 m.

Christian.

Christian Church—South-west corner of Ninth and Spear streets. Rev. W. R. Lowe, pastor. Services—10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m.

Episcopal.

Trinity Church.—Northwest corner of Seventh and Market. Rev. E .H. Peruker, rector Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.

Evangelical.

German Evangelical Church.—North-east corner of Wheatland and Brown. Rev ..... pastor. Services 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 9 a. m.

Lutheran.

St. Jacobs'.—North-east corner Ninth and Spear. Rev. A. J. Jox, pastor. Services, 10 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.

Methodist Episcopal.

African Church (colored).—Southwest corner of Market and Cicott. Rev. T. A. Alexander pastor. Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 3 p m.

Broadway M. E. Church.—North-east corner of Eighth and Broadway. Rev. J. H. Ford, pastor. Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

Market Street M. E. Church.—South side of Market, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth. Rev. M. S. Metts, pastor. Services, 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.

Cumberland Presbyterian.

Cumberland Presbyterian Church.—North side of Broadway, West Side. Rev. A. W. Hawkins, pastor. Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday School, 2.30 p. m.

GOLD DUST.

Connecticut complains of too many lawyers.

'Tis the piano mover who stoutly holds the forte.

The summer resorts are putting their houses in order.

In a period of six months Georgia will have four governors.

A baby camel is the latest attraction at Central Park, New York.

National banks now number 2,343; ten years ago there were 1,976.

Colorado is one of the few states that can boast to-day of freedom from debt.

For good board apply at any sawmill, and for plane board, go to any carpenter shop.

The gold annually taken from the Siberian mines is estimated to be worth $7,000,000.

Pearl fishing is pursued by no less than 1,000 divers on the coast of Lower California.

Arthur is the first president of the United States to visit Florida during his term of office.

The sleigh stage which runs between Fairhaven and Benson, Vt., has been used for 124 years.

A Canadian has invented a method of putting glass in sash without the employment of putty.

"No," said a Philadelphia belle, "no electric light for me. It can't be turned down low enough."

American trade with Mexico has increased within the past four years more than 100 per cent.

The deepest coal mine in America is at Pottsville, Pa. Coal is there brought from a depth of 1,576 feet.

Even the sweet dudesses of New York affect the banjo. Their song is "dude, ah! dude, ah! da!"

The average age of United States senators is 54. Only one of them was born west of the Mississippi.

The law can never make a man honest; it can only make him very uncomfortable when he is dishonest.

They have begun to build strawberry boxes this season the same old way—mistaking the bottom for the top.

The most difficult arithmetic that a man has to face is when he tries to reconcile a $20 salary with a 30 wife.—Puck.

In Minneapolis the license has heretofore been $100 upon saloons. The city council, on Monday night, raised it to $1,500.

Governor Sheldon, of New Mexico, lives in a mud palace which is one story high, 250 feet long and nearly 309 years old.

At Columbus, Ohio, the cott bill became a law yesterday, taxing each liquor dealdr $200 per year, and those selling only beer and wine $100.

The Wabash city council has decided not to purchase any additional electric light. A portion of the city is well lighted, but the rest is left in darkness.

The block from which was cut the pedestal for the statue of Peter the Great, at St. Petersburg, weighed about 1,500 tons, and yet it was transported four miles.

It is generally believed that Judge Hines will be appointed to succeed Gen. Gresham on the bench of the district court. There are 25 applicants for the place.

The cathedral in Pueblo, Mexico, is the largest house of worship on the the continent. It was commenced more than three centuries ago and cost $1,700,000.

The state house bell in Philadelphia is the twenty first in a list of large bells, weighing 13,000 pounds. The biggest in the world, at Moscow' weighs 443,775 pounds.

Thaddeus Fairbanks of St. Johnsbury, Vt., one of the principals of the firm that invented and patented the celebrated Fairbanks scales, is now over 90 years old.

There is a diamond at Tiffany's New York, valued at $110,000, and it is said by those who know all about such things that it is the largest in this county. It weighs 125 karats.

In the United States last year there were published 3,472 books, of which 767 were fiction, 326 theological and religous, 288 were juvenile, and 782 were on mental and moral philosophy.

The India census gives 253,891,821 inhabtants in a space one third the size of the United States, or 1,372,858 square miles making India fifteen times as thickly settled as the United States.

Take a piece of thick leather or felt, cut a hole in the center. Upon going to bed at night fill the hole in the center of the leather with a past made of soda ahd soap; wash it off in the morning. Repeat ehe process several nights, and the corn will be removed.

The will of Peter Cooper has been filed. He leaves $100,000 to Cooper Union, and divides the remainder of his estate. except $200,000 in special bequests, between his son and daughter, Edwin Cooper and Mrs Abram S. Hewitt. The estate is valted at $2,000-000.

Annual Meeting of German Baptists.

EXCURSION ARRANGEMENTS.

For the benefit of those who wish to attend the Annual Meetings of German Baptists, to be held at Bismark Grove, Kansas, and Flora, Ind., The Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railway, and Chicago, St. Louis & Pittsburgh Rail Road, Pan-Handle Route, will sell Half Fare Excursion Tickets to Bismarck Grove, and Flora and return.

Excursion tickets will be on sale at the principal stations from May 10th to 15th inclusive, or will be sent to any of the smaller stations on application; they will be good to return until June 10th, 1883 inclusive, and will allow one stop over, within the time limit, at any intermediate station on lines of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railway, or Chicago, St. Louis & Pittsburg Rail Road. These Companies will send you to your destination by the most direct routes in the quickest time and with the fewest changes of cars. Please apply to agent of the Companies at any station, or to E. A. Ford, General Passenger Agent, Pittsburg, Pa., for information in regard to rates of fare, time of trains and connections.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

Sylvester Wells, a farmer near Sidney Ohio, was caught by the wheel of a windmill, yesterday, and killed.

Jerry Thomas, a pioneer in Sullivan county, died from injuries received by falling down a flight of stairs.

A colored man at New Albany died on Friday of lockjaw, caused by a weed accidently piercing the skin on his hand.

Peter Conkle, of Warren township Huntington county was very seriously injured, by the premature discharge of a blast.

James G. Anderson, a grain dealer of St. Jacob, Madison county, Ill., is alleged to have forged indorsements to notes to the amount of $12,000.

Charles and Fred Ward, brothers, and nephews of C. B. Farwell, of Chicago, were found dead yesterday morning in their shanties near Cree City, Dakota.

Michael Carliss shot and killed his wife, Ella, last night in a Baltimore bagnio in the presence of her paramour in whose company Carliss had, traced her to the house.

Miss Annie Galay, of Rykers Ridge, near Madison, was severly injured, the other day, by being accidentally struck upon the right leg with an ax in the hands of her brother.

Carl Taylor, aged eighteen, of Milton township, near Madison, was thrown from a horse Friday evening. Both arms were fractured and his wrist dislocated, besides other injuries.

Commodore Wood has been convicted of the murder of Charles Shellner, at Callou's saloon, at Huntertown, ten miles north of Fort Wayne, and sentenced to fifteen years in the penitentiary.

Mrs. James Donnelly, of Michigan City, wife of Engineer Donnelly of the Michigan Central railroad, was severely, if not dangerously, burned at her home in the west part of town the other day.

William Atkins, a laborer of Franklin, fell from a scaffold and sustained a very serious injury, a scantling falling upon him and mashing his foot and limb badly. Though exceedingly painful, his injuries are not regarded as fatal.

Buck Stout, who so brutally murdered Taylor Dunbur at Darlington, last October, has been sentenced to be hung on August 8, between 12 and 2 o'clock p. m., the motion for a new trial being overruled by Judge Helmer.

There are three men named John Walls in the vicinity of Washington. One of them is a bad citizen, and is always getting the others into trouble, and also into the newspapers, causing no end of vexation, explanation and combolication.

J. F. McMahon was shot dead by his son William, yesterday. One woman was the mistress of both. The son discovered the father's intimacy, and a quarrel followed, the father beating the son with a club, the latter replying with a revolver.

Harrison Jackson, from Cincinnati, crippled in the feet and drunk attempted suicide last night by jumping into the river at the ferry landing, at Jeffersonville. He was fished out and sent on his way.

John Lancaster, a man of sixty-five years, attempted to commit suicide yesterday at Fort Wayne, by cutting a horrible gash in his throat with a dull case-knife, puncturing the windpipe. His condition is critical. Financial trouble and sickness caused the act.

Lillie Emmett, of Logansport, aged nineteen, while attempting to board a Wabash Railway train near Wabash, fell under the wheels and sustained injuries which in all likelihood will prove fatal. His right leg was so mangled that amputation at the knee was necessary.

Thomas Coleman and his wife of Lafayette, who were poisoned by taking quinine that had been tampered with, are still ill, Mrs. Coleman quite seriously so. It is now belived that the mischief was done by young Coleman, who has left town, and said is to be of unsound mind.

John Barley, a farmer, aged forty years, hanged himself at Lafayette, on Saturday. He was subject to fits, and leaving his team in the field he went to the barn, and placing a rope around his neck, jumped irom a wagon. He was dead when found.

Lindsey E. Longacre, who kept a grocery store, corner of Oak and State streets, New Albany, and who is a well-known, temperate and reputable citizen, left his home last Tuesday in his one-horse wagon for the country, and has not since been heard from. The horse and wagon was found near town.

The Rev. Frederick Ubham, one of the best known Methodist preachers in New England, has just asked to be put on the retired list. He has been engaged in active ministeral work for sixty-two years.

In England they are building houses out of paper. In this country a great many houses are built on paper.

Working for the Good of Future Travelers.

"Down at Hornellsville," the tall, thin passenger remarked, "some of the passengers were telling me about a young fellow who lost his wife. They took her remains to some remote point (her old home, I believe), for interment.

"On their way back home the bereaved husband, accompanied by the physician, stepped off the train at a dining station for a little refreshment. When they went in they saw a man at the lunch counter, his elbows squared and his jaws working like an electric machine. When they went in he was standing about midway between the ends of the counter.

The physician and the mourner couldn't help noticing that everything on the counter below the man was gone; cleaned out, devoured; and everything above him was untouched. Steadily the man worked his devastating way toward the bountiful end of the counter, and the other passengers stood back to see fair play and give the counter a chance.

In time the man worked his way clear and clean up to the wall; he surrounded the last sawdust sandwich, he wrestled down the last piece of waterproof mince pie, he choked a little on the last plaster paris cast doughnut, but he got it down.

Then, with a profound sigh, gazing along the wreck strewn counter, he walked away with the air of a man who had just sacrificed himself for the good of his fellow-men, saying in tones of triumphant satisfaction:

"There, by gaul! The next fellow that comes along here will get something fresh."—Buffalo Express.

RIBTICKLERS.

Did you ever think what you would do if you had Vanderbilt's income?—[Norristown Register.] Well, no; but we have ofen wondered what Vanderbilt would do if he had our income. [PhiladelphiaNews.

A Germau went to a friend and said, "To-morrow I owe you $20,000. I am ruined. I cannot pay it, and I can not shleep a vink.,, The creditor said: "Vy didn't you wait to dell me tomorrow? Now neither can I shleep a vink."

"What do we give up," asks a clergyman, "in abandoning liquor?" We should say he gave up the liquor, for one thing, and perhaps a great many cousequent howlling headaches.—Norristown Herald.

Husband—I want to tell you some good news. I have just had my life nsured." Wife—"Your life! That's just the way with you selfish men. You would never think of having my life insured."[Fliegede Blatter.

A Mr. Marden says "I should not be surprised to see Governor Butler president of the United States." Perhaps not; but just think, Mr. Marden, how astonished the other fifty million of our inhabitants would be.—[Norristown Herald.

Not long since a prominant church member and citizen in the vicinity of Mason died' and the Mason dominie who officiated at the funeral commenced his prayer by sayibg: "O Lord, we most devoutly thank thee for the occasion which has brought us together."

The discovery has been made that a ballotbox with a false back, permitting the box to be "stuffed" was used at the democratic primaries in Hamilton, Ohio. The box worked to a charm but the maker is having trouble in getting his pay for it. He has sued the mayor who was renominated by the use of the boxes.

At a hotel in this city Sattaday a couple from the county of Irish extraction took seats at the dinner table. Directly after a young conple seated themselves opposite, and the young man took a stalk of celery from the dish and commenced eatiug it. The old lady opposite looked at him a moment with an air of disgust' and then nudged her husband and said in a stage whisber: "D'ye moind the blackgard ateing the bokay?,.—Oswego Times.

"Pa, I wish you would buy me a little pony, said Jonny. "I haven't any money to buy you a pony, my son You should go to school regularly, my son, study hard, and become a smart man, and some of these days, when you grow up, you will have money of your own to buy ponies with." "Then, I suppose, pa, you didn't study much when you were a little boy like me, or else you would have money now to buy ponies with, wouldn't you, pa?"

Herr Bretzeel (who has just had the telephone put up, calls for the repairer next day) —Look-a-here, my vrend, tidn't you dole me dot dellervone shbake Cherman unt converse in Cherman?

Repairer—Yes, sir.

Herr B,— Vell, py chiminetty, I dalk Cherman to dot dellervone yesterday, mid bolideness unt py unt py it say: "Hello? Phawt the divil air ye jabbern? Come off, ye ould Dutchy."

I dond allow no dellervone to sass me dot vay. Donnerhimmel! Dake d avay!—[Life]

A minister laboring in the mountain districts of Fayette county, West Virginia, gives the following conversation he had with a woman recently:

"Is your husband at home?"

"No; he is, coon hunting. He killed two whooping big coons last Sunday."

"Does he fear the Lord?"

"I guess he does; cause he always takes his gun with him."

"Have you any Presbyterians around here?"

"I don't know if he has killed any or not. You can go behind the house and look at the pile of hides to see if you can find any of their skins."

"I see you are living in the dark."

"Yes, but my husband is going to cut out a window soon.

MIXED RACES.

Intermarriage of Indians, Negroes and Whites.

How Many White Men Get a Wife and a Farm Too.

Cor. Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

TAHLEQUAH, Ind. Ter.—The Cherokees have 4,478 adopted whites, who have married Cherokee women and have all the rights of a citizen of their nation. An Indian maiden will choose a white man for a husband every time, for he makes a better provider than an Indian. By marriage she thinks she confers a great honor on him in thus elevating him to citizenship in her nation, and conferring upon him free lands, no taxation, office in the tribal government, and other emoluments, Many of these half-breed Cherokee women are cultivated in mind, beautiful in person, industrious in habit, and will compare well with the more favored women in the north and east. They have magnificent heads of hair, long and black, all their own, and with jet black eyes and pearl teeth, dressed in that fashionable attire in which they all love to appear, they would not be recognized in eastern drawing-rooms as that part of the original inhabitants of our country known as squaws, a name long since repudiated here. Let it be known, then, that white men of worth and character are popular among the beauties of this territory, and four out of five who come to make a home among them, marry these dusky maidens, get a citizenship, surround themselves with ample acres and the comforts of life, participate in the affairs of government and become the most active and wealthy citizens of the territory. A chief trait in the character of many white men both in this country and out of it is to get possession of its productive lands. By committing matrimony, they can kill two birds with one stone—get a wife and farm too. It is expected, therefore, that mercenary motives lie at the foundation of matrimonial movements. The Cherokees are proud of their blood, and every white man who has a drop of Cherokee blood in his veins will appear at court and prove it and become legally recognized as a Cherokee. It sometimes appears that a man learns that one of his ancestors married a Cherokee in Georgia or Alabama, and that he has a little Indinan blood in him. He then forthwith makes out application and files affidavit in proof of the fact. Hence we have many who are called Cherokees who are as white as the whitest man in New York or New England. Of such applications 265 have been accepted and 521 rejected. This shows that the Indians are particular to preserve their tribes from extinction, and yet be just to every man entitled to citizenship. In the Cherokee nation there are 5,352 white men who are not citizens. They include various trades and professions. Some of them keep great herds of cattle and make large amounts of money from these splendid pasture lands. There are from 8,000 to 10,000 colored people in the entire territory, and from 10,000 to 12,000 whites all told. The human countenances present among us a brilliant rainbow of colors, from the deepest jet of Africa to the purest white of Caucassia. This is a land of mixtures, of the intermarriage of races. Indians are married to negroes, and whites are married to Indians, and to negroes also. Wherever the white blood is intermingled through marriage with either Indian or negro blood the white principle prevails in the children. Hence it is that we have so many white Indians and white negroes. One might visit whole villages along the Missouri Pacific railroad without the least suspicion from the appearance of the inhabitants that he was in an Indian country. If the intermarrying goes on in the future as it has in the past every particle of Indian and negro physiogomy and color will disappear from the people of this land. As the English language is uprooting and banishing Indian dialect, so white will in time extirpate both black and copper color. Wherever the white blood prevails in an Indian the elements of a white man's character prevail. The whiter he gets the more he cultivates agriculture and commerce; liberty and law, learning and letters. "The Indian problem," as it is called, is being solved by the blending of the blood of both whites and Indians in their offspring.

Glass Shingles.

A manufacturing firm in Pittsburg, says The Brick, Tile, and Material Review, has made a new departure in the use of glass, a patent having recently been granted to them for the manufacture of glass shingles. It is claimed for this material that it is more durable, stronger, and more impervious to rain than slate or any other substance now used. The manufacture of these shingles will also be comparatively inexpensive, and they can be placed in position by any ordinary workman. They can be used for weather-boarding or siding houses, and will be found especially serviceable for conservatories or hot-houses, as they can be made of transparent as well as of opaque or transparent glass. These shingles have the advantage of slate in several particulars. In consequence of their shape they lie solid on the roof, and so can be used on comparatively flat roofs, and they will admit of persons walking on them without danger of fracture, a quality which slate does not possess. They are interlocked so as to leave the interstices between them, and one rivet holds each pair of shingles, so that they cannot be forced from their places by wind or other atmospheric disturbances. They are also made so as to have very little waste material. It takes 300 slates, each eight by twelve inches, to cover what is technically known as a "square" of roof (a space measuring ten feet each way), but 150 of these shingles will suffice for the same space. Slates lap on the ends in the roofing, but the shingles lap on the sides. It has been proved by experiment that of two adjacent houses one covered with state the other with translucent glass, and the heat of a room near the roof in the former building will exceed that of one similarly situated in the latter, during summer, by thirteen degrees; glass roofs are also warm in winter. Glass is likewise a non-conductor of electricity, and houses with these roofs will need no lightning conductors. Although the kind of glass intended to be used in these shingles is nontransparent, yet spaces for skylights may be filled with transparent glass. The exposed parts of the shingles are corrugated to increase the strength and carry off the water. The firm will construct the shingles in handsome diamond shapes, and they can be supplied in any color required, or of no color if preferred. A roof with colored border and opalescent body is said to very handsome.

The First Horse Killed.

Col. W. F. Butler in Fortnightly Review.

The 24th of August was memorable as being the first occasion since the Crimean war upon which a British force had been exposed to a heavy and trained artillery fire; it was also remarkable for witnessing the Household cavalry in action for the first time in sixty-seven years. A shell bursting in the midst of one of the squadrons knocked over a troop-horse, but scarcely had the "burst" ceased ere a voice was heard calling out for a "cheer for the first charger of her majesty's Life guards killed since Waterloo." It was the rider of the slain troop-horse who was thus celebrating the event as he was disentangling himself from the ruins of his fallen war-horse.

It takes twenty blows of a hammer in the hands of a woman to drive a tenpenny nail three inches. She misses the nail twice where she hits it once. How many blows does she strike in all, and how far can her voice be heard when she strikes her thumb?

Farm and Household.

Good vinegar can be made of honey cappings.

Asia Minor has olive trees 1,200 years old, in full bearing.

The winter killed all but the tough appletrees in Iowa.

Land in Hot Springs, Ark., recently brought $412 per front foot.

There were 2 600 emigrants crowded into Castle Garden yesterday.

The annual cattle sales in the United Sates are reported to amount to $300-000,000.

The Wild Duches of Geneva, a royal shorthorn, was sold at Chicago Wednedsay, for $21,000.

This is an age of universal deceit; even the honest old farmer is often guilty of watering his stock.

No material damage has been done to the Eastern peach crop, but other fruits suffered by the late frosts.

The cut of lumber this season in the pineries of Minnesota and Wisconsin has largely exceeded that of any previous year.

California wine production as measured by receipts San Francisco, has risen from 3 364 667 gollons in 1879 to 7,000,000 in 1882.

The United States has 15,024 sawmills, with 627 in Quebec, Ontario and Manitoba. In 1881 these mills cut 750-000,000 feet of lumber.

The average of land devoted to the cultivation of wheat in the United States has within the last ten years extended from $19,000,000 to more than $36,000,000.

Farmers in the United States have $12 210,253,362 of capital invested in their buisness. This sum includes farms, implements, live stock, fertilizers, and fences.

It is estimated that there are 18,000,-000,000 feet of white pine now standing in the lower peninsula of Michigan while in the upper peninsula there re probably not less than 5,000,000'000, feet.

CREAM DRESSING FOR COLD SLAW. Two table spoons of sweet crerm whipped; one of sugar and four of vingar beat well and pour over cabbage previously cut fine and seasoned with salt.

CURE FOR CHAPPED HANDS— Wet your hands in warm water, then rub them all over with Indian meal; do this twice and then in the water used to wash off the meal; put a teaspoonful of pure glycerine. If it is not pure it will irritate the skin.

One hundred vessels, carrying 4'250,-000 bushels of grain, chiefly wheat, corn and flax seed, are lying in the river and outside the harbor of Chicago waiting the announcement that the straits of Mackinaw are open, which will be the sigual for their departure.

The total land area of the United States, not including Alaska, is 1,000-800,000 acres and the total amount of farms, according to the last census 536 081,835 acres. The number of acres owned by the government at the time that census was taken was 1,273,946, 438.

If you wish to give a delicate and yet distinct onion flavor to the dressing for a fowl, boil the onion till tender changing the water twice; then chop it in very small bits, just as if it were raw Roast goose and wild duck gain to most palates by having the dressing thus flavored.

To prevent mold on the top of glasses of jelly lay a lump of parafine on the top of the hot jelly, letting it melt and spread over it. No brandy daper and no other coveriug is necessary. If prefered, the parafine can be melted and poured over after the jelly is cold, the Continent says.

Professor William E. Colton, state geologist for Tennessee, accompanied by Mr. Com Whitthorne, has for several days been on a prospecting tour through East Tennessee, the real object of which little is known. It now develops that their expeditions were of great importance not only to them but to an entire section of the State.

The government of Texas has signed the land bill. It fixes the minimum price of public lands at $2 for common with transient water, and $3 per acre with premanent water; mineral lands to be leased. A special commission is provided for transacting the land buisness connected with the sale of school, university and asylum lands.

The growing wheat in Lawrence county looks splendid, even that portion of it that has been regarded as seriously injured by the severe weather of the past winter presenting a most encouraging appearance. With favorable weather from this time on until harvest the yield will be an average, if not more. The prospect for fruit of all kinds was never better.

Dakota is getting a large share of this Springs immigrations. Two t ains a day now leave Chicago, bound through to that territory. and it is estimated that its Sothern half will contain beiore the end of the year a population of over 350,000. A peculiarity of this occupation is that the comers are chiefly from other parts of the United States, fully ninty per cent of the present inhabitants being native Americans.

They traced up a very valuable silver mine at the head of Wolfe creek, in Cook county, and purchased the entire vein. An analysis by Prof Colton develops the startling fact that the ore contains from $25 to $30 of silver per ton, which is fully as rich as the majority of mines in the West. They are bound under their contract to sink a shaft of seventy-five feet and tunnel 100, feet within six months. A company will be at once formed to develop the mine on an extensive scale.

At the New York banquet to Oliver Wendell Holmes the guest of the evening looked just as he had done for the past forty years; shrewd, observant, reflective, humorous and tender, he was the ideal picture of the man who through the ordinary experiences and trials of humanity has kept a temperament so cheery and a soul so pure that any one in trouble could borrow help from him and not imagine for an instant that the giver, like the Great Physician of twenty centuries ago, could feel that strength had gone out of him.

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Hon. H.P. Biddle

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TEMPERANCE BANNER.

"IN HOC SIGNO VINCES."

VOL. I. LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1883. NO. 10.

—Prohibition has a lofty object.

—Whisky is the climax of all curses.

—Temperance is the Muse of genius.

—Labor procures wealth, but economy increases it.

—Temperance has a cheerful and charming sound.

—The true object of temperance is human happiness.

—Intemperance brings an illimitable series of sorrow, shame and pain.

—Not to make use of our reason would be as dangerous as not to have it.

—The success of temperance will be the triumph of principle and the trophy of truth.

—Man by nature is a depraved being, but intemperance makes him tenfold more so.

—It is a good thing to prohibit the sale of intoxicants on Sunday; would it not be equally so on Monday, also?

—One saloon breeds more immorality in one week than can be counteracted by the ministers of the gospel in a whole year.

—The workingman's drinking not only spends the wages of the day, but creates an incapacity to earn wages on the day following.

—Until prohibition becomes the law of the land, society must make up its mind to bear all the accumulated horrors of the whisky traffic.

—The amount of money expended in the United States for intoxicants amounts to $133,000, every hour, and every minute to over $2,000.

—The crime of murder has become a common occurrence in these days. As law does not prohibit it, isn't it about time to license it and then restrict and regulate it.

—Whenever an evil has grown to such magnitude as to require restriction, it is high time that efforts be made to exterminate it altogether. Restriction is a farce. Regulation a fraud. Prohibition a certain and radical cure.

—Rev. Dr. Alford will preach tomorrow (Sunday) morning, at 10:30 a. m., at the Market Street M. E. Church. Subject, "The immortal identity of man, as seen by his hereditary possession of the seven spirits of God." All are cordially invited.

—License laws and school laws do not look well in the same statute book. They are not in harmony with each other. Of what use is it to educate our children, if in the end they are to become drunkards and vagabonds—made such by the liquor league? One or the other ought to be repealed.

—Disguise, palliate or apologize as you will, the system of licensing saloons, when carried to its ulterior results, is but a form of legalized crime. The whisky business has the control of legislators, and dictates the policy of political parties. It can make and unmake public men. It is able to keep its committee and paid agents at every session of legislatures. Its demands are haughty. Its will becomes law, because lawmakers are its pliant tools, its cowering subjects, its abject slaves. This is a sad state of affairs, and requires indomitable energy—eternal vigilance—to overcome it.

IDLENESS.

It has been said that "idleness is the devil's workshop," from which emanates much of the mischief so manifest in society. A bad philosophy has gained credence amongst us which, if properly analyzed, is a species of infidelity. Its tendency is to destroy one great element of success. We hear men descant about good luck and bad luck as they do about any of the ordinary circumstances of life. It generates an idle, careless indifference among our young men. Let the rising generation become incorporated with the idea that labor is not rewarded, that wealth, honor and distinction are simply the work of chance, and they will lose all ambition to make themselves useful or distinguished, and pass through the world without being any advantage to it, cursing the world while they live and blessing it when they die. The Great Creator has made nothing in vain. Every human being was designed for some purpose, noble in its nature. It is true, not all have the same amount of natural ability, or the same faculty for mental acquirements. These gifts vary in each. Not all were intended for the same sublime heights. Yet all are links in the great chain of human existence, and each have a sphere in which to move and act. Some have the qualifications to give an impulse to literature and science. Others may, like Phidias, command noble forms to walk forth breathing from marble quarries. Others have been able to register their names among the stars of heaven, whilst another class penetrate the bowels of the earth and examine the varied objects of the mineral kingdom. Some have planted colonies, and still another class absolves the connection of the mother country and declares a nation's independence. A Franklin tames the lightning and makes it the servant of man, to do his bidding. A Morse teaches it the alphabet. Although every member of the human race cannot accomplish these wonders, yet each can do something, and that very something is the object that moved Omnipotence to create them.

The Deity is an eternal enemy to idleness. Among the innumerable, varied creatures he has formed, he has not made a single idler. The idlers among men have made themselves such. Glance along the whole chain of beings, and there is not an idler found from beginning to end. Survey the brute creation: there is not a single idler among them. The bovine species are obliged to labor from morn till night to gather up the food necessary for their sustenance. The fowls of the air are always on the wing to gather up the scattered nutriment which Providence has provided for them. The ocean, alive in all its depths with various forms and sizes of organized life, yet there is not one idler to be found among them. Even the oyster and clam, deprived of the powers of locomotion, get where the surging breakers sweep, and are kept in constant motion by the whirling waves. Creation itself is not idle. The sun never stops, the planets roll in their orbits by the steady pressure of the hand of God. The seasons roll around and bring spring, summer, autumn and winter. They rule like sister queens, not one infringes on the rights of the others. The ocean in restless activity is always heaving its billows, rushing upon and retreating from the shore.

The little rivulets are constantly on the flow, fructifying the plains through which they pass. The rivers roll on in majestic grandeur until they are lost amid the wild waters of the ocean. Vegetation comes and goes without any interval of inactivity. In short, everything in nature is alive, and idle man is by himself, a shocking contrast to the whole wide universe, an unnatural exception, a dronish anomaly among mankind. The sacred word assures us that the inhabitants of the better world are not idle. They "worship day and night." Their "fervor no interval knows." The massive assemblies crowd the plains; their illustrious lines shine on the summits; the millions in the valleys strike their harps, while the thousands on the mountains harmoniously respond, and the concord of countless voices unite in one grand, exultant oratorio of praise. From the tall seraph near the resplendant throne down to the lowest of the heirarchs of heaven, there is not one idler.

The ancient decree of the Almighty is of the same binding authority as it was six thousand years ago, in the garden of Eden. "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground." is the inflexible order of the Creator of all things."

Temperance Will Triumph.

The question of Temperance will never rest until it is finally disposed of by the people. The liquor league and politician may as well understand this first as last. At present we are compelled to struggle against passions and prejudices powerful against political organizations, and biased courts. The only thing necessary to insure victory at the present time is a determined and concentrated effort of the temperance element. They have it in their power if they will to wipe out this incomparable curse of the nation. Too many temperance people heed the administrations of corrupt political demagogues and party leaders. So long as this continues, just so long will the temperance question remain unsettled.

The recent reverses of the temperance cause in the several Legislatures that have acted upon the question ought to satisfy any reasonable man that we can hope for no support from that quarter, all the interest they take in temperance is to use it in the furtherance of their political aspirations. It seems to us that we have had enough experience with these sycophantic politicans. How often shall we be betrayed by these villains before we learn wisdom? The masses of both political parties are right upon this question if they were left alone by miserable, blatant, hypocritical mountebanks. The success of the temperance ance would inure to the country a greater amount of blessings than any measure that has engrossed the attention of the people in the last twenty-five years. Taxes that weigh like a mountain upon the people, would be reduced 50 per cent. and the immense suffering having its foundation in the whisky traffic would cease. Peace and joy reign in thousands of families that are now ruined by rum. The Tariff and Civil Service Reform are not to be compared with the Temperance Reform The latter imperatively demands a higher consideration than either of the former, and will in time be so regarded by a majority of the people. Politicians may by strategy succeed in defering that auspicions event. It will come nevertheless, and woe betide those who may stand in the way of its onward march whether it be Legislators, courts of Justice, Political Charlatans, or the whisky league.

Admiring Temperance.

For the purpose of appearing respectable, some people are free to exclaim "we admire temperance." To that class of citizens allow us to say there is a vast difference between admiring temperance, and acting out its principles. It is like admiring the eloquence of a public teacher and not practice his precepts or copy his example. It is possible to feel the full force of oratory, both in its grandeur and pathos, and at the same time be inwardly averse to the truths he teaches, and hostile to every effort made to establish those truths. The music of the song may be sweet to the ear, while its subject is repugnant to the heart. The colorings and combinations of a painting may be pleasing to the eye, its lights and shades, its skilifull touches may be enchanting as matters of taste, while the scene it represents may be associated with the utmost antipathy of the mind. If they admire temperance in fact it is because of its beauty and blessings, and these should act as powerful incentives in moving them, not only to admire it but support and practice it, this valid reason can be assigned for not contributing towards sustaining so admirable a cause as temperance, a failure to do so leaves these admirers open to suspicion either that they are not sincere in their assertions, or some ulterior design underlies their asseverations. It is inconsistent to avow admiration for temperance and by precept and example practice the opposite. What a strange people we are!

Let them Do So.

If the Christian Churches would expel from membership all those who traffic and indulge in intoxicants. If every young lady would peremtorally decline the acquaintance of young men who drink beer or any other intoxicating liquors. If rail road officials would employ none but sober men. If voters would defeat every candidate who expects to ride into office on a beer keg. If merchants and business men would make it an established rule to employ none but men of temperate habits, and clients refrain from retaining drunken lawyers, and the sick decline the service of physicians given to intoxication, there would be such a revolution in the whisky business that would seal its destiny forever, and such a rule is urged by every consideration, justice and self-interest. Rail road companies have commenced the good work. Let the churches follow the example, and females establish the same rule, and the whole whisky business would die for want of patronage, and not a tear be shed over its corpse. The foregoing if rigidly enforced would bring the habit of indulging in intoxicants into bad repute, and its odiousness fully comprehended and the good that would accrue would be superlatively great and sublimely grand.

—The Democratic press have a fondness of quoting what they call Jeffersons standard of qualification for office "Is he capable?" but the further saying of that illustrious gentleman is invariably withheld from the public, Jefferson said "Were I to commence my administration again with the knowledge which I have acquired from experience, the first question I would ask with regard to every public candidate for every public office would be, "Is he addicted to the use of ardent spirits?"

Our Senses.

Through the medium of the senses we are enabled to learn lessons of wisdom. The knowledge thus obtained in most cases is instantaneous, and does not require the aid of reason, and are no more potent in man than in the inferior animals. Our senses tell us that we are hungry, that we hear a sound, that we are affected by light. This knowledge has to do with the senses exclusively. For example, our senses tell us that the river has swollen, and there is the end of it, but our power of judging teaches us that there has been heavy rains in some distant portions of the country.

Take up the senses one by one and apply to them the test of physiology and the construction of the brain either in its matter or in its convolutions and you cannot find any superiority in man over the animal kingdom, for the obvious reason in the animal three of the senses at least are more acut than in man. The sight of the eagle is more powerful than in man, the sense of smelling in the dog is much superior than in man. The senses of feeling is perhaps the most powerful and convincing of all the senses. You may loose the sense of seeing and still live, or the sense of hearing and continue to subsist, or the sense of smelling or tasting and still be alive, but if you loose the sense of feeling you are a dead man. Suppose some one in whom you have the most unbounded confidence as a man of truth and veracity should bring you the intelligence that your friend had the misfortune of a broken arm; you might probably believe him because of the confidence you repose in him as a man of truth and veracity, and yet upon mature reflections you might reason yourself into the belief that it may not be so. But suppose yourself had the misfortune of a fractured limb, could all the physicians on the continent convince you that there was not something wrong with your arm, for the plain and obvious reason you feel it? Moreover, there is not a single promise of future happiness based upon the five senses possessed by man. No where is it said if thou hearest strange and marvelous sounds thou shalt be saved, if thou smellest the odor of a thousand flowers thou shalt be saved, if thou tastest the embrosia of the gods thou shalt be saved, if thou seest the grandest scene in universal nature thou shalt be saved. We repeat again that no promise of future happiness is based on any one of the five senses. If there is will not the animal kingdom fair equally with the human in the disposal of the gifts to be imparted in that world of light, life and love.

Tramps.

Within a decade our country has been infested with hordes of tramps who go from place to place committing numerous depredations upon the persons and property of industrious citizens, who not unfrequently in the absense of the male members of the family, enter in a rude and insolent manner into private residences and compel the inmates by intimidation to prepare them something to eat. They generally steal their passage in our railroads, and seldom, if ever engage in any honest and honorable calling. They peremtorlally refuse to labor although it be tendered them. They live upon the frugality and industry of others. They have become so bold and brazen of late that their presence in any locality becomes a terror, as a general thing they are filthy and repulsive in appearance. The majority are desperadoes at heart. No man is safe from their desperations, what to do with them is a question that must eventually be settled. To arrest them on a charge of vagrancy is no punishment to them, it is simply what they desire, in that event they are furnished with food, and a place to sleep. The acts of our Legislature two years ago has made city ordinances a nullity Up to that time the city authorities had power to compel vagrants to work upon the streets or other public places of the city. They have no such authority now, this authority now rests with the commissions of the county but they seem to pay no attention to it, as a consequence tramps are on the increase, and are becoming more bold and insolent. We have no remedy to rid ourselves from these intolerable vagabonds. In the State of Delaware if we mistake not they have inaugurated the whipping post, and we believe in Massachusetts vagrancy is made a penitentiary offense. The law in Indiana is a dead letter. His trampship therefore finds green pastures where he can ply his vocation without molestation. The increase of these vagabonds is absolutely alarming and their depredations increase in the same ratio Something must be done if our interests are consulted.

Retired.

On Wednesday last the newly elected city officials took their seats, and the city government properly organized. The retiring members have acquitted themselves nobly, without being considered as aiming at eulogy it may truthfully be said that they have performed their several parts with honor to themselves, and the best interest of the city. Never was the city in a better condition financially than at the present time. On the 1st day of May 1879 the indebtedness aggregated $461,587,37 on the 1st day of May 1883 the debt amounted to 390,487.28, a reduction of $71,100,000. $15, 873,56 of which was made since Maylst 1882 to May 1st 1883 with not a dollar of indebtedness due and unpaid, with considerable funds on hands to meet emergencies. The credit of the city is unimpaired, the tax levy reduced, the Fire-department complete in all its parts, the police force have been efficient. The newly elected officials have only to exercise the same vigilance as the retiring members have done, and the same good results will continue. This they doubtless will do. They are all men of ability, while some of them have not had much experience in city matters, with the aid and experience of the older members of the council, we are satisfied that the government of the city will be managed with a view to its best interest. The writer herewith has had the honor of being Mayor for six years, and takes this occasion to return his thanks for the confidence reposed in him, and will ever remember them as a grateful and worthy people.

No Protection.

An American citizen maltreated in a foreign country could command the interferance of the government, and the mere recital of his wrong would touch the nation's heart, and at once if necessary, a million swords would leap from their scabbards, and the Army and Navy would girdle the globe with the flash of bayonets, and the light of their banners to redress the wrong and yet at home in our land the same citizen may suffer all the incomparable curse of rum, and the nations sympathy must be locked up. The pale and weeping wife or mother, may at midnight bend over the lifeless body of husband or child caused by the whisky traffic. They may in their anguish turn to the flag for which their grandsires fought only to see inscribed thereon. "No protection," against the whisky traffic.

Restraint.

There is no good that exists or can exist unless guarded by restraint. The best things we enjoy, the noblest qualities that we possess, become vicious by excess. Mercy degenerates into weakness, generosity into waste, economy into penury, justice into cruelty, and ambition into crime. The principle of restraint has the sanction of the Almighty wisdom itself, for it is impressed on every object of the physical as well as the moral world. The planets are kept in their orbits by the restraint of attraction, but for that law the whole system would run into inextricable confusion and ruin. Does it detract from the simplicity and grandure of this system, to say that one of the laws which upholds it is restraint? Is it not to the restrained position of the earth, that we owe the revolutions of the seasons, with their appropriate and successive enjoyments; and to its unrestrained revolution towards the sun, that we owe the relief of day and night—the season of labor and repose? —What hinders the vine from wasting its juice in wild and fruitless luxuries, but the restraint of the pruning hook and the decipline of the hand? What hinders the product of that vine from becoming a universal curse, but the restraint of temperance? What gives to society its finest charm, but the restraint of decorum, of mutual respect, of honor, confidence, kindness, hospitality? Look where you will—above you, around you, below you—you see the great conservative principal is restraint; that same restraint which, in harmony, holds human society together preserving courtesy, law, order and religion.—William Wirt's Sentence of Judge Peck.

—The Inter-Ocean makes the following statement: "The dining cars upon the North-western rail-road have conspicuously written across their bills of fare "No orders from the wine list filled while passing through Iowa." and yet they say prohibition does not prohibit."

RUM BLOSSOMS.

Aaron Scott, colored, stabbed and killed William Crotty, in Cincinnati, Saturday night, in a quarrel over half a dollar beer money.

St. Louis has 2 000 saloons. The revenue derived from them amounted to $196,650. The arrests last year on account of beer and whisky were 9,491, costing the people $384,850. In other other words, they cost the people $188.210 more than the revenue, not including outlays on the poor, insane asylums, etc.

The temperance reform will never succeed by aid of the politicians.—They will drop in line when they see the people moving the columns in time to save their distance. When it becomes popular and the loaves and fishes are in sight, they will be out in full force and shouting from every stump in the land, bellowing themselves hoarse over the iniquities of the traffic and the virtues of temperance and the glory and granduer of abstinence to the nation; they are a patriotic crowd, but have to be lead by the people.—Tennessee Good Templar.

Probably few citizens of Chicago realize that to-day this city is entirely at the mercy of the criminal classes. Existing laws have been decided unconstitutional by the judges and the police have actually no power. They are forbidden by statue to arrest a criminal without a warrant, unless the crime is committed before their eyes, and they are now informed that by the act of incorporation adopted in 1875 they have no power to serve warrants, This is heart-breaking. Thieves can defy the officers to their faces. The fact has been stated briefly and plainly and it will be admitted on all hands that something must be done, and done quickly.—Inter-Ocean.

"My early practice," said the doctor, "was successful, and I soon attained an enviable position. I married a lovely girl; two children were born to us, and my domestic happiness was complete. But I was often invited to social parties where wine was freely circulated, and I soon became a slave in its power. Before I was aware of it I was a drunkard. My noble wife never taunted me with a bitter word—never ceased to pray for my reformation. We became wretchedly poor, so that my family were pinched for bread. One beautiful Sabbath my wife went to church and left me lying on a lounge sleeping off my previous debauchery. I was aroused by hearing something fall heavily on the floor. I opened my eyes and saw my little boy of 6 years tumbling on the carpet. His older brother said to him: "Now get up and fall again; that's the way papa does! Let's play we are drunk!" I watched the child personating my beastly movements in a way that would have done credit to an actor. I arose and left the house moaning in agony and remorse. I walked off miles into the country, thinking of my abomniable sin and the example I was setting before my children. I suddenly resolved that, with God's help, I would quit the cup, and I did.—Cambridge News.

Does It Pay?

Does it pay to have fifty workingmen poor and ragged in order to have one saloon-keeper dressed in broadcloth and flush of money?

Does it pay to have one citizen in the county jail because another sells him liquor?

Does it pay to hang one citizen because another got him drunk?

Does it pay to have a dozen intelligent young men turned into thieves and vagabonds that one man may get a living by selling them rum?

Does it pay to receive $16 for a rum license, and then pay $20,000 for trying a man for murder, induced by the rum sold him?

Does it pay to have a thousand homes blasted, ruined, defiled, turned into hells of misery, strife and want, that some wholesale rumseller may build up a large fortune?

Does it pay to have twenty mothers and their children dress in rags, live in hovels, daily famish, that one rumseller's wife and children may live in ease and affluence?

Does it pay to have hundreds of thousands of men and women in the almshouses, penitentiaries, and hospitals, and thousands more in the asylum for the idiotic and insane, that a few heavy capitalists of the whisky ring may profit by such atrocity?

In the hurdle race at Forepaugh's circus at Pottsville, Pa. on Saturday night, Mrs. Cook's horse fell, and she is thought to have been fatally injured.

INDIANA

v.1 #10

Temperance Banner.

BY SAMUEL JACOBS.

LOGANSPORT, : : INDIANA

A PARROT was brought into a Brookly Police Court the other day to act as a witness in a case of disputed ownership of himself. With no fear of the law before his eyes, the bird proceeded to swear at the justice, using a vocabulary so extensive that the insulted justice grew red in the face and was about to fine the witness for contempt of court. Just then a third man who claimed to be an ówn r looked in, with: "Polly come and take a drink." Polly flew out, and the case is not decided yet.

THE number of pounds in a bushel of the various articles of produce varies somewhat in the different States. The majority, however, have adopted the following.

Apples (dried)	28	Indian corn	56
Barley	48	Indian corn (in ear)	68
Buckwheat	42	Indian corn (meal)	50
Beans	60	Oats	32
Beans (castor)	46	Onions	57
Coal (mineral)	80	Peaches (dried)	28
Charcoal (hard-wood)	39	Peas	60
Flax seed	56	Potatoes	60
Grass seed (blue)	14	Rye	56
Grass seed (clover)	60	Rye (meal)	50
Grass seed (timothy)	45	Salt	50
Hemp seed	44	Wheat	60

The San Fracisco School Trustees have employed a stalwart lady as "School Inspector." Her business is to waltz around among the schools and give the teachers hints as to how they can mantain perfect disciplina without resorting to the paddle or the switch. This lady asserts that the use of the rod is nonsense. The propriety of paying a woman a salary to exploit her disciplinary theories is rather doubtful. The corporal punishment question is an open one yet, and the bulk of the evidence goes to show that there are many children who can not possibly be diciplined by anything except an occasional application of the switch upon a tender part.

A girl in a town not a thousand miles from here, before leaving that wicked place for the beautiful city made the following touching appeal to her friends: "Do not lay me down by the rippling brook's side, lest babbling lovers wake me from my dreams, nor in the beautiful cemeteries in the valleys, lest sight-seers, reading over epitaphs, distract me; but let my last sleep be under the counter of the merchant and the business man generally who does never advertise. There is the peace which passeth all understanding, and a deep sleep on which the buoyant footfall of youth nor the weary shuffle and drag of old age will never intrude."

THERE appears to be a little hitch in the recent arrangement by which United States troops are permitted to pursue raiding Indians from Mexico across the boundary and punish them in Mexican territory, and Mexican troops are allowed to do the same with respect to American Indians raiding on Mexican territory. It appears that the Mexican government regards a formal change in existing treaties as necessary, but Gen. Crook has already gone after some raiding bands in Mexico, doubtless with the consent of the local Mexican military authorities. A few years ago this question of the pursuit of raiders was a very serious one. Mexicans, freebooters and Indians were in the habit of crossing the Rio Grande and stealing stock from Texas ranches. Their movements were very swift, and our Government could rarely intercept them, owing to scant garrisons, and the raiders could not be followed on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande. Sharp remonstrances were made to the Mexican authorities, but the substance of the responses was that he Mexican government was not strong enough to control its own vicious population, and that the United States troops could not be permitted to operate against the raiders on Mexican soil, because the people would resent such action and regard it as an American war movement. Since the Mexican government has become more staple these Rio Grande raids have greatly diminished, but they furnished a good casus belli, which most governments would have accepted and acted upon. After Diaz was declared President by the Mexican Congress, on May 2, 1877, he saw the necessity of composing this border-outrage business, and increased the Mexican garrisons along the Rio Grande, and permitted several American pursuing parties to operate against the raiders on American soil. The arrangement recently effected for the northern border of Mexico is a good one, and it is to be hoped that it may continue.

ACCORDING to the accounts published by the Washington papers President Arthur had a very serious time in getting ready for his southern trip, and no doubt that was one of the things which made him so nervous that when he found the fish in Florida did not bite very generously, not so much so as did the flies and mosquitos, it made him sick of the trip, and caused the report to be currented that the trip was a failure. When the president got all ready for the trip and started for the train it was found that the parties who had charge of the luncheon had sent it to the White House instead of to the train, and the president's party were obliged to live along the route on railroad sandwiches, stale cheese, and nothing to drink but the stale water that is always to be found in the average railroad car water-cooler. And then it makes things worse, when the conductor came through the car, and saw the president and suite munching sandwiches, he supposed they were a gang of emigrants, and it required considerable diplomacy, and statesmanship to convince him that the party were guests of the railroad company. All this time the president kept getting madder, and when the coupling pin connecting the president's car broke, and the forward part of the train went on a few miles and left the president's party standing still on the track, and swearing at their luck, it will be seen that the president was in no condition, when he arrived in Florida, to sit camly down in the sun with a can of angle worms between his knees to watch a cork bob up and down upon the surface of a pond of Florida water. And it is said that the Florida fleas, and sand flies, and mosquitos went for his tender presidential skin, and bothered him worse than a gang of office seekers would in Washington. Taking it all in all, the president seems to have had a very serious time of it on this trip, and it will probably tell on his nervous system almost as much as late hours and big suppers, and a torpid liver would in Washington.—Peck's Sun.

FIFTY years ago that earnest educator Geo. Brewster, declared: "In the primary schools must the death blow of crime be struck; the anticipating faculties of the rising generation be guided and strengthened," and he favored the concentration of enlightened educational effort upon the common schools. Since 1833, the necessity for rudimental education has vastly increased in urgency. The country has leaped forward in every avenue of material progress, but illiteracy has startlingly increased with the increasing civilization and increasing population. It is an enemy which menaces us in Kentucky in an extraordinary manner. It is a public danger which overshadows the State. It will not down before resolutions. It can only be shorn of its power to injure by a direct invasion of its strongholds by the school-teacher and school-house. These factors of victory are made by the expenditure of money, and the expenditure of the necessary money involves some personal sacrifice. The school-tax clause of a man's tax bill is the most beneficent item there. Every dollar paid out for this purpose is a direct contribution to the advancement of our material interests. The people must contribute more. Why not collect the $2 poll tax from the whole male population over twenty-one years of age? Who pays it to-day except the owner of real estate? Why should not the tax be collected from people who do not own real estate, and the proceeds be placed in the school fund? Why not make it compulsory on districts to erect school-houses and secure teachers? Why not make it a stern public duty for every school district to have a school-house and a teacher. Let the spirit of the Frankfort Convention be diffused through the State. It is shameful that anywhere a tax-payer should be hostile to taxes for primary education. Public education does not make angels of men, but it does kill off illiteracy; it does engender more enlightened ambition; a desire for bettering the condition; a pride in business and social order; a hatred of social chaos. It does minimize crime in proportion as it lifts men out of debasing conditions. The work of warring on illiteracy is formidable in this State; but it is a work which must not be shirked. We shirk it at our peril.—Louisville Courier Journal.

Victoria and Her Ministers.

New York Tribune's London Letter.

When a Minister has audience of a Queen on the affairs of State it must not be imagined that anything like a conference or any approach to an out-spoken conversation occurs. Ministers are made to feel that they are literally as well as nominally "servants" of the Queen. They do not venture to recommend or advise a certain course of their own volition. They wait till they are asked, and then "submit" to her Majesty what the state of the question really is, and listen to her observations thereon. Mr. Gladstone has never been a favorite with the Queen because he also is masterful in his way, and is apt to hint that the course he suggests is the only one that will meet the support of Parliament. This he does of course with considerable deference, but he has never succeeded in "managing" the Queen as Lord Beaconsfield managed her, by agreeing to the utter tomfoolery of calling her Empress of India and other acts of equal subservience. Like thorough Germans of the old school, the whole Royal family appear to ordinary people almost insane upon questions of dignity and precedence. Lord Beaconsfield, recognizing fully the late French Emperor's saying that "ladies must be humored," pleased the Queen by obeying all her little whims on such subjects. Moreover, he was on John Brown's side in politics and knew how to propitiate that worthy servitor. Hence the Queen permitted him a freedom of address never endured from any other of her Ministers except Lord Melbourne, for whom she had almost as much regard as for the first Duke of Wellington.

The Good Old Antidote.

Norristown Herald.

A German professor asserts that chloride of lime is a good antidote for snake poison when introduced under the skin near the wound. It may be, but Texans will cling to the old antidote which is introduced under the nose near the chin.

THE SEVEN STAGES.

Only a baby.
Kissed and caressed,
Gently held to a mother's breast.

Only a child,
Toddling alone,
Brightening now its happy home.

Only a boy.
Turning to school,
Governed now by a sterner rule.

Only a youth,
Living in dreams,
Full of promise life now seems.

Only a father,
Burdened with care,
Silver threads in dark-brown hair.

Only a graybeard,
Toddling again,
Growing old and full of pain.

Only a mound,
O'ergrown with grass,
Dreams unrealized—rest at last!

ON A RAFT IN THE FRESHET.

The Veracious Narrative of Mr. "Curley" Peters, Steersman.

Callicoon (N. Y.) Cor. New York Sun.

'Curley" Peters, the steersman, and Joe Billings, the front oarsman, and Billy King, the hind orasman, sat in the smoking-car on their way to Big Eddy, from where they were to start down the river with a three-oared raft. The train was booming along at twenty-five miles an hour.

"This is gettin' over the groun' pooty tol'able scrumptious, I'm takin' on it," said the hind oarsman, "an' ruther knocks the sadust out'n raftin'. I reckon that we're a scootin' 'long a little bit faster th'n the riptearnest fresh on record ever druv a hemlock raft, don't yo' think we be, Curley?"

"Not by a pow'rful sight, we hain't," said the steersman. "I guess if you'd a ben 'long o' me on a raft o' toggle-timber that I run from the Gap to Easton Bridge, on the roarin' old fresh ez come from the big June rain, back in '62, you'd think this ere train o' keers won't more th'n keepin' out'n the way of a funner'l percession."

"See yer, Curley," the front oarsman put in, "y, hain't agoin' to run us up agin that ba'd-headed yarn, be ye? The las' time v' tole that lie, which it we e up in the Long Eddy tavern, don't y' reckomember that the tavern were struck b' lightnin' an' we was longest a fotchin' you to thn' ef y'd a clum outsid'n three drinks o' the Eddy rum? If you steer us foul o' the blame thing again I'm afeered t ere'll be a wreck on this ere train, sartin ez hemlock. Head yer timber clear o' that snag an' give us a chance to tie up safe, won't ye'?"

"Hain't th' yarn true?" asked the hind man.

"True?" said the front oarsman. "Tru? Vhey hai.'t no more truth in it than they is sap in a forty-year-old tombstone!"

"Jo Billing s," said the steersman, "yer pinted dead wrong, fur if they ever were a reg'lar ole seasoned-in-the-log fact, warranted to cut four feet at the butt, and to work up without nary a knot, seis ere one is the stick o' timber ez'll get the canthook fust ev'ry time, an' don't ye forgit it!"

"That's all rlght, Curley," replied the front oarsman, "but ef I was you, and 'spected to keep on tellin' that air story; I'd git my life insured. Annynias an' Sapiry would a left their folks a durn sight better fixed ef they'd a done it, too. But, pull out!—pull out with yer 'tarnal ole yarn, an' jes' see whar ye will land us."

And Jo Billings lit his pipe and resigned himself to his fate.

"I b'lieve I said ez how I run that ai raft from the Gap to Easton Bridge," the steersman began, "but that wa'n't the way on it. That raft run me, an' done it, durn han'some, an' no mistake.

"They hadn't ben sech a rain know'd 'long the Delywar' fur forty year ez come a dippin' through the valley in June, '62. It je.t came down in hogsheads full fur three days and nights. The river begun to raise, an' it kep' on a raisin' till they wa'n't scarcely no more land fur it to git a hold onto, an' folks begun to give out contracts for the buildin' o' Noar's arks. 'Long in the fall o' '62 I had started with a five-oared raft from the head o' the river fur tide, but the fresh didn't turn out to be nothin' but a scrub fresh, an' when we got to the Gap we run out o' water an' had to tie up. They didn't come no water agin that season, an' we didn't git none o' no consekence till the big June fresh. Soon as they wa'n't no doubt that we was agoin' to have water 'nough to float the Great Eastern clean to the startin' place o' the Delyware.' I struck 'em in fur the Gay to git my raft in shape fur gittin' he the rest o' the way to tide. They were a good fresh by the I got to the Gap, an' we overhauled the raft an' tightened her up. By the time we had her in shape the river begun to raise like ez if it was a tub an' some one were a pumpin water inter it through a six-inch pipe. It riz so fast that when we went to work on the raft at seven o'clock in the mornin' she lay at the foot of a big buttonwood tree ez stood on the bank. By ten o'clock we had to cut away the branches o' that tree so ez we could stan' up and work, an' them branches was thirty feet fron the groun' by actiyal measure! An' it seemed ez if that water was a runnin' more'n a hundred mile an hour. Wall, we see they wa'n't no use o' thinkin' o' startin' out on such water ez that, an' we unshipped the oars to wait for a fresh ez 'twere safe to run on. The two fellers ez was helpin' o me had left the raft an' I were pickin' up some tools to carry off when one o' the snubbin' ropes snapped in two. Quicker'n lightnin' that end o' the raft swung down stream, and kerbang went t other rope. In two seconds the raft was makin' its way down that river at a rate ez railroad keers mebbe kin come up to one of these days, but the fas'est time ez ever wur done yit on the best road in this kentry is like an ox train 'long side a 2:40 hoss when you kum tu talkin' 'bout how that air raft went slidin' 'long. An' thar I wur on the durn thing, without nary an oar, an' knowin' that when she stove up they wan't no more show o' me gittin' ashore th'n there was for me to steer her with a pine shingle. The only thing I could do wur to just sit down an' take in the scenery an' wonder how much they'd find o' me arter the fust bridge-pier we met had got through with us. All of a suddint I thort o' Foul Rift which it takes a man ez knows every rock an' buth they is on the shore an' in the river to steer inter without stavin', an' I says to myself, 'We may run clear o' ev'rythin' till we git to Foul Rift, but when we git thar Mrs. Curley Peters is a widder sartin' ez sap in spring.'

"Wall, we got to Foul Rift. The openin' to it 'twixt the rocks didn't look no wider'n this keer, an' the water just got up an' howled. The raft ended fur the rocks, an' I shet my eyes an' tried to pray, but durn singular ez mebbe y'll think it, I couldn't git my mind on nothin but wonderin who my widder would marry. While I were tryin' to settle on the man ez'd be most likely to hook onto her an' the $800 I had in my chist at hum, I felt myself a-goin' up towards the clouds, an' a-sailin' through the air, ez if I'd bin a settin' on a powder kag, an' somebody had touched a match to it. I opened my eyes to see what wuz the matter. Ez I turned a summerset I see that I wur suthin like a couple of hundred yards ahead o' the raft, an' it wur bilin' along with one side kind o' tore out. She had stove on the rocks but not head on, an' the shake up only just slackened her speed a leetle, while I kep' agoin right on. But that raft shot ahead so durn fast through the rift that when I got down, more'n 300 yards from where we stove, she were plumb in under me, an' I jest plunked right back on to her, an' away we tore again. I were kinder stunned, nat'rally, an' when I sot up agin thar I see a bridge pier right atraight in front of us. They wa'nt no help for us. Bang! went the raft squar on to the pier. When I come to I were layin' in a boat on the Pennsylvania shore, more'n ten rod below the bridge, two men alookin' at me.

"'Wall,' says one on 'em, 'when I seen you a comin over that bridge, a whirlin' like a circus tumbler, an' ye kersoused inter the water 'long side o' this boat, I were afeerd yed hurt yerself, but I'm durned if ye've got a scratch.!

"Y' see, when the raft stopped agin the pier, I didn't. Ez luck had it, I went clean over the bridge, an' it's a hundred foot high, an' come down in the water on t'other side, whar two men was ketchin' driftwood. When the raft and me left the Gap it was jist half-past ten. When I looked at my watch after comin' in the boat it lacked two seconds o' being ten minutes to 'leven. Ez it's thirty miles from the Gap to Eastern bridge, I'm a takin' it that a makin' of it in less'n twenty minutes ruther knocks this train's time clean out'n the channel."

The hind oarsman didn't say whether he believed the story or not, but when the train stopped at Big Eddy he told Curley that he had changed his mind about going down the river, and when the train left Curley was looking for a man to take his place.

For and About Women.

Fanny Davenport will summer on her farm at Canton, Pa.

The window of Benjamin Walkins Leigh formerly U. S. Seantor from Virginia, died in N. Y, aged 81 years.

The Queen has intimated that she will open the Universal Fisheries Exhibition, even if unable to walk at the time of the opening.

Chepeta, the widow of the famous chief, Ouray, has married a White River Ute who is said to wear the extraordinary name of Toomuchagut.

The Princess Louise, finding some children playing marbles in the hallway of the Brunswick the other day, stooped down and taught them a new game.

A Tallahassee lady of n common nerve appeared at an evening party recently wearing live spiders, chameleons, beetles and fire-flies in her hair and on her dress.

Grace Greenwood writes from Paris that the average American dressmaker is more clever than the women of that calling in France, which no doubt is true, as the best dressmakers of Paris are men.

At Sarah Benhardt's tea the other day, a certain Count appeared with one arm in a sling, having wounded himself while out shooting. "Really?" quoth the sympathetic Sarah, "so there was no other game?"

The Rev. Miss Anna Oliver, who recently resigned from the Willoughby-avenue Methodist Episcopal church, Brooklin, L. I., has sold the church edifice, which was held in her name, to the First Reformed Presbyterian church for $18,000.

It is said that Mlle. Etelka Borry who will soon appear in this country as a star, eats but one meal a day, walks ten miles each day, swings Indian clubs, toys with hundred-pound dumb-bells and boxes like a prize fighter. We should think that Mlle. Boory might be quite capable of managing her manager.

Talking about the suppressed sex, we were informed that there were 75,000 women who might have voted at the school meetings in N. H, this spring if they had seen fit, but they didn't and at Manchester not more than 75 went near the polls. If only one woman in 1,000 wants to vote, why should there be any commotion about female suffrage?—E x.

Registration of women voters in Boston: "I wish to register, sir." "Your name, please?" "Almira Jane Simpson." 'Your age?" "Beg pardon." "Your age." "Do I understand that I must give my age? "Yes, miss, the law requires it." "Worlds, sir, would not tempt me to give it! Not that I care. No; I had as lief wear it on my bonnet as a hackman does his number, but I'm a twin, and, if my sister has a weakness, it is that she dislikes any reference made to her age, and I could not give you my own, because I do not wish to offend her."

Animal Actors.

Animal performers, be their parts eve so simple, are not always to be depended upon. An effect never contemplated by the composer of "Tannhauser" was produced one night at Covent Garden, thanks to a couple of animal supers. With the first note of the goatherd's song, the two goats tethered to the rock began to bleat most piteously, and in her own interest M'lle Cottino hastened to set them free. One made a hasty and undignified exit, but the other less bashful, made its way to the footlights, and insisted upon delivering itself of a ludicrous solo as unmelodious as the most ardent admirer of the music of the future could hope to hear.

Determined to put the "Forty Thieves" upon the stage is as realistic a manner as possible, an enterprising Nevada manager provided "All Baba" with a real live mule to carry off the proceeds of his raid on the robber's cave. Either from the lack of proper instructions or from the perversity of his nature, the animal behaved as though the sole purpose of his presence was to prove that he was no "property" mule, for no sooner was he on the stage than he put his fore feet down firmly and kicked as only a mule knows how to do, sending the prompter into the orchestra, the call-boy into the flies, and causing a general exeunt, without any regard to the stage directions. Having the stage to himself, he exercised his heels until he had kicked the cavern, the jars of oild an expanse of forest far into space, and utterly wrecked the mise en scene. That mule's first appearance was his last, although the spectators were so delight-with his spirited performance that they wanted him to take a benefit; but the manager declined to give him a night.

A Wanderer on the Face of the Earth.

Dayton Journal.

"Cornelius V. Cain, vagrancy," was the registry on the docket of the Dayton Police Court a few days ago, and with this brief line there is connected a story of stranger adventure than one man often experiences. Thirty years ago Cain, then a mere boy, ran off to sea on a French merchantman. The ship was taken by pirates after a strong resistance, and every one on board except young Cain walked the plank, he being spared by an old Spaniard on account of his youth. For eight years Cain lived as a cattle herder when his roving disposion again asserted itself, and five years of seafaring followed. He was wrecked off the Bermudas, picked up by an English man-of-war and taken to Liverpool. Several years were spe-t in traveling through the Grecian Isles and into Asia with English merchants. Then followed a trip to the South sea Islands, and several narrow escapes from shipwreck. Some time was spent in mining in California and in a fruitless search for a brother. Another year was spent herding cattle in Texas, and at last Cain determined to come East and seek his father. Traveling mostly on foot, he reached Ohio entirely destitute, and has wound up in the Dayton workhouse as a vagrant. But the most wonderful part of his story is that his father, entirely unknown to him, is an inmate of the Soldiers Home. After thirty years it now seems they are to meet again, the runaway boy, now a bearded and bronzed man nd the stern parent, once a prosperous, manufacturer, now an old, and infirm soldier.

Solved the Puzzle.

Wall Street News.

The other night a merchant in a village in Ohio was discovered in his store at an unusually late hour. and in reply to inquiries he said:

"My confidential clerk is missing,"

"And what of it?"

"Why, I'm looking over the books, but they seem to be all square,"

"Have you counted your cash?"

"Yes, and its correct to a dollar."

"Look over your bank book?"

"I have, and it's satisfactory. That's the puzzle, you see. He skipped, and I can't make out what for."

"Been home since noon?"

"No."

"Perhaps he has eloped with your wife."

"Land alive! but it may be so! If it is then the puzzle will be solved."

He hurried home, and it was so, and he felt a great anxiety off his mind.

A Lexington, Ky., special says the stable of J. A. Grinstead, containing six thoroughbred yearlings, all by imported Thunderstorm, was burned, and all censumed. Loss, $10,000. It was the work of an incendiary.

Agricultural Notes.

The statement is that "in Japan, the reeling of the silk worm's cocoon is so perfectly performed that the Japanese fiber is commonly nine and a half miles long without a break.

It may be of advantage to many farmers to be reminded that "a field that has been long cultivated in hoed crops is not as favorable to a full crop of potatoes—other conditions being equal—as a new field with a good clover or grass sod turned in."

When the North American Bee Association last met, a committee was appointed to gather statistics. It is believed that full statistics as to the number of colonies of bees in the country and the produce from them will surprise everybody, and lead apiculture to be better appreciated as one of the important industries.

A farmer's living can be greaty improved and the cost of it materially reduced by planting out a half acre of currants and gooseberries. These fruits are very prolific, and never miss. By this means a large quantity may be put up, so that instead of having the luxury of canned fruits once a month or week, it may be had every day.

It is announced that beet culture, hitherto confined to the north of France, is rapidly extending to the east and center. Societies are being established, not only to work up the roots, but to grow them. The aim of French cultivators now is to produce a root containing one per cent more in yield of sugar, which is a superiority that the German farmers at present possess.

G. G. Zenon, a large sugar planter of St. Mary's parish, La., claims to have made in 1881, 6,000 pounds of sugar and 3,600 pounds of molasses from five acres of land This would be 9,600 pounds of sugar and molasses to five acres, or 1,920 pounds per acre. From the time sugar was first made n Louisiana until the late war, 1,100 pounds of sugar to the acre was the highest ever known. The Zenon crop alluded to above gave 1,200 pounds.

It is thought that farmers do not raise enough carrots. They make a horse's coat very fine. Carrots should have good depth of soil and fine tilth. The wives of farmers do not properly appreciate the value of the carrot in cookery. The liking for carrots is an acquired one. So is that for tomatoes. So is that for parsnips. The carrot flavor, when liked, is a valuable addation to meats, to gravies and to soup. The French and Germans use it largely. The Queen of England always has currots and turnips cooked with her boiled matton.

Dr. Stewart says that the power in the corn kernel to regenerate, after drying, enables us to plant it shallower than is sometimes reguired for the securing of permanent moisture to the seed in the spring. While some corn seed have the power to push up through eight inches of heavy clay soil, yet our results obtained last season by experiment showed a quicker vegetation and, as we imagined, a better stand from seed planted one-fourth inch than deeper. Hence it seems quite reasonable to infer that the compacting of a fine soil about the seed is of more importance than merely the depht of planting.

Translation of an American-French Joke.

New York World.

Immense example of this which can the nerver and the muscles of the man, united at a will inflexible.

The journals of the West Americans—the most worthies of faith of alls we know it—teach us this here:

A muderer, most researched of the police; of whom we had the signalment exact, has succeeded during strong long-time to escape at the researches by the mean following:

He knew that we had made, of after his photographs, a figure of wax for a museum of San Francisco. Grace to the connivance of a guardian he occupied in person all the day without budging the place of his image, where we would not have gone to seek him!

After having thus eluded the police during three weeks he is succeeded to fly.

The police tears out himself the hairs.

Jeff Davis.

New Orleans Correspondent Nashville American;

One afternoon, while over the lake I was out driving down one of the beautiful aisle-like country roads, where the pines and great oaks bend overhead like the arches of some great cathedral transept when we had to give half the road to a modest-looking, one-horse buggy, driven by a fat, pleasant-looking lady, who was talking to a bent, and querulous-looking old man. His hair and beard were very white; his eyes were red, and the slight figure seemed greatly aged since I had last seen him, for this was Mr. Jefferson, and the motherly-looking lady was Mrs. Davis. Mrs. Davis, they say, can ride a high horse. To me she appears a sweet and lovely woman. She is highly culturned, as perhaps you know. Mr. Davis looks very feeble and has aged greatly in the last few months. A feeble, wan, bent old man, with the gentlest manner and the kindest smile for all. He came over to the city on decoration day. I do not think he is a particularly brilliant or eloquent speaker, but he attracts more attention than any other man in the South could win from our rather indifferent public.

Cincinnati has a colored Freddie Geb hardt. Kill him.

OLD GRIMES.

[A. G. Greene, born in Providence, R. I. February 10, 1802, and educated at Brown University, in the city, died 1:69, was the author of the famous song, "Old Grimes is Dead," so seldom correctly published, but as popular as any inthe English language. The followingis a correct version:]

Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more;
He used to wear a long black coat
All buttons down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feeling all were true,
His Hair was some inclined to gray,
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er he heard the voice of pain,
His breast with pity burned,
The large, round head upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Kind words he ever had for all,
He had no base design,
His eyes were dark and rather small,
His nose was aquiline,

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true,
His coat had pocket-holes behind,
His pantalaloons were blue.

Unharm'd the sin which earth pollutes,
He passed securely o'er,
And never wore a pair of boots
For 30 years or more.

But good old Grimes is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown,
He wore a double-breasted vest,
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it is desert,
He had no malice in his mind,
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay,
He wore large buckles on his shoes,
And chan gedthem every day.

His knowledge hid from public gaze,
He did not bring to view,
Nor make a noise town meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chance,
He lived (as all his brothers do),
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturb'd by anxions cares,
His peaceful moments ran,
And everybody said he was,
A fine old gentleman.

A VILLAIN FOILED.

Senor Cortez lived in an elegant villa on the outskirts of Ferdinand, Mexico, with his only child, Maria, a beautiful girl of twenty. Senor Cortez had promised his old friend and playmate, Senor Lebas, when the latter was on his death bed that he would see that his daughter Maria and his friend's son Giraud should marry.

Giraud, though left a large fortuue, had squandered nearly all of it in reckless dissipation, and it was discovered that he had resorted to robbery on more than one occasion to acquire funds to satiate his dissolute habits. These facts, however, were kept a secret from Senor Cortez and his daughter.

While Maria was returning to her home one evening about dusk, she had occasion to cross a small bridge leading to her father's house. When half way across, a freshet, which had set in in the early part of the afternoon, had torn up a large tree and dashed it against the bridge. The structure was old and rotten, and gave way. Maria was precipitated headlong into the torrent, and would have met a watery grave, had not a young man who happened in that locality heard her cries for help. Plunging into the torrent among the whirling timbers, he caught her around the waist, and, after a terrible struggle, reached the bank. The girl was soon brought to conciousness and escourted home by her rescuer. Senor Cortez was profuse in his thanks to the young man, and graciously offered him the hospitality of his house then and whenever he chose to call. The next evening Juan Gallochez returned and asked regarding the health of Maria, and was immediately shown into the parlor, where the object of his inquiry was seated. She received him kindly, and in a short time the two were very good friends. Juan did not in the least disguise his real condition from her. He was a young clerk,and very poor, depending for a living on his weekly salary.

As time sped on the acquamtance of Juan and Maria ripened into deep love, and Giraud was not slow in discovering the real condition of affairs. Senor Cortez learned of his daughter's new infatuation and asked her one day if such was really the case. Maria answered that it was. "Well, I swear," exclaimed Sener Cortez, "you shall marry no man but Giraud Lebas. You deserve to be cursed, and if you do not leave my sight I will pronounce my curse upon you.'

"Giraud Lebas," replied Maria, "is a bad man. I hate and loathe him, and will never marry him.'

On the following day Cortez sent for Giraud and told him of the interview with his daughter.

"I shall destroy the old will and make a new one to-day," said he. "If Maria marries within two years after my death she is not to have a penny of my property, which shall go entirely to charities. At the end of two years she may mrary whom she chooses, and that property shall be hers. By that time she will have forgotten her new love, and no doubt choose you. If she marries you within two years, the property shall be yours and hers jointly."

Giraud left the room almost bursting with rage. He saw a fortune slipping from his hands, and he determined to prevent it if possible. Giraud sought Madeline, Maria's maid, and the two went into the garden and sat down on a rustic bench, where Giraud narrated to the woman his recent interview with Maria's father. The two talked in low and earnest tones for almost an hour, when they arose and went into the house by separate entrances. That same night Juan called upon Maria, and was told the conversation that had passed that day between her father and herself..

"I will see him personally," said Juan, and before Maria could stop him he was gone.

A servant who happened to pass the library door heard Senor Cortez say in a tone of bitter anger:

"You are a thief, curse you. You sneak in my house to steal——"

Five minutes later the same servant saw a man rush out of the house as though pursued by a demon.

Girand Lobas stepped from a side door.

"Who was that?" he asked.

"Senor Gallochez, sir," said the servant.

Twenty minutes after a wild cry rang through the house. An instant later the library door flew open and Maria rushed out.

"They have killed him! They have murdered my father! Help! help! help!"

A warrant for the arrest of Juan Gallochel was immediately issued on the charge of murdering Senor Cortez, and public sentiment was fierce and denunciatory. Juan was the victim of a fearful plot arranged by his unscrupulous rival, Giraud. The latter was vile enough for any infamous scheme, and he knew that if Juan was convicted, and circumstances tendered that way, he would be executed, and it would be an easy matter to regain Maria and get possession of Cortez's fortune.

A short time after the murder of Senor Cortez, the body of a female was found one morning by a boatman lying on the bank of the river with an ugly stab wound in the left side. It was discovered that life was not entirely extinct, and after some difficulty the woman was sufficiently resuscitated to be able to ask for water. She was conveyed to the nearest house, and medical assistance summoned. After an illness, during which her life was despaired of on more than one occasion, she finally became convalescent,and then rapidly recovered.

After some short delays Juan's trial was begun, and a fearful amount of what purported to be evidence against the prisoner was brought to bear upon the case. As the trial progressed immense crowds flocked daily to hear it and gaze upon the prisoner. One mesh after another of the fearful net was closed around him, and Juan saw his doom, but still uttered no word of protest or complaint. He had nothing to live for. Existence held not the slightest charm for him; it would be well to lay it aside. He hoped that his sentence would be death rather than imprisonment, which was worse, and the last day of the trial dawned. The trap had been successfully set, and all clews carefully concealed, that no one expected the awful plot. In vain the prisoner denied all complicity in the crime. He found Senor Cortez lying upon the library floor when he entered the apartment on that terrible night, and realizing that a foul murder had been committed and that he was to be accused of it, crazed with excitement he fled the house, and remembered nothing until arrested the same night.

At last the trial ended. An awful silence fell upon the court-room, broken at length as the jury arose and retired. When the twelve men filed back to their places one could here, as from a distance, a voice asking the decision. And, like a dream, a stern voice replied:

"Guilty of murder in the first degree."

When the announcement was made Juan staggered to his feet.

"I am innocent of the crime for which I have been found guilty, and may God forgive you for this day's work."

The calm, impassible Judge arose and began to read the sentence. Just then a voice was heard from amid the crowd that clustered about the outer door—a voice which cried in authorative tones:

"Stop!" and Madeleine, the maid, entered the court-room. Giraud sprang forward.

"My God!' What has brought you from your grave?" he wildly exclaimed.

"I came for retribution," Madeleine quietly answered. Then facing the Judge she slowly and distinctly said: "That man, Giraud Lebas, murderad Senor Cortez. On the day when the Senor informed him of his determination to make a new will and destroy the old one,in which he was named for a large fortune, he sought me, who had been his mistress for years past, and planned a method by which the old will should be obtained and the new one destroyed that night, though murder was to be resorted to. On the night in question we entered the library while the Senor was dozing on the sofa, and attempted to chloroform him. While in the act, Senor Cortez awoke and denounced us as thieves, but before he could make any further outcry Giraud had driven a poniard into his heart, and the man died without a groan. Shortly after Juan Gallochez entered the library, and, discovering the crime, rushed madly from the house. His arrest, subsequent trial, and testimony of the servant, are still fresh in your memory. Giraud discovered that my existence would be detrimental to his future plans, and decided to be rid of me. Under the guise of having something of importance to communicate to me he enticed me to the sea-shore, stabbed me fatally, as he believed, and then dragged my body to the water's edge supposing that the ocean would carry me out when the tide arose. I was saved, however, by providential interposition, and when I recovered sufficiently I swore to be avenged for my wrongs."

This confession fell like a thunderbolt upon the court-room. The Judge seemed more astonished at Madeleine's appearance and revelations than any one else.

"Well, madam," said Giraud, turning his angry dark eyes upon the woman, "have you finished your damnable lies? What do you intend to prove by all this stuff?"

"Prove!" she cried wildly, "God help you, Giraud Lebas, when my proof shall be forthcoming!"

Her proof subsequently did come, and with it corroborative testimony which executed Giraud for the murder he endeavored to fasten upon an innocent man.

Maria waited two years, as the will provided, and married whom she chose. The reader will have no difficulty in guessing the husband.

Opium Eating.

Few persons here are aware of the extent to which opium eating is practiced in this city, says the Manchester (N. H.) Mirror. Inquiries at the drug stores reveal the fact that large quantities are sold for eating purposes to regular customers. The crude form of opium is in the most demand, although some prefer the tincture, commonly called laudanum. Among those who practice the habit here is a man who has indulged in the drug for thirty-three years, and probably stands to day at the head of the list of opium eaters n this country. He says he has talked with hundreds of persons addicted to the use of the drug, and never yet saw or heard of any one who took such large doses as himself. He served in the Mexican war, in which he contracted chronic diarrhea. A physician told him he must either commence the use of opium or else die in three months. At that time he was very light in flesh, but immediately upon the taking of the drug he began to grow heavier and regain his health, his weight increasing seventy-five pounds in three months. The amount of opium with which he began the practice was in size about as large as a small shot, this quantity being eaten daily. Gradually the demand of the system for the drug increased, and he had to satisfy the cravings, until now the amount which he is obliged to use averages a pound a month Several times a day he takes a dose which would kill a dozen men. He carries it about in his pockets in huge hunks, and would be in misery if perchance he should be accidently placed where he could not obtain it. A stout opium eater is rarely met with, but this man tips the scales at over 200 pounds,and has weighed rising 300 pounds. The high cost of opium makes its use a very expensive habit, particularly in the case alluded to, who buys it in lots of eight or ten pounds. The vast amount of opium which he has used during the last thirty-three years may be judged from the fact that for the last ten years he had averaged over a pound a month, and that for the twenty-three years previous the increase was steady from several grains a day, with which he commenced. That he has taken over 300 pounds during that time there is no doubt. It is impossible for him to abstain from the habit, as the old disease, chronic diarrhea, which he has never become cured of, asserts itself most strongly, and for relief opium is the only remedy.

He Was the Fellow.

Kansas Chief.

A good thing is related as having occurred in a barber shop in a certain town in this county recently, on the occasion of a too-too wedding.

"Well,' said the barber to the usual crowd of loungers about such a place, "I guess the monkey show will come off this evening,"

"What kind of a show is that?" inquired a stranger in the chair.

"O, there's to be a wedding in town." replied the barber.

"Who is to be married?"

"Well, some traveling man out West is going to marry old Mrs. Hornswoggle's daughter. They would have been married a year ago if it had not been for the old woman."

"What was the matter with her?"

"O, she's a regular old tom cat with goggles on. She's too pious to blow her nose, and the fellow is an out-and-out infidel."

"And how have they fixed it, that the marriage is to take place now?"

"Well, he's worth about $40,000, and she hadn't religion enough to buck against that. But it's lucky for him that he lives a good distance from the old woman."

The stranger was shaved, and as the barber was brushing his coat he inquired:

"Do you live in this neighborhood?"

"No," replied the stranger, "I'm from the West. I'm the fellow that is to be married this evening."

To Be Stereotyped.

Usual interview of reporter with recently arrived prima donna:

Prima Donna—Oh, I am delighted with your country.

Int——?

P. D.—Yes, everybody has been very kind to me. Very kind, indeed. I am surprised to find Americans so kind. I expected to find them very ugly, ferocious and hairy, possibly black.

Int.——?

P. D.—O, yes. I like—— ——the best of all your cities.

Int——?

P. D.—I think I shall return and take up my residence in America.

THE BAD BOY.

Peck's Sun.

"See here, you coon, you get out of here," said the grocery man to the bad boy, as he come in the store with his face black and shining, "I don't want any colored boys around here. White boys break me up bad enough."

"O, philopine," said the bad boy, as he put his hands on his knees and laughed so that the candy jars rattled on the shelves. "You didn't know me. I am the same boy that comes in here and talks your arm off," and the boy opened the cheese box and cut off a piece of cheese so natural that the grocery man had no difficulty in recognizing him.

"What in the name of seven sleeping sisters have you got on your hands and face," said the grocery man, as he took the boy by the ear and turned him around. "You would pass in a colored prayer meeting, and no one would think you were galvanized. What you got up in such an outlandish rig for?"

"Well, I'll tell you, if you will keep watch at the door. If you see a bald-headed colored man coming along the street with a club, you whistle, and I will fall down the cellar. The bald-headed colored man will be pa. You see, we moved yesterday. Pa told me to get a vacation from the livery stable, and we would have fun moving. But I don't want any more fun. I know when I have got enough fun. Pa carried all the light things, and when it come to lifting, he had a crick in the back. Gosh, I never was so tired as I was last night, and I hope we have got settled, only some of the goods haven't turned up yet. A drayman took one load over on the west side, and delivered them to a house that seemed to be expecting a load of household furniture. He thought it was all right,if everybody that was moving got a load of goods. Well, after we got moved pa said we must make garden, and he said we would go out and spade up the ground and sow peas,and radishes and beets. There was some neighbors lived in the next house to our new one, that was all wimmen, and pa didn't like to have them think he had to work, so he said it would be a good joke to disguise ourselves as tramps, and the neighbors would think we had hired some tramps to dig in the garden. I told pa of a boss scheme to fool them. I suggested that we take some of this shoe blacking that is put on with a sponge. and black our faces and the neighbors would think that we had hired an old colored man and his boy to work in the garden. Pa said it was immense, and told me to go and black up, and if it worked he would black hisself. So I went and put this burnt cork on my face, because it would wash off, and pa looked at me and said it was a whack,and for me to fix him up too. So I got the bottle of shoe blacking and painted pa so he looked like a colored coal heaver. Actually,when ma saw him she ordered him off the premises, and when he laffed at her and acted sassy, she was going to throw biling water on pa, but I told her the scheme, and she let up on pa. O, you'd a dide to see us out in the garden. Pa looked like Uncle Tom,and I looked like Topsy, only I ain't that kind of a colored person. We worked till a boy throwed tomato cans over the alley fence and hit me and I piled over the fence after him, and left pa. It was my chum, and when I had caught him we put up a job to get pa to chase us. We throwed some more cans, and pa come out and my chum started and I after him, and pa after both of us. He chased us two blocks and then we got behind a policeman, and my chum told the policeman it was a crazy old niger that wanted to kidnap us, and the policeman took pa by the neck and was going to club him but pa said he would go home and behave. He was offul mad, and he went home and we looked through the alley fence and saw pa trying to wash off the blacking. You see that blacking won't wash off. You have to wear it off. Pa would wash his face with soap suds, and then look in the glass, and he was blacker every time he washed, and when ma laffed at him he said the offulest words, something like 'sweet spirit hear my prayer,' then he washed himself again I am going to leave my burnt cork on, cause if I washed it off pa would know there had been some smouging somewhere. I asked the shoe store man how long it would take the blacking to wear off, and he said it ought to wear of in a week. I guess pa won't go out doors much, unless it is in the night. I am going to get him to let me go off in the country fishing, till mine wears off, and when I get out of town I will wash up. Say, you don't think a little blacking hurts a man's complexion do you, and you don't think a man ought to get mad because it won't wash off, do you?"

"O, probably it don't hurt the complexion," said the grocery man, as he sprinkled some fresh water on the wilted lettuce, so it would look fresh while the hired girl was buying some, "and yet it is mighty unpleasant, where a man has got an engagement to go to a card party, as I know your pa has to-night. As to getting mad about it, if I was your pa I would take a barrel stave and shatter your castle scandalous. What kind of a fate do you think awaits you when you die, anyway?"

"Well, I mixed on the fate that awaits me when I die. If I should go off sudden, with all my sins on my head, and this burnt cork on my face, I should probably be a neighbor to you, way down below, and they would give me a job as fireman, and I should feel bad for you every time I chucked in a nuther chunk of brimstone and thought of you trying to swim dog fashion in the lake of fire, and straining your eyes to find an iceberg that you could crawl up on to cool your parched hind legs. Yes, sir, hereafter, you will find me as good as I know how to be. Now I am going to wash up and go and help the minister move."

As the boy went out the grocery man sat for several minutes thinking of the change that had come over the bad boy, and wondered what had brought it about. and then he went to the door to watch him as he wended his way across the street with his head down, as though in deep thought, and the grocery man said to himself, "that boy is not so bad as some people think he is," and than he looked around and saw a sign hanging up in the front of the store, written on a piece of box cover, with blue pencil, "Spoiled canned ham and tongue, good enough for church pic-nics," and he looked after the boy who was slipping down an alley and said, "The contemn little whelp. Wait till I catch him.'

As Te Rats.

New York Journal.

"I've got as high as $100 for taking two rats from a ship," said the rat catcher. "Dock rats live at the piers in colonies of from 500 to 2,000. Like bat tenants, they leave their old habitations for new about once a month. On the 1st of May they will move by thousands. Constantly uneasy, they go around from dock to dock seeking where the lowest tide is. They have a navy. It is made up of floating pieces of wood and floating chips. They are all pirates or wreckers. When scraps or slops are thrown overboard from a ship's deck they put ont their craft and seize it.

"Tourists going to Europe board a ship in two days. The passengers go up the gang plank. The rats climb up the anchor-chain and enter the ship by the anchor port-hole. Dan Stingsby, the great rat catcher, says he has seen an old rat, carpet-bag in hand, bid his family good-bye and then walk up one of the ship's cables. Dock rats go to Europe whenever they feel like it, and usually make four or five trips a year. They are the third-class passengers. The first-class go in the cabin, the second in the steerage, and the rats in the hold. Going oaer, they live on exported American flannels and rosin. Coming back their food is imported fruits and delicacies. They do not get off the vessel when it touches Liverpool for fear of being left behind. They are able to climb the rigging like old sailors. In wooden ships they sometimes eat through the planks and set the vessel leaking.

"There are English rats in America and American rats in England. The cockney rat is coarser than the American, and is not enerally able to stand up four rounds against an American rat. The 'bon ton' of New York rats imitate the customs of the British rats.

"Rats mate. In a year a newly-wedded pair of rats will raise an interesting family of 120 offspring, not counting descendants of the third and fourth generation. This is why at the moment a pair of rats set up their household goods on board a ship its owner will give a rat-catcher $100 to serve a writ of ejectment on the prolific rodents. Some vessels keep twenty cats to hunt vermin.

"The hotels in New York are greatly annoyed with rats, and they infest private houses. The Windsor pays $200 a year, the St. Nicholas and a large number of others $100 each to a professional rat-catcher, who hunts rats in them twice a week the year round. Some private houses pay $20 a month to be protected from the vermin. Harry Jennings, the king of the New York rat-catchers, is said to have an income of $6,000 a year. The captured rats are sold at $15 a hundred."

"How do rats reach private houses?"

"They go from the docks six or seven miles through the sewers, stop opposite some house and mine their way into the cellar. A banquet at a residence will bring a whole colony of them. We can always tell when there is a great supper at the Union League Club by the movements of the rats toward the upper part of the city.

"There are about a dozen kinds of rats. The common rat is a brindle gray. There are white and black rats, white and gray and pure white ones with pink eyes. I have heard rat-catchers tell of pink ones with white eyes. I never saw one. I once caught a rat with two feet. The other rats had held him in a museum. An ordinary rat weighs one pound. The largest one I ever saw weighed two pounds and six ounces, and was as big as a half-grown cat."

A National Question

A correspondent of the New York Sun writes the editor:

I am a great big fellow; my better half is hardly half my size. Our baby took after its father in physical proportions. Attracted by the fine weather last Sunday, we thought we would take the hope of the house out, and it was agreed, after he had been carefully wrapped up in his cloak, that I should carry him. I received all necessary instructions regarding his being properly held to prevent his taking cold, and everything went well enough until we heard a passer-by remark to a companion: "How funny to see a big man carrying a small baby!" After that my wife insisted that I must surrender the baby at once to her. Now, the baby by comparison, looks small with me, but very big with her, and we had not gone far before we heard this remark: "Look at that big fellow loafing along and letting his poor little wife carry that great big baby."

"Now, what I want to know is, who should carry the baby?"

GEOGRAPHICAL DERIVATIONS.

"Now," in a Chili tone she said,
"I will be Frank, 'tis true.
Although you Arab brilliant catch,
I do not Caffre you."

O, lady! Dane to hear my su
This heart is Scot by thee."
"Nay, sir, I cannot heed your words—
For you Arnaut to me!"

"'Tis Welsh," she added, freezingly,
"Since Siam pressed so fair.
To Hindoo you no longer here—
And so, good sir, Tartar!"

"What Ottoman like me to do?"
Bewailed the stricken man:
"I'll Finnish up my mad career,
And wed the Gallican!"

GENERAL MISCELLANY.

Richmond, Va., now claims to have a population of 71,000.

Two thousand Italians gather and sell $750,000 worth of rags a year.

Of the 10,000,000 voters of this country one in five cannot write his name.

Three chinamen recently bought property in Wall street, New York, paying $31,000 therefor.

The Kentucky gentleman is quite too previous with his gun. A few of them ought to be hanged.

A Connecticut woman 72 years old has just begun to learn the piano. She is old enough to know better.

Prof. Greener delivered an argument before the New York school board in favor of the retention of the colored teachers in public schools.

Two convict guards, John Leonas and S. Boudreaux, white, went to a colored people's festival, at Brozonia, Texas, got into a row, fired nine shorts at Jim Wright who turned and fired two shots, killing both.

Henry M. Williams, Esq., of Ft. Wayne, has equally divided a pension of $4,000 just received from the Federal Government, between the City Hospital and St. Joseph Hospital. This man did the square thing.

A colored woman has set herself up as a prophetess of evil in Mississippi. She excites a commotion by foretelling great disasters by cyclones, earthquakes, celestial and terrestrial disturbances, the recent storm being a forerunner. Her name is Martha Hughes, and she is making her way through the country preaching and taking up a collection as she goes. She preaches on the squares and along the road and is attended by large crowds of excited colored people.

THE periodical revolution in Hayti is announced. Hayti is a Negro Republic and was established by Toussaint L. Ouverture,the most remarkable Negro that ever lived. Those Hayti fellows have a queer way though. When a fellow has an inordinate desire to fill an office that somebody else has, and "outs" have not votes enough to put him in, he straightway starts a revolution. General Bazelais is at the head of the revolutionsts, consisting of 106 men armed with Winchester repeating rifles and at the present time, "hold the fort." At the first meeting, the government troops turned and showed their heels. The revolutionists are well disciplined and reported to be men of great energy and education. They have jolly times there very often.

Catholic authorities state that the remains of the apostles of Christ are now in the following places: Seven are in Rome—namely, Peter, Philid, James the Lesser, Jude, Bartholomew, Matthias and Simon. Three are in the kingdom at Naples, Matthew at Salerno, Andrew at Amalfi, and Thomas at Ortano. One in Spain, Jamrs, the Greater,whose remains are at St. Jago de Compostela. Of the body of St. John, the evangelist, the remaining one of the twelve, there is no knowledge. The evangelists Mark and Luke are also in Italy—the former at Venice snd the latter at Padua. St. Paul's remains are also believed to be in Italy. Peter's are, of course, in the church at Rome, which is called after him, as are also those of Simon and Jude. Those of James the Lesser and of Philip are in the Church of the Holy Apostles; Bartholomew's in the church on the island in the Tiber, called after him; Matthias's are in Santa Maria Maggiore, under the great altar of the renowned Basillica.

Worldly Women.

Gath.

Worldly women are worse than vicious men in the influence they can work on their times. Vice in man deforms his appearance and renders him incapable of doing any very gross deceit, because nobody loves him. But women often preserve the appearance of youth and virtue when they are without feeling or character.

The number of worldly women is increasing who do not believe in matrimony at all. A woman who had been married to a man much older than herself, who was finally ruined by speculation, and had, therefore, to let his wife seek her living as best she could, told me, in a burst of confidence, that she could never marry any man, and much preferred to be the mistress of some man of means. Housekeeping, obedience, fixed habits are the scorn of many a woman whom modern times have corrupted.

French literature and some English literature has a pernicious influence on many females. I observe that the principal news venders in this country deal chiefly in books of that kind which awaken morbid tastes. In short, we are every day seeing the truth of Commodore Vanderbilt's saying, that "not more than one man in a hundred is fit to be rich."

Temperance Banner

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TIME TABLE.

Chicago, St. Louis & Pittsburgh R. R

Schedule in effect April 1, 1883.

Trains depart from and arrive at Logansport Station as follows:

DEPART.

For Chicago, *2 50 a m, †7 00 a m, †2 35 p m, †4 00 p m.
For Columbus via Bradford, †12 50 a m, †10 30 a m, †4 00 p m.
For Columbus via Richmond, *12 45 a m and †1 35 p m.
For Cincinnati via Richmond, *12 45 a m, †5 20 a m, †1 35 p m
For Indianapolis and Louisville via Kokomo, *12 55 a m, †1 30 p m
For Richmond, *12 45 a m, †5 20 a m, †1 35 p m
For State Line, †8 00 a m, †10 40 a m, †7 00 p m

ARRIVE.

From Chicago, *12 35 a m, †11 50 a m, †1 15 p m, †8 00 p m
From Columbus via Bradford, †2 10 a m, †1 10 p m, †6 00 p m
From Columbus via Richmond, *2 35 a m †2 20 p m
From Cincinnati via Richmond, *2 35 a m and †2 20 p m
From Louisville and Indianapolis, via Kokomo, *2 20 a m, †2 15 p m
From Richmond, *2 35 a m, †2 20 p m, †6 00 p m, †7 30 p m
From State Line, †10 10 a m, †1 00 p m, †3 50 p m.

* Daily; †Daily except Sunday.

Sleeping Cars attached to through trains run regularly between Logansport and Chicago, Indianapolis, Louisville, Columbus and Cincinnati.

For time tables, rates of fare, through tickets and baggage checks, and further information regarding the running of trains, apply to J. A, McCullough, Ticket Agent, Logansport, Ind.

Time given above is Columbus, O, time.

JAS. MCCREA, Manager, Columbus, O.
E. A. FORD, Gen Pass Agt, pro tem, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific Railway.

GOING WEST.

Through Express	1 26 p m
Pacific Express	8 02 a m
Express (to Lafayette only)	7 40 p m
Fast Line* daily	11 22 p m
Accommodation	2 52 p m†

GOING EAST.

Lightning Express, daily	4 17 a m
Through Express	11 54 a m
Atlantic Express	6 23 p m
Express to Ft Wayne only	8 32 a m
Accommodasion	8 30 p m

DETROIT BRANCH.

2 00 p m ..... Mail	10 15 a m
7 30 p m ..... Accommodation	4 00 p m

PEORIA DIVISION.

Arrive at 3 40 a m and 4 00 p m
Leave at 8 15 a m and 11 37 p m
Take passengers from Logansport to Peru
†For Lafayette only. *For Sheldon and points west, 11 35 p m daily. Through Express 8 15 a m daily except Sunday.

CHURCH DIRECTORY,

Catholic.

St. Bridget's—North-west corner of Wheatland and Heath. Rev. B. Kræger, pastor. Services—Mass, 8 a. m. and 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. Vespers, 3 p. m.

St. Joseph's.—Northwest corner Second and Market. Rev. H. Koehne, pastor. Services—Mass, 8 and 10 a. m. Vespers, 3 p. m.

St. Vincent de Paul—South side of Spencer, between 8th and 9th. Rev. E. P. Walters, pastor. Services—Mass, 8 and 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. Vespers, 3 p. m,

Presbyterian.

First Presbyterian Church.—South-east corner of Spencer and Seventh streets. Rev. W. E. Loucks, pastor. Services—10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 9 a. m.

Broadway Presbyterian Church.—South-west corner of Ninth and Broadway. Rev. E. S. Scott, pastor. Services—10.30 a. m and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m.

Baptist.

Baptist Church.—North-east corner Seventh and Broadway. Rev H. L. Stetson, pastor. Services, 10. 30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m.

Christian.

Christian Church—South-west corner of Ninth and Spear streets. Rev. W. R. Lowe, pastor. Services—10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m.

Episcopal.

Trinity Church.—Northwest corner of Seventh and Market. Rev. E .H. Peruker, rector Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.

Evangelical.

German Evangelical Church.—North-east corner sf Wheatland and Brown. Rev .... pastor. Services 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 9 a. m.

Lutheran.

St. Jacobs'.—North-east corner Ninth and Spear. Rev. A. J. Jox, pastor. Services, 10 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.

Methodist Episcopal.

African Church (colored).—Southwest corner of Market and Cicott. Rev. T. A. Alexander pastor. Services, 10,30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 3 p m.

Broadway M. E. Church.—North-east corner of Eighth and Broadway. Rev. J. H. Ford, pastor. Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

Market Street M. E. Church.—South side of Market, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth. Rev. M. S. Metts, pastor. Services, 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.

Cumberland Presbyterian.

Cumberland Presbyterian Church.—North side of Broadway, West Side. Rev. A. W. Hawkins, pastor. Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday School, 2.30 p. m.

Annual Meeting of German Baptists.

EXCURSION ARRANGEMENTS.

For the benefit of those who wish to attend the Annual Meetings of German Baptists, to be held at Bismark Grove, Kansas, and Flora, Ind., The Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railway, and Chicago, St. Louis & Pittsburgh Rail Road, Pan-Handle Route, will sell Half Fare Excursion Tickets to Bismarck Grove, and Flora and return.

Excursion tickets will be on sale at the principal stations from May 10th to 15th inclusive, or will be sent to any of the smaller stations on application; they will be good to return until June 10th, 1883 inclusive, and will allow one stop over, within the time limit, at any intermediate station on lines of the Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railway, or Chicago, St. Louis & Pittsburg Rail Road. These Companies will send you to your destination by the most direct routes in the quickest time and with the fewest changes of cars. Please apply to agent of the Companies at any station, or to E. A. Ford, General Passenger Agent, Pittsburg, Pa., for information in regard to rates of fare, time of trains and connections.

GOLD DUST.

England has had the coldest March in thirty-eight years.

Richmond, Va., now claims to have a population of 71,000.

It is said that there are 2,000 habitual opium eaters in Chicago.

Whistling to a piano accompaniment is a new whim of Gotham belles.

A million dollar bridge across the Thames at New London is discussed.

Vermont's maple sugar has suffered badly by winter's lap of Spring business.

The combined annual income of General and Mrs. Grant is estimated at $6,000.

It is estimated that the loss to the government from smuggling carried on along the Rio Grand amounts to 8500,000.

A Connecticut woman aged seventy-two has just begun taking lessons on the piano.

The thirty women employed in one shoe factory in Lynn Mass., are all divorced wives.

Red Cloud thinks he has struck a gold mine on his reservation at Pine Ridge, and wants to work it.

High license is the motto of Iowa towns and cities now, the saloons being taxed from $300 to $1,000 api ece.

The superior court of Kentucky, has decided that a woman can sue for money lost by her husband at gaming.

Out of 9,627,602 registered letters and packages carried last year by the postoffice department 726 were lost.

Czar Alexander has appointed a commission to examine and revise the atrocious laws in reference to the Jews.

The largest milk-pan on record has just been made for an Iowa creamery. It will hold 600 gallons—without water.

It is claimed that there are now 191 cotton factories in operation or in course of erection in the southern states.

A man offered $10,000 for a license to sell liquors at wholesale in Westfield, Mass., for five years but the authorities refused.

It is infinitely easier for some men to keep their balance on a tight rope than for others to keep their balance in a bank.

Three thousand depositors in Connecticut savings banks have not made inquiries about their money for twenty years past

"It is the little bits ov things that fret and worry us," says Josh Billings; "we kan dodge an eledhant, but we kan't a fly."

A street car conductor in Liverpool has been notified that he is found next of kin to a West Indian planter who has left $500,000.

The California wine production, as measured by receipts at San Francisco, has risen from $3'364,607 gallons in 1879 to $7,000,000 in 1882.

The New York Tribune having asserted that Prohibition had always proved a failure, Neal Dow challenges it to prove one instance.

The factories in the United States consume nearly two million eggs a year in making a peculiar kind of paper used by photographers.

Rannvalonan Jaka queen of Madagascar is said to spend half an hour or an hour regularly every morning in prayer and reading the Bible.

Herbert Heucks, a well-known variety manager of Cincinnati, is negotiating for the purchase or lease of the Bijou variety theater in Fort Wayne.

A rattlesnake, killed recently in Craighead county, Arkansas had forty-eight rattles and a button making it fifty-one years old, the oldest on record.

There is a pretty female barber at Haley, Idaho, who is earning on an average $30 a day. She charges 50 cents for a shave, and "next" is always on hand during business hours.

A piece of a mastodon's jaw three feet long and weighing twenty-five pounds was dug out on the farm of Samuel Grim in Jrckson township, Howard county, the other day.

S. S. Gray was known the world over as the paper collar maker. He maed three fortunes, and lost three in turn by signing notes for friends. His death occured at Natick, Mass.

A police judge of St. Joseph remarked, in dismissing a case the other day: "I shall dismiss every case of woman insulting where it can be shown that the woman first flirted with the accused."

A young man died in Roam, Ga a few days ago' after an illness of forty-eight hours, and nis physicians said his death was dne to the congestion of the lungs, caused by smoking cigaretter.

There are twenty-three telephone exchanges with 1,600 telephones in Mexico. In the city ef Mexico there are 700 subscribers and $5,110,000 are invested in telephone stocks in Mexico.

Much excitement prevails over the reported discovery in Bertic county, N. C., of the remains of a number of gigantic men in a mound, their heights ranging from seven to nine feet. The State Geologist goes to the spot at once.

The flag which Commodore Perry carried from the St. Lawrence to the Niagara and flew at the time of his victory on Lake Erie, is now in the possession of the Hungerford Collegiate Institute, at Adams, New York.

The remainder of the lands of the Otoe and Missouri Indian reservation in Kansas and Nebraska, comprising about 50,000 acres, will be offered at public sale at the United States Land office, in Beatrice, Nebraska, on the 30th of May next.

Mr Peabody's bequest to London was about $2,000,000. The property of the trust is now valued at over $4,000'000. It has been honestly and efficiently administered. The tenants number 15,000 in 3,500 separate buildings of 8,000 rooms, exclusive of laundries, etc.

It is rough on the editor who thinks he is doing his duty to the community to find that his actions have been misconstrued. Recently this journal has been warning the people that the drinking-water furnished this city is not fit to use, and now a saloon-keeper writes us to keep the agitation up.

The Philadelphia zoological gardens now contain 307 mammals, 338 birds and 43 reptiles and batrachians, the collection being valued at $44,711. The society is barely able to pay expenses, and has dispensed with music as being too expensive. The attendance seems to be falling off, and in fact was less in June and July last when music was offered, then it was in the same months in 1881 without music. The society has no fund for the improvement or extension of the collection.

A deep cut has been made this week by the sea near the foot of Asbury avenue. In one place the sand is entirely washed out, excepting the clay and marl bottom and bringing to view numerous stumps of cedar trees that flourished many hundreds—perhaps thousands—of years ago, when our coast line was many miles further East than it now is. Of course many coins and articles of jewelry are lost every season on the beach, and by the action of the sea sink until they reach the hard clay bed. This clay having this week peen waseed clean of the sand, a large number of articles. more or less valuable. have been picked up by sharp eyed boys.

RIBTICKLERS.

"Ella is better looking," remarked Mrs. Brown with a smirk, "but Lucy will get married first." "Yes," chimed in her husband, "gimme Luci-fer matches every time."

The latest story is that of a man who can heat a bucket of water in ten minutes by just sticking his nose into it. That's easily accounted for—his nose has a boil on it.

It doesn't take a northern invalid very long to get well in Florida. When the first week's hotel bill is presented he generally says:" " I guess I'm well enough to start for home this afternoon.

"Haven't you got another house you can rent me?" asked a man of a real estate agent. "What's the matter with the one yon are in?" "Nothing, only I am behind with my rent, and I thought that by moving into another one of your houses you would foaget the old debt while trying to collect the new."

The other morning a very little boy who was eating shad for his breakfast became very much exasperated at the annoyance the bones caused him when he yelled out; "Mamma, why dont' somebody make shads without splinters in' em? My throat feels as though it had been sliding down a cellar door for a month without stopping."

Old Si was asked by one of our merchants—"Si, do you know a darkey by the name of Davis?" "Sissero Davis wid de red eye dat got burned in de powder sploshin?" "Yes, he's the man." "Well, I kno's him." "Is he reliable?" "Gin' ull, but it 'pends moughty on de bizness dat he's gaged in at de time." "What business would he suit best in as a porter?" "Well, ter tell ye flat-fooded, unsophisticated trufe, dar's one place whar dat nigger cou'd wuck an' be ez hones' ez de day —an dat's ez porter in er real-'state sto'! In dat case de o'ner 'ud be liable ter fine de propurty allus jess whar he lef' hit!" The gentleman named Davis was not engaged.

The average weight of 20,000 men and women weighed at Boston in 1864 was: Men, 141½ pounds; women, 124½ pounds. At the recent Cincinnati Industrial Exposition, the Department of Scientific and Educational Appliances detailed a clerk to record the weights of Western men and women. The number weighed was 22,115, and the total weight was 3,072,306 pounds. The men weighed numbered 7,467, weighing 1,150,108 pounds. The women weighed numbered 14,648, weighing 1,922,198 pounds. The average weight of each man was 154.02. The average weight of each woman was 130.87. The average weight of 141 men from Ohio was 157.38; the average weight of 179 women was 133.25. The average weight of 124 men from Southern Indiana and Illinois was 158.52 pounds; the average weight of 198 women was 133.55. The average weight of 114 men from Kentucky was 158.32 pounds; the average weight of women was 133.76.

CRIMES AND CASUALTIES.

There are said to be 2,200 convicts in the Texas penitentiary. Of this number three-fifths are negroes and Mexicans.

A miscreant fired into the Cincinnati train near Richmond last night. The bullet barely missed two passengers.

Mrs. Enoch Sims, of Madison township, Montgomery county, was fatally burned on Tuesday while assisting her husband in burning corn-stalks.

Rev. Samuel Reiman, a well known Jewish rabbi, of New York, was killed last night, by falling between the Catharine street ferry boat Republic and the bridge.

Daniel Leahey, in jail at Helena, Mont., under sentence of death for the murder of his partner, Preston, near Coulson, last June, committed suicide to cheat the gallows.

Amos Caldwell, farming near Boonville, was thrown from a wagon loaded with hay, on Wednesday, and seriously injured internally.

A saw mill belonging to George W. Oben, of Maumee township, Allen county, was burned a few nights ago. Loss about $2,000; no insurance.

Caleb Harvey, of Centreville, had a valuable horse killed Thursday evening by some unknown parties. He sometime ago refused an offer of $500 for it.

The large frame barn of James H. Marshall five miles south of Huntington, burned yesterday morning, loss heavy. Particulars not known.

Nettie Sierly was burned to death while firing stubele in a wheat field near Nokomis, Ill. Her father while trying to save her was maimed for life.

Patrick and William Flynn, father and son quarreled in their home at Long Island City yesterday. The father broke away from the son, and seizing an ax crushed his skull.

A bright fifteen year old boy, Donald Christ by name, living with his mother near Williamstown, Kentucky, surprised the community by hanging himself to a beam in a corn crib.

A Boston widow is in deep sorrow because her best friend's husband was buried last week in better style than her own departed.

Harry Smith, of St. Johns, Vt., went to Jamestown, Dakota, to marry a young lady, and because she refused to fulfill her promise blew his brains out.

The body of an infant, partly eaten by hogs, was found on Friday in a brush heap, near Peabody, Whitney county.

At Terre Haute on Wednesday night about 10 o'clock, Philip Cusick, a hostler, was assaulted by some unknown party and seriously cut with a knife.

Audrew J. Baker of Huntington was arrested yesterday on a warrant from Wells county for forgery. He is accused of raising a note from $100 to $200.

Jesse Clark, who has been melancholy since his father was found frozen to death by the railroad, hung himself in a barn with a plow line, at Chester, Thuesday night.

The barn and contents of Edward Ford, near Shelburn, burned to the ground last Tuesday night. Loss, $600; covered by insurance.

The barn of Ransom Myers, two miles west of Almo, burned Thursday night. Three horses, farming implements, a quantity of wheat and hay and other valuable property were consumed. Loss $2,500 no insurance.

While hauling wood at Linnville, Wednesday, James Shoulders was thrown from a wagon, and falling under the wheels was dangerously injured.

Fred Newman's saloon at Crawfordsville, was damaged to the amount of $200 by fire yesterday.

The general store of Earnest Overstreet, at Dugger station, Sullivan county was burglarized Wednesday night of $100 worth of goods.

John Farrell a paper hanger employed by Frecnh & Co. at Evansville cut his throat Monday night at his boarding-house. He had been drinking hard for some weeks past,

A burglar entered a ro om in the Arlington hotel, at Palestine, Texas, chloroformed Mr. Reynolds, frightened his wife into silence by a pistol, and walked off with $3,000.

Philip Van Patten a well known agitator of New York, formerly of Cincinnati, is missing, and believed to have committed suicide.

Aurthur Mercer, son of Milton Mercer, of Goshen, while passing along on Main street, in Elkhart, last night, was held up by two highway robbers and relieved of a considerable sum of money.

George Mullendore, a leading farmer of Shelby county, living four miles east of Edinburg, fell from his wagon and the fore wheel passed across his chest, causing serious if not fatal injuries.

One German borrowed of another German $100 and gave his note for the same. After receiving the money he also took the note, saying, I ust take dis note to know when it must be paid. Promptly on the day the note became due he paid over the money to his friend who took the note also, saying I ust take de note to know when it was paid.

Various Kinds of Drunkards.

Some men seem to become drunk suddenly, giving no previous indication by thickness of articulation or unsteadiness of gait; this being commonly the case where mental excitement from other causes—as a heated discussion—prevails at the time. The most dreadful and astounding cases are afforded by those unfortunate people who are never sober. How they manage to survive so long as they do is a mystery. There are men who have been perpetually under the influence of liquor for twenty or thirty years. Of course, the brain must have become permanently injured, so that we may infer that the drink these persons now take has little or no real effect on them, and that their state would be just the same without it. Others, again, are systematic and punctual drunkards of regular habits, men who take their quantum and are put to bed unconscious every night, yet are capable of attending to their daily business in the most extraordinary manner. These, as a rule, never exceed a given amount by so much as a glass, and do not suffer so much as intermittent drunkards—at any rate not so soon, for the inevitable consequence is only a little longer deferred. The writer knew an old doctor in Jamaica who used to aver that the climate was the finest in the world. "Yellow fever, sir?" he would exclaim—"not a bit of it! A vulgar chimera! A malicious libel on us! The fact is, it's the vicious irregular drinking habits of the people here that kills 'em. Look at me! I drink a bottle of brandy every night, and have done so for thirty years. I get tipsy seven times a week, in an orderly and decent manner; and I've never had yellow fever nor a day's illness!" And to all appearance he was a fine healthy man of sixty-five or seventy, with a beard as white as snow. Yet he was carried off suddenly by a trifling indisposition incidental to the climate; and it was found on examination of his papers after death that his age was only fifty-two. It does not by any means follow, either, that because a man is never intoxicated he may not be drinking too much. Men employed in the great breweries in London, especially the draymen, consume an enormous quantity of beer. The daily allowance which their employers give them is a very large one, but they rarely confine themselves to that; and the draymen, in addition, get much gratuitously from the customers to whom they are always delivering the casks; so that ten or fourteen quarts is no exceptional consumption for one man; yet they are not drunkards, in the ordinary sense of the term. The very nature of their work necessitates the employment of none but steady men, strength being also a sine qua non. But if one of these men should break a limb, or get confined to bed from any other accident, he is almost sure to get delirium tremens; and a scalp wound frequently kills him. Brewers' men are notorious in hospitals as being the worst cases for operation, being prone to exhibit all the most dangerous complications which fetter the success of surgical treatment.—[Chamber's Journal.

Important to Travelers.

Mr. E. A. Ford, General Passenger Agent, announces to the traveling public that the following new rule in regard to checking baggage, will take effect on the date named, on the lines of the Pennsylvania Company, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railway, Chicago, St. Louis and Pittsburg Railroad, (Pan-Handle Route), and Terre Haute and Indianapolis Railroad, (Vandalia Line)

On and after June 1st, 1883, no single piece of Baggage weighing more than 250 pounds will be accepted for transportation in baggage cars by the above named Companies.

It is desirable that application for Baggage Checks shall be made a sufficient time prior to the departure of trains, to enable Agents and Baggage Masters to secure accurate records, weigh baggage, and to collect the proper charges for excess weight.

Baggage Agents will receive and check baggage for any train as nearly up to the time of departure of such train as proper attention to the above requirements will permit.

The Company will not agree however, to forward baggage by any specified train unless the above conditions are complied with; otherwise baggage will be forwarded on the following train.

Paymaster Shepherd, of the Wabash road, went over the Indianapolis division of that line Thursday, settling with the men for work performed during the month of March. Every trip, of late, he comes several days earlier, and continuing to do so for several times to come he will be on time again and the Wabash pay car instead of being several weeks and months behind will be promptly on hand at the end of each month as all the other roads are in the habit of doing.

The State Board for the location of the new insane asylums will start on another tour of inspection on Monday next.

Farm and Household.

New potatoes are $1 a busnel in Florida this week.

Texas expects to have a population of 4,000,000 in 1890.

The United States uses 75,000,000 pounds of tea a year.

Galveston is creeping up as a cotton market—900,000 bales this season.

Ninty-three thousand acres of land were planted with timber in Kansas last year.

The latest new industry reported from Alabama is a goose farm, with 500 birds.

Arbor day was a great success in Nebraska this year, over 5,000,000 trees were planted.

A Skaneatelas (N. Y.) youth gave his sister a live pig in a fancy box as a wedding present.

The value of orchard product in Florida in 1882 is estimated at $1,100,000 against $60,000 in 1870.

The New Albany Ledger says there has been no damage to the fruit or berries in Floyd county by the recent cold.

The mules of the planters of Morehouse Parish, in Louisana, are said to be dying from the bites of buffalo gnats.

Starch makes a better paste to use in papering walls than flour, and is less expensive also; a little will go so much further.

The worst enemies to fruit are now the English sparrows, which eat the germ from the blossoms. They are decided pests.

The fruit in Lawrence county, has owing to the dry state of the atmosphere, passed through the heavy frosts of this week uninjured.

There has never been known a time in the history of Washington county when the fruit crop presented a more promising apperance than it does now.

Heirs of Joseph Calver have begun suit for a tract of land in heart of St. Louis about 65 acres in extent, under a grant to Calver by the recorder, April 29, 1816.

Soot falling on the carpets from open chimneys or carelessly handled stovepipes, if thickly covered with salt, can be brushed up without injury to the carpet.

The commissioner of agricultural has arranged for the distribution of 40,000 silk worm eggs to parties in Kentucky who desire to make experiments in sericulture.

To clean oil-cloth, wash with warm milk. Once in six months scour with hot soapsuds, dry thoroughly and apply a coat of varnish. They will last as long again.

A Tallehasse man planted $2 worth of English peas this season, has marketed $50 worth of peas, had all his family could use, and expects to sell several bushels more.

The spring weather has been so propitous for crops that winter wheat and new-sown oats in Elkhart county are looking better now than they have at this season of the year for the past ten years.

In selecting fruit trees look rather to getting good roots than a large top. A small well-shaped tree with good roots will soon outstrip a large one with an insufficient root, and will make a thriftier tree all the way long.

Advices from different parts of Texas report great activity among the stock men, and a great number of cattle already on the trail for the north. It is estimated now that the "drive" will exceed that of last year, when it was 350,000.

To extract ink from cotton, silk or woolen goods, dip the spots in spirits of turpentine and let it remain for several hours; then rub thoroughly between the hands, and it will all disappear without changing either the color or texture of the fabric.

A coop of live prairie hens from the Unitee States was forwarded a few days since from Liverpool to the queen at Windsor. A similar consignment has been sent to the Prince of Wales at Sandridgham. The birds are to be turned into the royal preserves, in order to try and acclimatize them.

It may not be, and is not, known to people generally, that every day for the last two weeks there has been murder in the first degree committed upon our principal streets. No murder of human beings or animal life, but the beautiful trees along our streets have, and are now being murdered. If you will allow me a short space in your columns of your paper, I will give some reasons why I write the above. For years my work was superintendent of public grounds, and the experience of others as well as that of myself taught me to make it a study how to prune, and when to prune, and all the best methods of tree planting pertaining to my occupation. First, never prune trees when the sap is running through the branches as it is now doing. It is like the loss of blood from animal life, and worse, for the wound of flesh will heal, while the place where a limb is taken from the tree at this time of year, will not heal over, but will decay, and from that moment the tree has lost to a great extent its vitality. As you go up the street, say Meridan, in a cool evening, or the morning after a pleasant day, look at those icicles hanging from the branches of the maple trees where they have been cut off and then you will see that the life of the tree is fast going out. This rule is good for all trees as well as the maple. You ask when is the time? I say then, trim shade or fruit trees in May or even June or when the leaves are started out and all saps have stopped flowing. Then the tree has commenced its growth and the places where limbs are taken off will heal over and not decay and the growth of the tree will not be retarded. Get an experienced man to do the work so the symmetry of the tree may be kept. Then the trees which are upon our streets will become a thing of beauty instead of ugliness. A word more. A city as large as Indianapolis should have a city forester who could advise with and assist those who depend upon others to do this work, and he should be a man who loves his profession, and would look to the general good of the whole city as well as individual and self interests.

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H. R. Biddle

TEMPERANCE BANNER.

"IN HOC SIGNO VINCES."

VOL. I. LOGANSPORT, INDIANA, SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1883. NO. 11.

OUR VALEDICTORY.

On the 10th day of March 1882 we set sail on the sea of Journalism. Everything presented a lively aspect. With our BANNER unfurled we commenced our voyage. Having sailed but a few furlongs we discovered our gallant bark exposed to a thousand dangers of which we never dreamed. The wind that hitherto had been asleep came rushing forth in all its fury. Our bark careened and struggled with the mighty deep. We appealed to our friends for succor but they were deaf to our entreaties. All around was impervious darkness. We sought refuge in prayer but we most signally failed. In this we were somewhat rusty. We never wanted religion worse in our lives. We tried to derive comfort from reading Paul's voyage to Rome, but no vision appeared to comfort us. The awful crisis came and with one crash our bark sank beneath the maddened waves, BANNER and all, and we alone were saved to tell the sad tale. Our short career was neither brilliant or profitable. There is no use to further disguise the fact that we must succumb to the inevitable. Never were we more wrapped up in any enterprise than we have been in the BANNER. We labored hard to make it worthy of a place at every fireside in the land. We believe the BANNER ought to have been sustained, but the people seem to have thought differently, and to their opinion we meekly bow. We believed at the commencement that the BANNER had a mission to perform, but the people did not seem to acquiesce in such belief else the support necessary for its maintenance would have been forthcoming. We have no complaints to urge. But we are exceedingly pained to find the child we were only too proud to father was so short-lived. With this issue we fold our BANNER and peacefully lay it away to rest, and on its tombstone will be inscribed "Suspended for want of patronage, died for want of friends." We are the only one who mourns its early demise.

—Labor.

—Combine.

—Stand firm.

—Never give up.

—Avoid the "social glass."

—Swell the temperance tide.

—A man's will ought to be king.

—Drunkenness enthralls the will.

—Intemperance kills the ardor of genius.

—Fire a united volley into the camp of whisky.

—Flood the country with temperance literature.

—Intemperance is the wasted realm of social affections.

—Strong drink exercises a selfish influence on its votaries.

—Wine raises the imagination, but depresses the judgment.

—Intemperance creates in man an uncontrollable appetite.

—The reproach and disgrace to our government are found only where intemperance prevails.

—Multitudes who deride the temperance cause are nevertheless sharers of the blessings it imparts.

—The whisky traffic has been pampered till it has waxed fat, and now kicks at all restrictions.

—The Muses, it has been said, are chaste. It should have been added that they are temperate.

—Intemperance is sapping the foundation of public order, and breaking up the peace and happiness of society.

—Although temperance has not yet succeeded in securing a majority, it has succeeded in leavening the mass in in which it is deposited.

—Abstract from the heart of the nation the influence of temperance, and the elements would soon rush into chaos and be carried away with unrestrained iniquity.

—Prohibition is a new law added to the one that previously existed. When I raise my arm the power of gravitation ought to make that arm instantly fall; but when I keep that arm up it is not by the destruction of gravitation, but it is the superadding of a higher law—the great law of self-protection.

—Elsewhere will be found our valedictory, It cost us $209.00 to find out that no paper ean be run on promises and wind. Those friends who subscribed for the BANNER, can draw upon us for the amount they paid less the Number of BANNERS they received.

ANGELS.

Among the first mention of angels in the sacred volume is their being present when this world rolled from the plastic hand of its Creator, and in beauty, order and grandeur rolled around beneath the eternal throne. Their songs rose and mingled with the "music of the spheres," while the whole universe resounded with the tide of melody. Per the scene was never more beautifully portrayed than in the following lines:

"God glanced on chaos. Into form it sprung. Worlds clustered instant at his will. The angels gazed with wonder. Orb on orb swept past their visions shedding fitful gleams of light upon their jeweled brows and glittering rings, and trailing as they wheeled along their flight, pathways of splendor, till the boundless space flashed in a web of gorgeous brilliancy. But when Omnipotence had formed his robe, and cast its spangled blazonry around heaven, the countless myriads of those shining ones, their wonder changed to awe, bowed crown and harp before the dazzling brightness. Then as stole the first low music of the singing stars, melody along the stillness, rank on rank, the proud archangel in his majesty, and the pure seraph in his loveliness, leaping erect, pouring from the quivering string their anthem to the holiest, till heaven's air stirred by the diapson of the hymn rolled on an ocean of deep billowy sounds."

On this august occasion we are told the "morning stars sang together." With a star we connect the idea of brightness, and with morning star superior brightness. When an individual is denominated a star, as for example, a star of the nation, we understand that he shines among his fellow creatures, and if he were called a morning star we would infer his superior brightness. The world's Redeemer, speaking of himself, said: "I am the bright and morning star," implying his transcendant brightness and glory. "My angels," says the Deity, "are morning stars," as if he had said, there is nothing in your world sufficiently bright with which to compare them. Look upward! Behold those unfading lamps of fire above you. My angels are like them, even thu brightest of them, the "morning star." No wonder heaven is called "the inheritance of the saints in light."

The Scriptures make frequent reference to spiritual being existing in another in heaven, and constituting a celestial family hierarchy over which Jehovah presides. The Scriptures, however, do not treat this subject professedly as a doctrine of religion, but adverts to it incidentally as a fact, as it does with other facts in its religious history, and the course of its instructions. It teaches no obligations to those spirits, and inculcates no duties towards them. A belief, therefore, in angels is not an essential article in religion any more than in a belief that there are other worlds besides our own. I might add that it is a subject that belongs to philosophy rather than religion, but such a belief has a tendency to elevate our ideas of the works of the Creator, and illustrates the greatness of his power and wisdom.

We have no sympathy with the practice which has gained so much currency amongst us by representing angels as being invested with puerile silliness of appearanbe wholly at variance with every Scripture representation:—baby faces between a pair of bird's wings, without bodies; slim girls with long flowing ringlets, and pinions well feathered. These are the imaginary likenesses of things in heaven. Such practices can only gain currency in an age of darkness and should be discarded as unprofitable, incorrect and unwise.

An opinion was entertained among some of the ancients that angels were co-eternal with the Deity, and therefore had an underived existence. This view at once lands us into the absurdity of a plurality of gods, which is in direct opposition to modern orthodoxy, but vanishes like smoke when the rules of logic are applied. A reference to the attributes of the Deity, with the qualities ascribed to each, makes this ancient theory untenable. Consider for a moment his attribute of omnipresence. Perhaps no mortal ever portrayed it in such sublime sentiments as those which fell from the lips of the "sweet singer of Israel:" "Whither shall I flee from thy spirit? Whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, thou art there; if I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost part of the sea: even there shall thy right hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me." He is present in the gentle breezes that scarcely moves the leaves in autumn, to the roaring, foaming, dashing tide that strikes the shore. From the latent spark of fire that lies concealed in the flint, to the sheet of fiery ruin that sets the heavens aflame, and threatens to burn the world; from the smallest atom invisible to the eye of man, and whose existence is only known by elective attraction, to the mighty worlds that roll in their orbits beneats the resplendant throne. The omnipotence of the Deity, however, excludes the idea of extension or magnitude in the divine essence. He is a spirit, and therefore his essence does not consist of parts, and hence does not possess solidity, like a mass of matter. He is not present by one part of his essence in one place, and by another in another place, but in all his being and perfection he is at the same time present in every place, and penetrates and pervades. An illustration of our meaning may be found in the human soul. The body is, as it were, its universe, within which it operates. This it so pervades that it is everywhere in it, and yet is located in no particular part of it, for who pretends to point out the residence of the soul?

God fills immensity,—is everywhere present. There can be but one God, and he is everywhere present. How can there be any other? The body of the person reading the pages of the BANNER fills a certain space, and you can not put another object precisely in that place without removing the body. If the Deity therefore fills immensity, and is everywhere present, where is there room for any other gods, of which some of the ancients taught? There can, in the nature of things, be but one God. Angels, therefore, are created beings, but of a higher order than man. The same conclusions must be arrived at by reference to all the other attributes of the Deity. Reflecting upon the subject of angels, we can naturally imagine something beyond them. But who can imagine anything beyond the "Great I Am"?

Prohibition Certain.

If prohibition does not prohibit why do not the people in Maine rise up and demand the repeal of the law? What prompts the liquor league to combine their forces to defeat prohibition if it does not prohibit, and if, as our enemies say, there is more whisky drank in Kansas under a prohibitory law than before, why is the liquor league putting forth such Hercular efforts to have it repealed? If, what they say is the truth they are acting very unwisely in trying to have it abolished. Their logic is as weak as their business is mean. If prohibition increases their business they ought by all means support it. Woulk not any man possessed with any business tact promote to the best of his ability any and every measure that would enhance his trade? The liquer league is a singular exception to this rule. The plain inference is they believe that prohibition does prohibit and all the learning and logic of politicians cannot convince them to the contrary. Every convert to temperance increases their alarm, every prohibitory movement fills them with fear, these endangers their craft more and more, and no class of men see this more clearly than they. Herod like they are filled with fear and would gladly kill the child if they had the power. They have used legislators and courts of justice to strangle it, but it still lives and has a healthy growth, with cheering prospecs of arriving at last to manhood, where it will bring deliverance from the most malignant curse of this or any former age, we are told that the whisky traffic can't be prohibited. If that is so then it must be admitted that ther exists an evil amongst us that defies the force of logic, hold in abeyance the power of law, and tramples upon moral sentiment, and is master of the situation. We were told the same thing during the war, the same old croachers said the rebellion could not be put down, but it was suppressed for all that. Then the same cry was raised against the abolition of slavery and the enfranchisment of the slaves. You can't do the one or accomplished the other, said these wiseacres, but they were both accomplished for all that, the fact is whenever an evil threatens the prosperity and happiness of the nation the people have not only the power, but the will also, and in due time the evil of intemperance will be among the past.

E. T. Green, druggist at the St. Louis city hospital has been arrested for causing the death of two patients by a mistake in compounding prescriptions.

The People Rule.

The people must and will govern this country. Political overthrow and disgrace awaits any party which is arrayed against the popular will. Leaders of a party may be capable of the most palpable frauds, They may for a season defeat the popular will, it is a sweet reflection however, that the people are exempt from the necessity of having absolute leaders, and have ability to lead themselves. When they reach that point they at once go to work and review the innovations of designing men. They will see to it that their will constitutionally expressed stands as the judgement of the country. Acts of the Legislatures and decrees of the courts to the contrary notwithstanding these may for a time defeat their purpose but wo to the men who have done so. The will of the people is higher than legistors or supreme courts. We hold that the will of the people as expressed at the ballot-box in the absense of fraud is the law and no court while it may have the power has the right to ignore that will on the ground of the most flimsy technicalities. In the case of Iowa there is not a shadow of doubt as to the will of the people on the temperance question. It was plainly and overwhelmingly expressed at the ballot-box by a vote of 30,000 majority. But their will was set aside by the Supreme Court, and yet we boast that this is a government of the people. We opine that a terrible judgement awaits that court and its adjuncts. Judge Beck who dissented from the majority has made for himself a name that will shine with increasing luster long after his associates shall have ceased to be. It is yet in the memory of men yet living that what is known as the Dred scat decision was made in the interest of slavery. Judge Tawney rendering the same and concurred in by all the other members except Judge McClain of Ohio, who in a very able and elaborate argument dissented. Time has clearly demonstrated that he was right and the rest wrong. Judge Beck may live to see the day when his fearless and manly decision will be endorsed by the citizens of Iowt, while the names of his associates shall pass into oblivion.

Duty.

There is no work at this juncture of the temperance cause of more pressing importance than the education of the people on this momentous question, Prior to the passage of the Main law it is said that the state was literally flooded with temperance literature. If the people can be made to see the dire effects of intemperance, they will not be slow in applying the remedy. It is a characteristic of the American people to protect themselves against the encroachments of any evil that is detrimental to their best interests. Let them be convinced that the ravages of the rum traffic is endangering the perpetuity of the government they will with one united voice exclaim down with the monster! Less money expended for political papers, and more for temperance papers would effect a perceptible change in a short time. A dereliction of duty in this respect, cannot be excused by any palliating circumstances whatever. Every man and women who will invest a dollar in the support of temperance papers will aid in the spread of temperance literature, and in process of time they will acknowledge it the best investment of so small amount they ever made. Like "bread cast upon the waters will be gathered not many days hence." We appeal to you from our inmost soul not to suffer any paper devoted to the cause of temperance to suspend for want of patronage, such a calamnity would have a depressing effect upon our cause. Nothing would be hailed with so much delight by the whisky league, because there is nothing they dread so much as a bold out-spoken and fearless temperance paper. The amount necessary to the support of such paper would gladly be paid by them conditioned that such paper cease to be. We urge our readers to give this subject a moments serious reflection.

Woman's Suffrage.

The Constitution of the United States guarantees a republican form of government to the several States. But while there remains a single friend of the government. male or female, disfranchised, there is an injustice to that class of persons. There must be spirit in the Constitution, as well as form. If the form only remains, the spirit has departed, and soon will flee with it the liberties of the people. It has been asserted that we have the influence of women indirectly bearing upon the legislation of the country. This, it must be admitted, is true, but it is powerless in the removal of the evils that now threaten us without the ballot. We withhold the one while we are compelled to admit tho other.

We need more of the moral element infused into our politics, without which there is great danger of being wrecked. Intemperance, with all its concomitant evils, can be suppressed by the moral power of woman with the ballot in her hands. They are the greater sufferers of this malignant evil, and have no redress without the elective franchise. Place them on the same plane with the male citizen, and the whisky traffic would be swept from the land. They would never cease their efforts until the last vestige of the rum traffic had disappeared forever. Give the ladies the ballot, and the liquor league would melt before them like snow beneath the noon-tide summer sun.

Temperance Onward.

Ever since the temperance cause has been inaugerated it has been assailed by every aspect of intimidation, resisted at each step by every kind and degree of hostillity, calumniated by every foul aspersion that human hatred and fiendish malice could invent to cloud or blast its fair name. The vulgar by sophistry, wit and ridicule have sought to render it unpopular, and with all this array it has gone on until it has taken rank among the most essential requirements to make us a free and happy people. It is at this hour the dread and terror of politicians and party leaders. It is in short, the only real live issue before the American people.

RUM BLOSSOMS.

The history of King Alcohol is a history of shame and corruption, of cruelty, rage and ruin.

The saloon keepers of Chicago have petitioned the Legislature of Illinois to defeat the pending license law, which advances the license fee to $3000

A Lebanon, Me., special says: "At Ball's mills, twelve miles from here in a drunken fight, Tennessee Jones was fatally stabbed by Dr. J. H. Ball.

In New York, the other day, a saloon keeper who pounded a man was let out on bail, while his poor victim who couldn't find bail was imprisoned as a witness.

It is estimated that the British workmen and women spend more than a fifth of their wages, or £75,000,000 out of £350,000,000, for beer and other strong drinks.

At Circleville, Ohio, Pat Kein while drunk was robbed of $60 and placed on the railroad track where he would have been run over by a passing train had he not been discovered by some passer by.

An infernal machine was recently found on the porch of the office of the Warrensburg, (N. Y.) Daily News. The incription on the machine warned the editor to leave the town. He had offenced someone by his utterance of temperance principles.

Last Saturday at Boston, John Callahan bought a gallon of "personal liberty" and got drunk, forced his little three-year old boy to drink all he could and then threw liquor in his face. The child went into convulsions and died on Monday morning.

Wm. Crotty aged twenty three was stabbed and killed by Aaron Scott, a colored man in Cincinnati last Sunday. They had been out drinking beer together and quarrelled. Mr. Crotty leaves a wife and two little children aged one and three years. This is work of the "harmless beverage" called beer.

In Georgia, a drunken brute, by the name of Herring, returned home crazy with whisky and poured live coals over the head of his baby. When the mother came to the rescue the brute fled to the woods. Whisky has not been the author of a more fiendish act. When one looks on a picture of this sort, he is reconciled to crusades of prohibition.—Indianapolis Herald.

Thomas Tinsley, a prisoner confined in the county jail at Bedford, charged with violating the liquor law, went to bed Wednesday night in apparent good health, but was found by his cell mate next morning dead. Cause of death unknown.

High license means that the youth shall be trained and brought up in the gilded saloons until his tastes and inclinations tend to take him lower, when the lowest places would all be closed. Is this personal liberty, to inculcate such desires and then not allow them to be gratified? yet thus would the personal liabilities of many be trampled upon had the advocates of high license their way.

Marshal Frank Falket was brought face to face with as much concentrated woe as one family ordinarily experiences. He found wanderng about the street a man and his wife both shockingly intoxicated penniless and in rags, and at their heels four little children half clad, and crying piteously for food. Their appeals provoked only curses from the unnatural father as he reeled along. The marshal took the whole outfit to the City Hall, and enlisted the symphaty of Township Trustee Gaffney, who provided them with passes to Defiance, O., which place they called home. The marshal piloted them to the south depot and saw them safely off. The man gave his name as John Brisco, said he and his family were making their way back home after an unfortnuate journey to Missouri.—Fort Wayne Gazette.

What is the future of the "four little children" ye men who vote to license the sale of intoxicants? Answer before your God.

The saloon question has latterly claimed a large measure of attention in Chicago. There are about 4,000 saloons, and it is estimated that $34-600,000 are paid over the bars of Chicago annually for intoxicating liquors. The Inter-Ocean of the 3d ult. published nearly a page of startling statistics and reports showing that from 75 to 90 per cent, of the crimes, casualties, pauperism, and insanity of the city can be traced directly to the grog-shops. In an editorial summary the Inter Ocean says: "Our reporters have ascertained from official and other trust-worthy authorities that from seventy-five to ninety per cent of the crimes, casualties, and pauperism in Chicago can be traced directly to the saloons; that sixty per cent of the inmates of the Joliet Penitentiary are by their own confession, intemperate men, and that a similar percentage of the inmates of our charitable and reformatory institutions owe their distress and disgrace to the same cause. The saloons furnish, at a small estimate, three-fourths of the business of the criminal and police courts; three-fourths of the work of the police is caused by them; they supply an equal proportion of the patients ot our hospitals and of the inmates of our jail, prison, almshouse, and insane asylum, and provide nine-tenths of the business that comes to the coroner. In contrast to this they pay about $200,-000 into the city treasury in the way of taxes. The article is not intended as a temperance lecture, but is to show the relation of the saloon-keepers to the municipal and county expenditures, and no one who reads it can deny the force of the arguments it pesents."

At a recent temperance mass-meeting in Brooklyn, held in the Academy of Music, Henry Ward Beecher said: Look at the power of the intrenched enemy: 3,000 magazines dispensing ammunition against us in Brooklyn and 10,000 in New York! Consider the vast amount of capital in distilleries and breweries. When Congress attempts to legislate on the subject as a matter of commerce it hesitates and compromises. The very policy of the city and the State is made to turn on the decisions of grogshops In many of the wards no man dare run for an office without permission of the grogshops. A majority of the Board of Aldermen in New York are actually proprietors of liquor-shops. The right to restrain is inherent in the Government. You have no right to store dynamite or powder in the city. You have no right to sell "bob-veal" [Laughter.] It makes men sick. But you can sell that which has a worse effect upon the community. Government interferes in other cases where health is at stake. There is no doubt of the fundamental principle on which we should start. We have a right to say that if liquor is to be sold to supply a so-called natural demand, it must not be flared out upon the community to invite persons in and cultivate a demand. There is a grogshop to every ninety persons in Brooklyn. Take out the women and children, and you have a grogshop to every thirty persons. In behalf of labor and the poor I protest against this great wrong. The sober man is now made to pay for the jails, poor-houses, and courts, and the waste that comes from the licensed drinking-houses. Honesty is departing in our land; truth and justice are hardly known on our streets; and what is to blame so much as the demon alcohol? I must not leave snow on my sidewalk, or drive too fast in the park; in short, I must obey the law; but the liquor dealer can do as he pleases. Somebody must obey the law, and so the moral men are made to do it.

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Temperance Banner.

BY SAMUEL JACOBS.

LOGANSPORT, : : INDIANA

NOT long ago there was a tremendous hurrah at Washington about the invasion of Indian Territory by white men, who were establishing ranches on the streams and occupying the pastures which the government had promised to preserve and protect for the exclusive use of the Indians. It was announced by official authority that the white man must go, and that he must take his cattle with him from the Indian lands; and then the excitement died down. Authorative information from the Indian Territory is to the effect that not a ranch has been removed and not a steer disturbed. The ranchmen have simplified matters by taking Indians as partners.

ONE of the meanest adulterations, and one most likely to deceive the purchaser, is in teas. The cheat is practiced more than ever before, and the amount of spurious tea in the market is very great. Last week the health authorities of New York city stopped the sale of 3,700 packages of Pingsuey teas on the ground th t they have been adulterated, and were therefore impure and unwholesome. The teas which were thus condemned were said to be the property of a Boston firm, and consisted of over 300,000 pounds. With no market in New York, these spurious teas will find their way westward. Consumers should be on the lookout for them

FOR once the ubiquitous Chicago man has been outwitted, and that by a Louisvillian. It seems that both wooed and won the same girl. After engaging herself to both, the damsel concluded to marry the Chicagoan. Everything was arranged, and the night of the happy day cast down its sable mantle. Then it was that the Louisville man rose to the situation. By ways that were dark, and tricks which were not vain, he succeeded in stealing the bridal trosseau. Of course the wedding had to be postponed. Before the second outfit was prepared, the crafty thief succeeded in persuading the young lady that the best way to compromise the matter was to marry him, and he would agree to furnish as complete an outfit at a day's notice as she had before. Jilted lovers, and lovers in danger of the jilt, are expected to cut this paragraph out and paste it in their scrap-books.

REPORTS from the lumber regions of Aroostook show that spruce trees are dying at a rapid rate. Last winter operations were begun on a part of a township where it was expected that 700,000 feet would be cut, but only 75,000 feet of sound spruce could be found. Examination showed that the spruce in the rest of the township was in the same condition. There is a township that Fish River waters that is well timbered, and there is a fine chance for lumber operations. On this tract it is estimated that 5,000,000 feet of sound spruce lumber is standing to-day, but at the rate the trees are dying in five years there will not be 1,000,000 feet. So far as can be ascertained there are no worms to work on the spruce, and the cause of its decay is a mystery. The tops of the dead spruce trees have a reddish color, and look as though they had been scorched by fire. There are a number of townships in which it is estimated that three-fourths of the spruce trees are dead. The loss to the owners of the land will be very heavy from the cause. One gentleman suggests that the trees are dying from old age.

THE report that El Muhdi, the False Prophet, had been defeated by a British Captain is very likely to be true. These Orientals have never been able to stand up before the cold mathematical European style of fighting. If England has not whipped this new Mohammed out of his boots, it is certain that she will do so at the first opportunity, and do it in her most matter-of-fact Anglo-Saxon way, entirely regardless of his heavenly claims. The founder of a new religion in the Orient in this day and generation has to encounter a new kind of obstacle. The indifference of the people and the attachment to their old idols are the least of his troubles. Great Britain has a perfect apprehension of the consequences to her Indian Empire of the dropping of the least spark of a new religious zeal into that tinder-box. No prophet, false or true, will ever be allowed to begin his propaganda among the combustible spirits of the Hindostan Peninsula. If the people of the Indian Empire should ever manifest any desire for a new religion they will have an opportunity to take refuge in the Church of England. There is a plenty of the raw material of prelates, and Bishops, and rectors, and even curates, for the benighted Hindoos to be found among the English nobility, who must be supported somehow, and are just as ready to draw their out-door relief from the East Indians as from the Irish or any other of their subject peoples. In fact, Great Britain has thoughtfully provided India already with several high-toned Bishops and ecclesiastical shepherds to show the Hindoos the way to the English purgatory at the Hindoos' expense. The new Mohammed had best compromise, like Arabi Pasha, on a pension. England has no use for any patriots or prophets except those of her own manufacture and export.

THE Dakota fever has attracted many immigrants, this spring, and many who went depended wholly upon the representations of land-owners and companies. We append a sensible letter, written to the Chicago Inter Ocean, which we believe is a measure fits the case. Persons who anticipate fortune without labor are no more liable to have their wishes realized in Dakota than elsewhere and the farmer, who has a comfortable home and productive farm should think four times before selling out. The letter is as follows:

Persons East will do well to accept with caution the reports about Dakota They appear mostly written by persons who have never raised a crop or seen one raised. North Dakota is a wheat region, South Dakota is not, and between is debatable land. Railroads wanting to sell land, prairie town-siters with lots to sell, bummers who live on the fees of office, are not likely to make an impartial statement of the merits and demerits of Dakota Territory. I have lived here five years on a homestead. Dakota has many disadvantages that are no advertised, There is plenty of good water, but more bad, and some have dug several wells before they hit palatable water. A man can raise timber very easily; orcharding has not been tried and determined.

I have not seen a crop of wheat of twenty-five bushels per acre. have asked old settlers and they have not. Last year the Department of Agriculture had the returns for this county at fourteen bushels. This was rather light, but the crop was the best in five years. Forty bushels of oats or thirty five of corn are good crops, and it takes five acres of prairie to pasture a steer through summer. Flax is our main market crop and is fast ruining lands devoted to it. Many who under take sheep farming have given it up. Cattle-raising is the most profitable business at present, and the men who run thrashing machines grow poor at it.

There is a heavy immigration to this Territory, and much of it of a land-grabbing nature. Six months fictitious residence, then proved up, mortgage or sell for $300 to $500, then leave Dakota or repeat the game, making a net gain of perhaps $200 for the six months, is the progamme of thousands, And many an honest pioneer takes his claim, toils to make a home, and in a year or two finds himself almost isolated from neighbors and debarred from the blessings of society.

If grasshoppers or a failure of crop occur this year, there will be a bigger stampede than followed Moses of old.

Any one intending to come to Dakota Territory ought to be prepared to accept the regular hardships of pioneer life. Don't build your hopes on enormou crops. Every dollar you earn here is well earned. The busiest man in the south Dakota is Shylock. His grip is on some quarter or more of nearly every section, and five years will see thousands of farms in his hands.

This is my view of Dakota from five years' experience in the Jim Valley. I have no ax to grind—do not depend upon fees for my bread, which I raise on my own land

THOMAS S. SHARP.

The Lake Pontchartrain Bridge.

New Orleans Picayune.

On Sunday a party, composed mainly of railroad officials and constructors interested in the building of the New Orleans & Northwestern railroad, took a trip across Lake Pontchartrain for the purpose of examining the great trestle-work now in course of construction. The entire length of the trestle-work when completed will be twenty-one and a half miles. This distance comprises thirteen and a half miles from People's Avenue canal to the point, five and three quarter miles across the lake, and two and four tenths miles from the north shore. All of the piling along the southern shore, with the exception of about one mile, has been driven, and this division will be completed by July 1. Of the piling in the lake two and a quarter miles have been driven, and one mile of the work is completed. The trestle on the north shore has been completed for some time and the rails are laid nine miles, or to Pearl river. The trestle-work is all constructed after the same plan, except that the cross ties are further apart in the approaches than in the bridge proper, and that the timber used on the latter is all creosoted. The description of the bridge will answer for the other work.

This structure, which probably will be the longest of the kind in the United States, will also be one of the most substantial. Experts in railroad building pronounce the sections already finished the most perfect specimen of trestle construction they have seen. The pile average sixty feet in length and are driven about forty feet. In each bent there are four piles and the bents are fifteen feet apart. The caps of the piles are twelve by fourteen inches, and the stringers are six by sixteen inches, and three of them on each side laid on edge. The cross-ties are only three inches apart, and on them are bolted stringers, which act as guard rails. The ties form a secure decking to the trestle-work, upon which the wheels of a car could run without danger of leaving the bridge on account of the guard-rails.

The trestlework from beginning to end is one of the grandest undertakings connected with railroad building in the south. Some idea of its magnitude may be formed from the statement that the quantity of lumber required, outside of the piles, is over 15,000,000 feet. There will be 8,161 bents of four piles cash, or 32,644 piles.

A Wonderful Invention.

The electroscope—the very latest scientific discovery— of Dr. Guidrat, of Victoria, was exhibited at Melbourne in the presence of forty scientific and public men. Sitting in a dark room, they saw projected on a large disc of white burnished metal the race-course at Flemington, with its myriads of active beings. Minute details stood out with perfect fidelity to the original, and as they looked at the wonderful picture through binocular glasses, it was difficult to imagine that they were not actually on the course itself, and moving among those whose motions they could so completely scan.

WORN-OUT MONEY

What the Government Gains Every Year by Accidents and Carelessness—A Look at the "Macerator," Where the Greenbacks are Pounded to Pulp.

Washington Cor. of the Post-Dispatch.

It is announced here that the fund for paying express charges on United States notes sent here for redemption will be exhausted at the end of the present fiscal year. "That means a good deal of dirty and ragged currency throughout the country," said Treasurer Wyman yesterday in speaking of the subject to your correspondent.

"How is it, Mr. Treasurer," I asked, "that this fund, which has always been available for this purpose heretofore, is not to be had longer?"

"Simply because Congress didn't make any appropriation for this purpose," he replied. "It made an appropriation for paying the express charges on bank notes sent in for redemption, but not for United States currency notes, or greenbacks,' as they are popularly known. I suppose it was omitted by some error."

"And will this have a perceptible effect in reducing the amount of greenbacks sent here for redemption?"

"Undoubtedly," was the reply." "After June 30th banks sending soiled and mutilated greenbacks for exchange will have to pay the express charges on them. Of course this is a small item, yet the tendency will be to keep the notes in circulation as long as possible, and the currenly will be visibly dirtier and more ragged during the coming year than before. Especially will this be the case in the West and South, where the long distance and high express charges will keep the currency in circulation much longer than in the sections more accessible."

"Do you find any difference now in the condition of money which comes from the various sections of the country?"

"Yes, the further away the point from which it comes, the worse the condition of the notes. Banks don't like to lay out of their funds so long as it takes to send them two or three thousand miles, unless there is a positive necessity for doing so, and the result is that they keep putting them out as long as they will go. The result is that those which come to us from a long distance are only those that are so entirely unfit that they must be redeemed"

"How much is sent in for redemption and exchange in the course of a year?"

He touched a little bell and a messenger appeared. "Take these notes," he said, "to Mr. Rogers and Mr. Davidge," and he wrote to one, "How much received for redemption to date this fiscal year, and how much fit and how must unfit?"

"You see," he explained, as the messenger started off with the two notes, "one of these gentlemen has charge o the redemption of the bank notes, and the other the greenbacks."

"With what are bank notes redeemed—other bank notes?"

"Sometimes in bank notes and sometimes partly in greenbacks, according to circumstances. The United States notes—greenbacks are changed for other and new greenbacks in most cases, except when gold, silver or New York exchange is asked for instead."

"What do you mean by 'fit and unfit,' Mr. Wyman?"

"Well, there are a few of the bank notes which are sent in for exchange which are yet fit for circulation. They are sorten out and sent out for circulation again. We used to do this with the greenbacks, but there are so few 'fit' ones among them now that it doesn't pay to trouble to assort them."

"What is done with this worn and mutilated money when it is presented for exchange?"

"It is sent to the 'macerator,' a big iron machine in the basement of this building where it is ground to pulp, and the pulp sold to paper-makers, who get the color out of it and make it into paper again."

"You used to burn it, did you not?"

"Yes, but the present system was found preferable, as it destroys the money more effectually, and the sale of the pulp brings something into the Treasury."

"Are the worn greenbacks redeemed with other and new greenbacks of the same denomination?"

"Not necessarily. Most of them are redeemed with new greenbacks, except where gold, silver or New York exchange is asked for; but as to denominations, we usually give whatever is asked for."

By this time the report had come back from the redemption division. Of greenbacks and gold and redemption notes there had been redeemed this year up to date $108,000,000 of National Bank notes, $72,000,000 had been sent in for redemption, and $10,000,000 of the lot had been decided "fit" for circulation and sent out again.

Of the currency thus redeemed, one-dollar notes form a very large proportion. They are worn out faster than any of the other bills, in spite of the fact that the silver dollar is constantly being thrust forward in the vain attempt to make it take the place of the greenback dollar. In the redemptions last year of the greenbacks alone there were $8,368,000 in one-dollar bills redeemed and destroyed, 4,040,000 two-dollar bills, 3,554,000 five-dollar bills and 1,880,000 ten-dollar bills. The life of the dollar greenback appears to be very brief. Of the 26,000,000 one dollar notes issued between 1875 and 1879, known as the "issue of 1875," 25,000,000 have come back torn and ragged and dirty, and been redeemed with others bright and new and crisp. Yet of the 30,000 ten-dollar bills of that same lot issued at the same time not half had yet come back at last accounts. Of the "issue of 1875" wooh still continues, 10,000,000 of the 13,000,000 one-dollar bills have come back some of them scarcely a year old. Of the "issue of 1880," which began three years ago, but is still running, 4,000,000 of the one-dollar fellows came back used up in the first two years. The ten-dollar bills are much longer-lived. Of 158,000 ten-dollar notes issued between 1880 and 1882, only 10,000 came back during those two years, or about 6 per cent. of the whole number issued, while of the one-dollar bills of the same issue nearly 20 per cent came back at the same time. The total amount of greenbacks and other Government obligations (silver certificates, fractional currency, &c,) which have been redeemed and destroyed since the beginning of the issue of these obligations is about $2,600,0000,000 nearly eight times the amount now outstanding, and nearly four times as much as was afloat in 1865, when the largest quantity of this sort of obligations ($668,000,000) was in circulation. A great deal of this money that has been issued by the Government in the past twenty-two years has never come back for redemption, and will never come back. The Government is gainer millions upon millions of dollars in this way. It is estimated by the Treasury Department, for instance, that $1,000,000 was burned up in the Chicago fire. Other millions were lost and destroyed during the war, others are lost or sunken and blown up in steamboats, others burned in burning buildings and many millions were lost from careless pockets or worn out and never presented for redemption. Nobody sees any paper fractional currency in circulation now, yet there is nearly $15,000,000 of it that has never been presented for redemption. It is probable that not $1,000,000 of the $15,000,000 of this is still out that will ever come in. Experts estimate that at least 1 per cent. of the money thus issued by the Government never comes back for redemption, and that the Government has been gainer from $35,000,000 to $40,000,000 by this process in the past twenty years, or nearly $2,000,000 a year.

A Premature Decision.

Elberton (Ga.) South.

Hearing so much of Courts and seeing so many lawyers recently reminds us of an incident that our Congressman, Hon. Seab. Seese, used to tell of while Solicitor-General on this Judicial Circuit.

The Superior Court was in session in one of the lower counties of the circuit, and the solicitor with the counsel for defense, was engaged in the selection of a jury for the trial of a man charged with murder.

As usual in such cases, some difficulty was experienced in obtaining a jury, and the Court was getting tired of such tedious proceedings.

"Call the next juror, Mr. Clerk," said the Solicitor for the hundredth time.

The Clerk called out the man, and an old man with an honest face and a suit of blue jeans clothes rose up in his place and the Solicitor asked the following customary questions:

"Have you, from having seen the crime committed, or having heard any of the evidence delivered under oath, formed or expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner at the bar?"

"No, sir."

"Is there any bias or prejudice resting on your mind for or against the prisoner at the bar?"

"None, sir."

"Is your mind perfectly impartial between the State and the accused?"

"It is."

"Are you opposed to capital punishment?"

"I am not."

All the questions had been answered and the Court was congratulating itself on having another juror, and the Solicitor in solemn tones said:

"Juror, look upon the prisoner; prisoner, look upon the juror."

The old man adjusted his spectacles and peeringly gazed at the prisoner full half a minute, when he turned his eyes toward the Court and earnestly said:

"Judge, I'll be condemned if I don't believe he's guilty!"

It is useless to add that the Court was considerably exasperated at having lost a juror, but the more humorously inclined had a good laugh out of the old man's premature candor.

The Hero of Uncle Tom's Cabin.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" was the wedge that finally rent asunder that gigantic fabric with a fearful crash. The book is of intense human interest: it chained the attention of every reader, for it was living, vital truth, and the man whose life was a poem and who was present in Mrs. Stowe's mind when she drew the wonderfully graphic pen portrait of her slave hero. Josiah Henson has just passed out of Egypt into the promised land of his Savior. His closing years were happy and triumphant as his early ones had been sad, depressed and down-trodden.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's Uncle Tom, the Rev. Josiah Henson, was born June 15, 1789, in Charles county, Md., on a farm belonging to Francis Newman about a mile from Port Tobacco. His mother was a slave of Dr. Josiah McPherson, but hired to Newman, to whom his father belonged. One of the earliest incidents Father Henson remembered on the Newman farm was that of seeing his father suffering with a lacerated back and bleeding head; the overseer, a rough, coarse man, had brutally assaulted Uncle Tom's mother, when his father hearing her cries for help, rushed at the fellow, threw him down, and would have killed him but for the entreaties of his wife and mother. The slave who had dared to attack a white man, no matter what the provocation, must be punished, and Uncle Tom's father was sentenced to a hundred lashes and to have his ears nailed to the whipping post and then severed from his body; and the sentence was carried out. The master, Mr. McPherson, was a good master, but intemperate, and returning home one night from a convivial gathering, he was drowned. Then his "property" had to be sold, and Uncle Tom, mother and children were separated—the father had been sent to Alabama some time previous and was never heard of again. Uncle Tom rose to be overseer: after a time was converted; at the age of twenty-two he married, and twelve children were the fruit of this union, seven of these survive. He removed to Kentucky in 1826, and after a time became a Methodist preacher. He finally purchased his freedom, but by that trickery which slave holders know so well he was kept in bondage. He was taken down the Mississippi to be sold, but escaped the dread of the Negroes—life on the plantations of the far South. He fled at length with wife and children to the Indiana shore, and after innumerable hardships, he and his wife and little ones reached Canada, October 28, 1830. He got on well in the dominion. From that time he preached and labored for his poor enslaved brethren; made perilous journeys from Canada to the slave states, and succeeded in aiding a number to escape from slavery; and visited New York and Boston, where he collected money with which to build a saw mill at Camden, Can., then called Dawn. Subsequently he visited Great Britain where he was as cordially received, as he had been by the Friends in Indiana and Ohio, the anti-slavery men in New England, or the free people in Canada, During the Canadian rebellion he was appointed captain of a company of colored volunteers. When the slavery war broke out his son Tom, who was at that time in California, went into the navy and it is believed was killed, as he was never heard from since that time, and his son in law enlisted at Detroit in the union army. Father Henson again visited Great Britain a few years ago, where he was received by the most distinguished men and women, and was given among other honors, an audience by the queen. After returning to America he visited his old slave home in Maryland, and went to the grave of his mother, who had passed way her life in sorrow and chains. At the age of 94 years, a man who, like Simon, the Cyrenean, bore the cross of his master, goes to his grave. His life is an inspiration to the young Uncle Toms.

Peserving Pretty Faces.

From a Letter in the Newark Advertiser.

The desire to improve the appearance or preserve her beauty is implanted in every woman's heart. Nothing can be said against the desire; it is perfectly legitimate. But very much can be said against the methods wildly seized upon to reach the wished-for end. A moderate use of simple violet powder for the bath or used lightly on the face is not injurious to the skin; it has a pleasant feeling and takes away the glossy look from some faces; but chalk and paste that are too frequently used gives the skin an unnatural and painty appearance, and when the folly of using rouge on the cheeks is added, a pretty face is vulgarized. Many ladies have an indelicate manner of powdering in public, and if you are a careful observer you will frequently see a young woman on boat or train or in a waiting-room taking out a handkerchief with powder in one corner and deliberately chalk her face, very often before men who are standing about. One of the most beautiful blondes I ever saw contracted the habit of powdering to excess. Her natural complexion was exquisite and she had no need of artificial aid, but she thought it added to her appearance, and so she powdered to such an extent that every one noticed it and gave her no credit for what nature had really done for her. A proper care of health and diet will add the most of anything to one's appearance, and the laws of health are entirely opposed to filling the pores of the skin with chalk and paint that are frequently composed of poisonous ingredients which are not only dangerous, but vulgar.

Mr. Labouchere's advice to ladies to wash their face in very hot water if they wish a beautiful skin and no wrinkles has been widely read and adopted by many women. The complection, because t is one of the first and foremost attributes of feminine beauty, is more tampered with, more subjected to every conceivable style of treatment than the care of the hair, teeth, eyebrows, lashes, nails and hands would amount to altogether, if summed up in one. Such various treatment of the skin often result in doing it more harm than good. Washing in hot water is undoubtedly very beneficial for the skin in certain cases but with all due respect to Mr. Labouchere it is not to be recommended universally. It is self-evident that each type requires a treatment particularly adapted to its own needs, and women must exercise their own judgment in such matters, and study what sort of skin they really have.

It is not well to use much soap, notwithstanding some women preach another gospel in reference to this; but if you have a very fresh, tough skin you may be able to stand frequent latherings for a few years, and imagine you owe your freshness of coloring to that, but you will soon see the folly.

GENERAL MISCELLANY.

Bismarck has $70,000 a year.

Government pastry—a mint spy.

The Shah will see the Czar crowned.

Boston's excursion steamers have already begun.

Rochester canneries paid $64,000 for strawberries last year.

Salvini is said to have carried away $50,000 of American money.

Frogs for lace pins have suddenly jumped into fashion in New Orleans.

Galveston is creeping up as a cotton market—900,000 bales this season.

A Connecticut woman aged 75 has just begun taking lessons on the piano.

Those who are strictest with themselves are generally most lenient to others.

Mrs. Langtry speaks of Fred Gebhart as a mere boy whose devotion is remarkable.

The 30 women employed in one shoe factory in Lynn, Mass., are all divorced wives.

Vennor predicted that April would go out like a wild cat, and it did, down south.

A blush is modesty's headlight; but a good many trains are run without headlights.

Two New Yorkers are to supply the Indians with beans. This will be a great blow to Boston.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey are passengers by the Labrador now on her way to New York.

A Shaneatelas (N. Y.) youth gave his sister a live pig in a fancy box aa a wedding present.

Ex-Senator Conkling has agreed to deliver the memorial oration in N. Y. on Decoration Day.

A full tenth of the work on the census of 1880 will remain unfinished at the end of the present year.

The election cases at New Orleans have been indefinitely postponed, one of the accused having the smallpox.

In Germany a third of the population is married, 7 per cent. widowed, 60 per cent. unmarried and 2 per cent. divorced or separated. This makes the last class one in 17 of the married, or 20 to 2,000 a large proportion.

The Home of the Horse.

Fanciers' Gazette.

There is no doubt that the original home of the horse is not Europe, but Central Asia; for, since the horse in its natural state depends upon grass for nourishment and fleetness for its weapon, it could not in the beginning have thriven and multiplied in the thick forest-grown territory of Europe. Much rather should its place of propagation be sought in those steppes where it still roams about in a wild state. Here, too, arose the first nations of riders, of which we (says Popular Science Monthly) have historic knowledge—the Mongolians and the Turks, whose existence even at this day is as it were combined with that of the horse. From these regions the horse spreads in all directions, especially in the steppes of southern and southeastern Russia and into Thrace, until it finally found entrance into the other parts of Europe, but not until after the immigration of the people. This assumption, at least, is strongly favored by the fact that the further a district of Europe is from those Asiatic steppes—*i. e.*, from the original home of the horse—the later does the tamed horse seem to have made its historic appearance in it. The supposition is further confirmed by the fact that horse raising among almost every tribe appears as an art derived from neighboring tribes in the East or Northeast. Even in Homer the ox appears exclusively as the draught animal in land operations at home and in the field, while the horse was used for purposes of war only. Its employment in military operations was determined by swiftness alone. That the value of the horse must have originally depended upon the fleetness can easily be inferred from the name which is repeated in all the branches of the Indo-European language and signifies nearly 'hastening,' 'quick.' The same fact is exemplified by the description of the oldest poets, who, next to its courage, speak most of its swiftness.

Some Big Bank Notes.

London Titbits.

The largest amount of a bank note in circulation in 1827 was £1,000. It is said that two notes for £100,000 each, and two for £50,900 each, were once engraved and issued. A butcher who had amassed an immense fortune during the war times, went one day with one of these £50,000 note to a private banker, asking for the loan of £5,000, and wishing to deposit the big note as security in the banker's hands, saying he had kept it for years. The £5,000 was at once handed over, but the banker hinted, at the same time, to the butcher the folly of hoarding such a sum and losing the interest. "Wery true, sir," replied the butcher, "but I likes the look on't so wery well that I have t'other one of the same kind at home."

An eccentric gentleman in London framed a bank post bill for £30,000, and exhibited it for five years in one of his sitting rooms. The fifth year he died, when the "picture" was at once taken down and cashed by his heirs.

Some years ago, at a nobleman's house near Hyde Park, a dispute arose about a certain passage in Scripture, and a dean who was present denying that there was any such text at all, a Bible was called for. When it was opened a marker was found in it which on examination proved to be a bank post bill for £40,000. It might possibly have been placed there as a reproach to the son, who, perhaps, did not consult the Bible so often as his mother could have wished.

DON'T LEAVE THE FARM.

BY C. E. M. BREEN.

Come, boys, I have something to tell you;
Come near, I would whisper it low—
You are thinking of leaving the homestead,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

The city has many attractions,
But think of the vices and sin:
When once in the vortex of fashion,
How soon the course downward begin.

You talk of the mines, boys—
They are wealthy in gold, no doubt;
But, ah! there is gold in the farm, boys,
If only you'll shovel it out.

The mercantile trade is a hazard—
The goods are first high and then low,
Better risk the old farm a while longer;
And monarch of all you survey.

Better on the farm awhile longer,
Though the profits come in rather slow;
Remember, you've nothing to risk, boys,
Don't be in a hurry to go.

JONES & CO.

I guess pa and ma were pretty rich one time, for when they came to California it was on their wedding tour, and ma brought a maid with her, and pa had a servant named Jim; and when we got to California—I say we, I'm only fourteen now, but I was not born then, though that don't matter, I guess—pa had lots of money. I was born at the Lick House, and, you ought to see my baby clothes.

Jones & Co. haven't the kind of goods them was, because Maud has dragged them all to pieces. Maud is the baby Six years old, she is, and it won't be long before she will be a clerk for Jones & Co. First babies always have the nicest thing Ma says first babies are like second wives.

But I am getting away from Jones & Co. Well, I am of the opinion that after pa went into his house on Van Ness Avenue he went into stock, whatever that means. Going into stock must be a curious business, and sometimes pa came home looking splendid, and wanted to buy everything, and even laughed at ma for being so mean, and not getting better clothes, and then he wanted to drive in the park and go to the theatre. One day he came home with a new carriage and a span of long-tailed horses, and a coachman and footman. Then sometimes pa came home and looked very blue and talked about stocks, and began to watch pa, and I noticed that sometimes when he laughed the loudest he looked as if he wanted to cry, and then he sold the horses, and then the house, and the furniture was sent to auction, and pa wasn't like himself any more, and never told me stories any more, and once when Maud was asleep in his arms he kissed her, and then he cried, and when I told ma she said she guessed pa did not feel very well, and then she cried.

After this we went to a boarding house—a nasty, musty place. Everything was well enough, only a boarding house ain't like home.

Then the baby came, and it died, and ma almost died; and I heard pa say to the man who kept the house that he was pretty tight up, but it was coming out all right; and the next day pa didn't have any watch or sleeve buttons. I didn't seem to notice it, because I saw that may be he had sold them to pay board. Once it was dreadful. Pa came home tipsy, and I never saw ma feel so bad, never; and finally ma went home to grandpa in New York with Maud, and I stayed with pa to go to school.

When pa kept getting worse, we went to live in rooms and eat at restaurants; and pa was out late nights, and I guess drank more than was good for him, and I thought something had got to be done, so I said one day,—

"Pa, let's go into business and open a store."

Then pa laughed, and asked,—

"What kind of a store?"

And I said,—

"Oh, a candy store, or a stationary store, or a thread and needle store, such as women keep, and little girls help in."

And pa laughed and said he would think of it, and when he came home that night I asked him if he had thought about it, and he said he had not, and I said he had better, and he said he would. So next day I went into a store on Polk Street kept by a nice old lady who had a bad husband, where they sold everything and she said in French they called in *lingerie*. I did not know what she meant, because it was in French, and I asked her she did not want to sell her store, and said,—

"Do you want to buy a store, little girl?"

"My pa does," I said.

She said she guessed the sheriff would have the store to sell in a few days. And the next day I told pa about the store and what a nice one it was, and he had been a dry goods man once, and had had a large store once, and sold silks and velvets and furs and laces worth more than a thousand dollars a piece.

I don't exactly know what pa did, but I think something "turned up" a few days afterwards, for I heard him say he had made a "raise," and he let me see a thousand dollars in gold and notes and for a day or two he carried them in a side pocket and kept his hand over them for fear they would jump out and run away; and pa bought me some shoes and a hat, and stuff for aprons, and I made them myself, and I never saw pa look so happy since ma went away and one day he said,

"Vevie, I have bought the store on Polk street, and you are to be my saleswoman and partner."

And sure enough, in a few days we went into the store, and over the door was a great sign of "Jones & Co." And when I said, "And so pa you are 'Jones?" he blushed, and I guess he didn't like his old friends to know that he was selling needles and thread and tape and things.

One day pa came into the store looking troubled, and then I said,—

"Pa, ain't I a partner, and don't partners have a right to know everything, and ain't you hiding something from me about Jones & Co?"

And then I found pa had bought too many things for the store, and that a note for a thousand dollars had to be paid, and pa was worried about it. And then I wondered how I could get the one thousand dollars, and finally I thought of the rich Mr. Flood, and then I made up my mind that I would go to his bank; so I put on my things and got into a car and went to the Nevada bank, and told the clerk I wanted to borrow a thousand dollars; and he laughed and said he guessed I had better see Mr. McLane; I asked who Mr. McLane was, and the clerk said he was the president; then I went to the president, who was in the back room, and he said,—

"Well, little girl, what can I do for you?'

And I said,—

"I want to borrow a thousand dollars."

And then Mr. McLane turned his chair round and looked at me and said,—

"A thousand dollars!" with as much surprise as though it was all the money he had in the bank. I was scared then, and cried, but I told Mr. McLane all about pa and Jones & Co., and he looked kinder puzzled, and asked pa's name, and I told him, and where the store was, and all about ma and Maud, and how the baby died.

I guess that was not very much like business, and I don't know what Mr. McLane wanted to know all that for. Then he looked at me again, and I guess he wasn't going to let me have the money, when a gentleman at another desk came over to us, and Mr. McLane said—

"Well, Flood, what do you think of this young merchant?"

Then I knew it was the rich Mr. Flood; and he said,—

"Let her have the money, and I will endorse her note."

Then I jumped up and kissed him, and he kissed me; and the president made a note for Jones & Co., and Mr. Flood wrote his name on the back of it. I took the money home in a canvass bag that Mr. McLane said I must bring back, and didn't pa look surprised when I poured the twenty dollar pieces out on the counter?

Then I told him what had happened at the bank, and when I asked him if he didn't think I was a pretty good business woman after all, I guess he felt ashamed.

After this, I never saw anything like it—such lots of carriages and such nice ladies came every day, and most all of them traded with me, and pa was just as happy as he could be. Jones & Co. were making lots of money. When I took Mr. Flood's money back I just marched right through the bank, past the big counters, and I took care to let the clerk that had laughed at me before see the bag. Mr. Flood came up and laughed, and Mr. McLane laughed, and then Mr. Flood told me if I wanted to borrow money again to come to him, and Mr. McLane brought my note canceled by a great blue "Paid" stamped across the face of it, above where I wrote Jones & Co. Then I told Mr. Flood that when we felt able to send for ma I should come and borrow some more money, because I wanted to buy a house for ma and Maud, so they wouldn't have to go into a nasty boarding house, and Mr. Flood said I should have all the money I wanted.

When we sent for ma and Maud, grandpa gave ma the money to come, so we didn't have to borrow any more; and we took a nice cottage not very near the store, for pa didn't want ma to know about Jones & Co., though I was just crazy to tell her, and see how she'd look.

For several days we fooled her. She thought pa had a store down town and I was going to school. I told lots of fibs about being detained at school, going down town, and all sorts of stories to account for being out late. One day who should I see coming into the store but ma.

"Have you any pearl shirt buttons, little girl?" said ma.

"Yes, ma'am," said I, looking her right square in the face.

"Goodness gracious!" said ma, "is that you, Vevie?"

I said,—

"Beg pardon, ma'am, what did you want?" Then ma looked at me again.

I had a store apron on, and a small cap like a French girl; and because I wasn't very tall pa got me a pair of wooden brogans with felt bottoms into which I slipped my feet, and they made me four or five inches taller; and ma stared at me and laughed and said,—

"Oh, I beg your pardon, little girl: you look so much like my daughter Geniveve that I thought that you was she."

Then I heard pa snicker down behind the counter. He had seen ma come in and he hid. Just as soon as ma went out, pa jumped up and laughed and said,—

"Snatch of your apron and cap, Vevie, and run round the block and get home before your mother if you can."

I did so, and when ma got home she was the most surprised person you ever saw. We knew this sort of thing couldn't last, and so that night we told ma all about the house of Jones & Co., and she kissed pa, and said he was a noble fellow and she never was so proud of him in her life, and went to crying and taking on. I never saw ma act so foolish before, and pa said she was making love to him again.

Well, now the story is about over, Ma came down to the store to help. At first she looked kinder shy when some lady came in she had known at the Lick House but she got over all that and she began to make bonnets, and we had a millinery store, and then she insisted upon saving the expense of another house, and we moved into a larger store next door, with a nice window for bonnets and nice rooms to live in, and little Maudie is beginning to be handy about, and all of us work and are just as happy as the days are long.

I have never seen Mr. Flood but once, when I went down to the bank unbeknown to pa, and told Mr. Elood and Mr. McLane that any time they wanted to borrow one thousand dollars Jones & Co. could lend it to them; and they laughed and said they couldn't tell; stocks might go down. And then Mr. Flood said that if all the people he had loaned money to would pay it back as I had he wouldn't get busted in a long time.

Then I saw the clerk that laughed at me, and I smiled at him and bowed; and since then he has been buying all his gloves at the store. I told him I thought he used a great many pairs of gloves, and he said they wore out very fast counting money. He is dreadful particular about his gloves, and if there is no one in the store but me, he is often half an hour picking out the kind he wants.

Pa has bought a splendid gold watch—a real stem winder; and we, Jones & Co., have bought a nice large lot out on Governor Sanford's new cable railroad and paid for it; and if the times are good this summer, as pa thinks they will be, we shall have a house of our own again, where we shall live in peace, die in Greece, and be buried in a cake of tallow.

Agricultural Notes.

A dairy market is to be established in Syracuse, N. Y.

A creamery is to be established at Elk Point, Dak.

New potatoes are $1 a bushel in Florida this week.

An Indiana man has recently patented a gopher attachment to corn-cultivators.

The reping-machine came into practical use about the year 1853, and the self-binder made its first good record in 1876.

Up to Feb. 10 this season 56,840 bales of wool were received at Adelaide, South Australia. Last year the quanity landed at Melbourne was 60,428 bales.

A skillful horticulturist uses thin gutta percha for grafting. Pieces about two inches square are put into hot water, and then wrapped around the graft at its insertion.

Europe has just produced a crop of beet-root sugar estimated at 2,000,000 tons. Two-thirds of all the sugar consumed in European countries is produced from the sugar-beet.

Near Wichita, Kas., Mr. Draves has a cheese-factory in readiness for business, and has gone to N. Y, to get 15 car-loads of Hosistein cows and heifers. He will milk 700 cows.

The offices of the National Grange are: M., J. J, Woodman, Paw Paw, Mich.; L., H. Eshbaugh, Mo.: T., F. M. McDowell, Wayne, N. Y.; S., W. M. Ireland, Washington, D. C.

Reports of the wheat crop from all parts of Australia, as published in the Melbourne *Leader*, are unfavorable. The supply at Port Pirie, one of the principal outlets for South Australia, will not exceed 20,000 bags—one-tenth of the usual amount.

Maine has 49 cheese factory, with an average of 107 cows to each factory, 60 being the lowest and 500 the highest number. The total produce of all the factories last year was 586,834 pounds of cheese, for which the average prices received was 12½ cents per pound.

The several kinds of pond lilies can be easily grow in almost any pond in which there is a botton of rich muck. They are beautiful flowers, several of them have a most delightful odor, and their presence on the farm or in the house will prove a source of great pleasure, inexpensive and lasting.

Settlers whose land in South Australia and along the line between that point and Victoria propose to pay one third of the cost of building a fence which shall be proof against rabbits and wild dogs the whole length of the border, provided the Governments of the two colonies will pay the remainder of the cost. The area over which the rabbits are most numerous is 64,600 miles square in New South Wales.

South Australia has appointed an agent to act in connection with the Calcutta Exhibition, with the view of assisting the promotion of trade between the Australia colonies and India. It is intended to have a refrigerating chamber, where periodical shipments of beef, mutton, and fruits will be stored. These will be sold retail, in order to advertise the industries and open up the trade.

[*Breeders' Gazette.*]—The faculty of the Kansas Agricultural College report considerable difference in the time of the starving of the several varieties of grasses and clovers cultivated upon the college farm. On April 7 alfalfa showed the largest and most vigorous growth. Medow oat grass was second and the latter had blades 6 or 7 inches long. Blue was third of the list, with orchard grass foarth, closely folowed by red-clover.

Mrs. B. A. Benedict, of Pawtucket R I., has recently given $10,000 to the Benedict Institute, New York, for the education of colored men for the ministry and colored women as teachers.

THE BAD BOY.

Peck's Sun.

"O, your pa is all right. What he needs is rest. But why are you not working at the livery stable? You haven't been discharged, have you?" And the grocery man laid a little lump of concentrated lye that looked like maple sugar, on a cake of sugar that had been broken, knowing the boy would nibble it.

"No, sir, I was not discharged, but when a livery man lends me a kicking horse to take my girl out a riding, that settles it. I asked the boss if I couldn't have a quiet horse that would drive himself if I wound the lines around the whip, and he let me have one he said would go all day without driving. You know how it is, when a fellow takes a girl out riding he doesn't want his mind occupied holding lines. Well, I got my girl in, and we went out on the Whitefish Bay road, and it was just before dark, and we rode along under the trees, and I wound the lines around the whip, and put one arm around my girl, and patted her under the chin with my other hand, and her mouth looked so good, and her blue eyes looked up at me and twinkled as much as to dare me to kiss her, and I was all of a tremble, and then my hand wandered around by her ear and I drew her head up to me and gave her a smack. Say, that was no kind of a horse to give to a young fellow to take a girl out riding. Just as I smacked her I felt as though the buggy had been struck with a pile driver, and when I looked at the horse he was running and kicking the buggy, and the lines were dragging on the ground. I was scared, I tell you. I wanted to jump out but my girl threw her arms around my neck and screamed, and said we would die together and just as we were going to die the buggy struck a fence and the horse broke lose and went off, leaving us in the buggy tumbled down by the dash board, but we were not hurt. The old horse stopped and went to chewing grass, and he looked up at me as though he wanted to say 'philopene.' I tried to catch him, but he wouldn't catch, and then we waited till dark and walked home, and I told the livery man what I thought of such treatment, and he said if I had attended to my driving, and not kissed the girl, I would have been all right. He said I ought to have told him I wanted a horse that wouldn't shy at kissing, but how did I know I was going to get up courage to kiss her. A livery man ought to take it for granted that when a young fellow goes out with a girl he is going to kiss her, and give him a horse according. But I quit him at once. I won't work for a man that hasn't got sense. Gosh! What kind of maple sugar is that? Jerusalem, whew, give me some water. O, my, it is taking the skin off my mouth."

The grocery man got him some water and seemed sorry that the boy had taken the lump of concentrated lye by mistake, and when the boy went out of the grocery man pounded his hands on his knees and laughed, and presently he went out in front of the store and found a sign "Fresh Lettis, been picked more'n a week tuffer'n tripe."

Sea-Weed.

The use of sea-weed in Ireland as an article of food is not new to the people who dwell along the coasts. In the very best of times they consume a considerable amount of the choicest varieties for medicinal purposes. That which has the greatest popularity grows luxuriantly on rocks that are submerged during high tide. The saving process is a very simple one. At low tide the wives and daughters of fishermen gather it in baskets and spread it in such a way that it will catch the sun. The effect of this treatment changes its greenish color to a dark purple, and it is then stored in bags. On the western coast the people call it "dilusk" and sell it to summer visitors. As an appetizer it is considered very effective. It is a common sight at the western watering places to see the children munching it during the mid-day airings on rock and beach. But as the effect of this kind of sea-weed is to increase rather than allay hunger in those unaccustomed to its use, the natives of the coast line can not be expected to derive much nourishment from it as a continuous diet. As a matter of fact they do not. A woman in the County Clare a few years ago, through the desertion of her husband and her inability to walk to a village a few miles distant, was compelled to subsist wholly on sea-weed. She ultimately died of starvation, and the stomach was found to be almost full of sea-weed. In the County Donegal, according to the last cable report, the residents of the vicinify of Gweedore, a little postal village, have been driven by the scantiness of provisions to make the principal meal of the day on sea-weed. It is, therefore, not surprising that every house has one or more of its inmates on the sick list. If the kind of sea-weed which is known in this country as Irish moss and in Ireland as carrageen was more plentiful in Donegal, the sufferings of the people would not be so great. That is really capable of affording a much more agreeable and nutritious food than any of the 500 or more varieties. Scores of peasant women live by gathering it from the rocks in summer. They spread it upon the grassy slopes near the ocean until it whitens and hardens in the sun and then pack it and ship it. It is like Irish "mild-cure" bacon—too valuable to be kept for home consumption. Carrageen is still used by well-to-do Irish families for blanc-mange making. It is first steeped in cold water, then strained and the liquor boiled in milk. When poured into molds, sweetened and flavored with lemon or vanilla, it becomes as stiff as corn-starch, and far more palatable. Before its medicinal virtues were proclaimed to the world the peasants of the coast had it nearly all to themselves. During late years they have been content with an occasional meal.

Handling Serpents.

Talk with a Hindoo Snake Charmer.

Speaking of her strange avocation Danajante said that it was only during very warm weather, when the snakes were viciously active, that she feared their strength. "They are very susceptible to cold," said the snake charmer, "and have to be kept in boxes arranged with hot-water pans to keep the temperature up to at least 100 degrees. Besides that they are wrapped up in blankets. Once in Berlin, about two years ago, my largest snake nearly crushed me to death. It took the united strength of two men to remove him. Another time in Riga the large python pot his tail around a pillar and threw me on my back. In Madrid my arm was almost twisted out of its socket. Sometimes they bite me—look," and, extending her hands, Damajante showed them to be covered with small v-shaped scares. "The bite is not poisonous, but it is rather painful. I don't mind my hands so much, but am on the watch to keep them from striking at my eyes. You know the pecular way in which the python's teeth are set—curving backward in repose and standing erect when angry—well it would be an easy matter to lose an eye. Some years ago in Vienna a snake charmer had his eye plucked out of the socket in an instant. I think the snakes know me. I have possessed a strange power over them, that I can't account for myself, since girlhood. Are they hardy? Well, sir, I give them as much attention as a mother does her child. Regularly every Saturday night they are washed in lukewarm water and wrapped up in blankets. During warm weather I feed them every eight days. The smaller ones eat live rabbits, and that big fellow is satisfied with a live duck or two. He's only a baby;" and, leading the way to the menagerie tent, Damajante approached a red-box, which she unlocked. From beneath the folds of a double blaoket she drew with some difficulty one of the most monstrous pythons ever seen in captivity. It measured eighteen feet from head to tail, and weighed certainly not less than 125 pounds. Its scaly coat was peeling off in patches, and its eyes were sightless. This blindness, the snake-charmer said, was always present while the reptile was going through the annual process of shedding its gaudy-hued coat. "This fellow," continued Damajante, "is very strong, and I have to use the greatest care in handling him."

A Dynamite Precedent.

Although nothing has been received at the State Department concerning the dynamite conspiracies, alleged to have been organized in America against England, the reply of Mr. Gladstone that he did not think it was in accordance with public interest to make any statement touching communications with the United States, leads many to expect that the attention of our government will be called to the matter. Should a communication of that nature be sent, there would seem to be a precedent for such action in a complaint made by the United States in 1864, when Minister Adams, by direction of the Secretary of State, laid before Earl Russell, then at the head of the British Ministry, copies of the official correspondence relative to the manufacture of Greek fire at Windsor, Canada, to be used in firing certain cities of the United States, by rebel emissaries. The scheme, as is well known, embraced Detroit, Louisville, Cincinnati, Chicago, Buffalo, New York and other large cities. Mr. Adams reported to Secretary Seward that Lord Russell had submitted the matter to the law officers of the Crown, and it was their opinion that the parties might at once be proceeded against in the courts, as guilty of a high offense against Her Majesty's authority and the peace of the Kingdom. If the people engaged were not acting under belligerent authority, they were liable as criminals to the claim of extradition under the treaty. If, on the other hand, they could prove that they were so acting, then they were liable as violators of the neutrality of Her Majesty's territory.

The Prince's Latest Pet.

The Prince of Wales's latest new fancy is Miss Chappell, the neice of the well-known music publisher of Bond street. She is said to be a beautiful girl and deserving of a happier fate than that of being admired by the Prince. Olive Logan writes, and probably with justice, that these preferences shown to young ladies by his Royal Highness are felt to be a serious social mishap. "Good girls like Miss Chamberlain and Miss Chappell are in no actual danger; nevertheless there is an odium which will linger when a woman is known to have been admired by the Prince, and respectable girls, but specially their parents, feel this very keenly. I know of a young Scotch Girl who recently came to London on a visit to some relatives, and soon after her arrival she met the Prince of Wales at a ball, where he paid her a great deal of attention, and the next day sent her a magnificent bouquet, with his compliments. Her relatives were so alarmed at the affair that they sent the girl straight back by the first train to Scotland, out of harm's way."

The Des Moines, Ia., city council has fixed saloon licenses at $1,000.

CONDIMENTS.

Vermont's maple sugar has suffered badly by winter's lap of spring business.

Not any more ocean for me; it looks too much like a vast dose of ipecac.—[Becher.] I indorse the foregoing.—[W. B. Chandler.

Webster pronounces dynamite dienamite; Worcester *din*-amite. As it contains both death and noise, the two distinguished lexicographers are equally accurate.

"And this is married life!" exclaimed an indignant wife as her husband reeled into the room and tried to sit down on the door-knob. "Shert'nly, m' dear—shert'nly. Marriage is only a lot o' rye!"

The Legislative lamp still holds out to burn.—[New London Day.] But the vilest sinner, will he be returned next year?—[Hartford Post.] He will unless cuitoms change very materially.

A Florida hotel keeper was charging a Western traveler three prices for bad accommodations. "What will you do when you have killed the goose that lays the golden egg?" said the grumbling traveler. "Wait for another goose!" said the hard-faced landlord.

"If your boarding-house should take fire at night what would you do to get the people out?" asked the Fire Marshal of an experienced matron. "O there would be no trouble about that." was the reply; I would just ring the breakfast bell, and all the boarders would be in the dining-room in three minutes."

Visiting Briton.—"Ya'as, Miss Wosalind—but your politicans—aw—are a lot of blawsted cads, y'knaw. You are—aw—wuled by a set of wiotous wascals whom you wouldn't dweam of—aw—inviting to your house." Rosalind—"True; but in England you are governed by persons who wouldn,t dream of inviting you to their's."

Owing to criminal carelessness of attending nawspaper reporters, the following starteling incident of the President's visit to Florida was omitted from the regular press dispatches: "In straining to pull in a fish to-day, President Arthur leaned a little too far over the side of his boat and burst a button off his breeches. Secretary of Navy Chandler, with his usual presence of mind, caught ths flying button in his left eye.

Villages in China.

Yillages in China, not badly buil by any means, occur at intervals of a mile or more apart all along the roads of China. Very good brick—much about the same size, shape and material as those made in the country—compose the walls of the better houses, while for the poorer order of edifices mud is used. The brick walls in China are excellent—better than the cheap brick walls in America, and but little inferior to our best pressed brick. When village sare constructed of mud, there is a striking resemblance to the villages of Egypt. The houses have no ontside windows and but one opening for lights are upon inner courts or back yards, and are without glass. The eaves are made to project, so as to keep out the rain and in doing so exclude much light as well. Blinds made of slate are sometimes used, and thin, light paper pasted over the stairs serves to keep out some of the cold air and let in a little light.

The houses are invariably one story high, and at the botton of this custom is a superstition that higher houses would interfere with the spirits of the air ("Fung Chui") and offend them, thus bringing disaster upon the house or village. In front of each door, and at a distance of eight or ten feet, stands a detached wall, fifteen feet long and as high as the eaves of the house, concealing the door from any person standing in front of it. This is for the purporse of defending the house and family from the malignant "Fung Chui" or spirits, which are popularly believed to fly only in straight lnes and to be incapable of turning a corner. It follows that when traversing the air in search of a certain house when they come in contact with the wall they are thrown off at an angle, and thus baffled of their purpose, and fly in a tangent through infinite space and are lost.

A Chinese village has but little in common with those of the country either in detail or in general appearance. While villages of America, copied from English prototypes, are peculiar from their detached and separate build, with gardens and grass plats, those of China are compact, huddle together, snd present from a distance the aspect of mere dead wall. One, peculiar aspect of all Chinese cities and villages is the absence of all steeples, spires or pinnacles of any kind. While Mohammedan countries have the mosque, with its flashing domes and graceful minarets and European and American centers of population are marked by lofty towers and spires, China is almot absolutely without any of these striking architectural points. The result is great monotony and dullness of aspect.

A Powerful Temperance Argument.

New York Special.

Considerable excitement has been caused among liquor drinkers in one portion of Brooklyn by the statement that a hogshead of spirits in which the corpse of a man was preserved while being taken from the West Indies to Brooklyn, has been sold to a saloon-keeper for "forty-rod" whisky. A note-worthy increase in temperance has been observed.

Joel Harris's residence burned to the ground at Sulhivan on Friday morning. This makes the fourth house burned from the same f ation in the past seven years.

Temperance Banner

SAMUEL JACOBS & Co., - PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

TIME TABLE.

Chicago, St. Louis & Pittsburgh R. R

Schedule in effect April 1, 1883.

Trains depart from and arrive at Logansport Station as follows:

DEPART.

For Chicago, *2 50 a m, †7 00 a m, †2 35 p m, †4 00 p m.
For Columbus via Bradford, †12 50 a m, †10 30 a m, †4 00 p m.
For Columbus via Richmond, *12 45 a m and †1 35 p m.
For Cincinnati via Richmond, *12 45 a m, †5 20 a m, †1 35 p m
For Indianapolis and Louisville via Kokomo, *12 55 a m, †1 30 p m
For Richmond, *12 45 a m, †5 20 a m, †1 35 p m
For State Line, †8 00 a m, †10 40 a m, †7 00 p m

ARRIVE.

From Chicago, *12 35 a m, †11 50 a m, †1 15 p m, †8 00 p m
From Columbus via Bradford, †2 10 a m, †1 10 p m, †6 00 p m
From Columbus via Richmond, *2 35 a m †2 20 p m
From Cincinnati via Richmond, *2 35 a m and †2 20 p m
From Louisville and Indianapolis, via Kokomo, *2 20 a m, †2 15 p m
From Richmond, *2 35 a m, †2 20 p m, †6 00 p m, †7 30 p m
From State Line, †10 10 a m, †1 00 p m, †3 50 p m.

* Daily; †Daily except Sunday.

Sleeping Cars attached to through trains run regularly between Logansport and Chicago, Indianapolis, Louisville, Columbus and Cincinnati.

For time tables, rates of fare, through tickets and baggage checks, and further information regarding the running of trains, apply to J. A, McCullough, Ticket Agent, Logansport, Ind.

Time given above is Columbus, O, time.

JAS. MCCREA, Manager, Columbus, O.
E. A. FORD, Gen Pass Agt, pro tem, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Wabash, St. Louis & Pacific Railway.

GOING WEST.

Through Express	1 26 p m
Pacific Express	8 02 a m
Express (to Lafayette only)	7 40 p m
Fast Line, daily	11 22 p m
Accommodation	2 52 p m†

GOING EAST.

Lightning Express, daily	4 17 a m
Through Express	11 54 a m
Atlantic Express	6 23 p m
Express to Ft Wayne only	8 32 a m
Accommodasion	8 30 p m

DETROIT BRANCH.

2 00 p m	Mail	10 15 a m
7 30 p m	Accommodation	4 00 p m

PEORIA DIVISION.

Arrive at 3 40 a m and 4 00 p m
Leave at 8 15 a m and 11 37 p m
Take passengers from Logansport to Peru
†For Lafayette only. *For Sheldon and points west, 11 35 p m daily. Through Express 8 15 a m daily except Sunday.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Catholic.

St. Bridget's—North-west corner of Wheatland and Heath. Rev. B. Kræger, pastor. Services—Mass, 8 a. m. and 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. Vespers, 3 p. m.

St. Joseph's.—Northwest corner Second and Market. Rev. H. Koehne, pastor. Services—Mass, 8 and 10 a. m. Vespers, 3 p. m.

St. Vincent de Paul—South side of Spencer, between 8th and 9th. Rev. E. P. Walters, pastor. Services—Mass, 8 and 10 a. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m. Vespers, 3 p. m,

Presbyterian.

First Presbyterian Church.—South-east corner of Spencer and Seventh streets. Rev. W. E. Loucks, pastor. Services—10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 9 a. m.

Broadway Presbyterian Church.—South-west corner of Ninth and Broadway. Rev. E. S. Scott, pastor. Services—10.30 a. m and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m.

Baptist.

Baptist Church.—North-east corner Seventh and Broadway. Rev H. L. Stetson, pastor. Services, 10. 30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m.

Christian.

Christian Church—South-west corner of Ninth and Spear streets. Rev. W. R. Lowe, pastor. Services—10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 12 m.

Episcopal.

Trinity Church.—Northwest corner of Seventh and Market. Rev. E .H. Peruker, rector Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.

Evangelical.

German Evangelical Church.—North-east corner of Wheatland and Brown. Rev .... pastor. Services 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 9 a. m.

Lutheran.

St. Jacobs'.—North-east corner Ninth and Spear. Rev. A. J. Jox, pastor. Services, 10 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.30 p. m.

Methodist Episcopal.

African Church (colored).—Southwest corner of Market and Cicott. Rev. T. A. Alexander pastor. Services, 10,30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 3 p m.

Broadway M. E. Church.—North-east corner of Eighth and Broadway. Rev. J. H. Ford, pastor. Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2 p. m.

Market Street M. E. Church.—South side of Market, between Fourteenth and Fifteenth. Rev. M. S. Metts, pastor. Services, 10.30 a.m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday school, 2.40 p. m.

Cumberland Presbyterian.

Cumberland Presbyterian Church.—North side of Broadway, West Side. Rev. A. W. Hawkins, pastor. Services, 10.30 a. m. and 7.30 p. m. Sunday School, 2.30 p. m.

Important to Travelers.

Mr. E. A. Ford, General Passenger Agent, announces to the traveling public that the following new rule in regard to checking baggage, will take effect on the date named, on the lines of the Pennsylvania Company, Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railway, Chicago, St. Louis and Pittsburg Railroad, (Pan-Handle Route),and Terre Haute and Indianapolis Railroad, (Vandalia Line)

On and after June 1st, 1883, no single piece of Baggage weighing more than 250 pounds will be accepted for transportation in baggage cars by the above named Companies.

It is desirable that application for Baggage Checks shall be made a sufficient time prior to the departure of trains, to enable Agents and Baggage Masters to secure accurate records, weigh baggage, and to collect the proper charges for excess weight.

Baggage Agents will receive and check baggage for any train as nearly up to the time of departure of such train as proper attention to the above requirements will permit.

The Company will not agree however, to forward baggage by any specified train unless the above conditions are complied with; otherwise baggage will be forwarded on the following train.

The Liquor Traffic in Maine.

In the Independent of the 22d is an extract from a statement made by the Connecticut Temperance Union relating to the extent of the liquor traffic in Maine under prohibition, and in Connecticut under the policy of license.

The statement is that in Maine, with a population larger than that of Connecticut by 26,236 persons, there are but 991 retail dealers in alcoholic lipuors and 21 wholesale dealers, with no brewry and no distillery; while in Connecticut there are 2,830 retail dealers and 118 wholsale dealers, with 14 rectifiers, while Maine has none, and 87 distilleries and 22 brewries.

But this statement is very far from being a full account of the actual difference between Connecticut and Maine as to the extent of the liquor traffic carried on in each State. It is fair to assume that in Connecticut, these 2,830 retailers and 118 wholesale dealers keep open shops and places of business where stocks of liquor are openly displayed, larger or smaller, in quality according to the demand of the several localities. There is no reason to suppose that there is any concealment about this, because in that State the trade is legitimate, being established and protected by the law.

But in Maine the trade is absolutely forbidden; there is no licensed liquor shop of any kind here. By a provision of our law, liqnors when suspected as intended for sale may be seized without a warrant wherever they may be found; and if the owner can be identified, he is arrested and must show to the satisfaction of the Court that the liquors were notintended for sale, when they were surrendered to him; but failing in this, he is held as having liquors in possession intended for unlawful sale, and must pay one hundred dollars and costs and go to jail six months, and the liquors are destroyed.

When in any inn or shop or other place of business, it is suspected that liquors are sold or kept sor sale in violation of law, it may be searched in the same way as stolen goods would be searched for; the liquors, if found, are seized as stolen or smuggled goods would be, and the owner or keeper is arrested upon the spot and brought before the court to answer to the charge of selling intoxicating liquors or keeping them for sale, in violation of law.

These searches are conducted in the most careful and thorough manner of which I will mention some examples, and they occur more or less every day.

1. A place was searched, not a shop, but a low and dirty hole where a man and woman lived. Nothing whatever could be found in the alcoholic line. At last, the cooking-stove was carefully examined, and under the oven, in the ash-pit, the entrance to which was closed by a plate, one-half by five inches in size, six flat half-pint bottles of whisky were found and dragged out. One hundred dollars and costs and six months jail.

2. In another place, searched carefully above and below, no sign whatever of liquor was discovered; but in the cellar was an open well, the water in which was within twelve inches of the top. One of the officials passed his cane around the well and it encountered an obstacle. Putting his hand into the water, he found a nail a foot below the surface, to which were fastened five or six strings, and to each string a bottle of whisky. One hundred dollars costs and six months jail.

3. In another case the place was searched thoroughly without any appearance of liquor; but in a cock-loft was a bed, was moved away, and beneath it was found a small trap door, which concealed a jug of whisky. One hundred dollars and costs and six months jail.

4. Another place was carefully searched, and, at last, the officers examined the pig-pen, beneath the floor of which was found a gallon jug of whisky. Same fine, same jail.

5. Another place was carefully searched for liquors, but in vain. The officers had satisfactory information that liquors were really sold by the woman of the den. At last they saw that she was abnormally broad in the hips. "Hand out those bottles hidden under your skirt," they said. She swore by the howly vargin that there were no bottles there. "Hand them out, the officer said, or we will search you. Hand them out, and be quick about it." She raised her outer skirt, and from each side unhooked from the belt a bottle, one of rum and one of whisky. One hundred dollars and six months jail.

All these cases are within my own knowledge, and I might continue the list of others like them, enough to fill columns of the Independent; but these will suffice to show what kind of native liquor shops we have in Maine, and what their stocks of liquors are, and what the extent of the trade is. Officers meet trains at the stations and steamboats at the landings, to seize liquors at sight, if any should be on board. Now, all these low, vile liquor-sellers pay the United States a "Special Tax," and figure in the list as equals in the liquor-selling business with the open rum-shops of Connecticut, with large, regular stocks of liquors openly displayed to all comers and to all passers-by.

These people pay the "Special Tax" so as not to encounter the penalties of the United States law and the terrors of the United States Court. They do not so much fear the penalties of our State law as it now is. They are not severe enough to deter these unprincipled people from continuing the trade; we will have them so by and by. The liquor traffic in Maine is confined almost entirely to our larger towns and cities. More than three-fourths of the State, containing more than three-fourths of our people, is practically free from it. In all our rural districts, in our smaller towns and villages, the traffib is unknown, where it was universal in the old rum-time. In all that region of country an entire generation has grown up practically ignorant of the liquor traffic and of its effects.

In the old rum time there was no hamlet so small, no spot so remote or insignificant that the liquor traffic did not find it and plant a grog shop there. The people were poor and the country lean and miserable. Fully three-fourths of the farms, such as they were, were mortgaged to the country raders, all of whom sold rum. The houses were shabby and everywhere were signs of neglect and dilapidation. Maine was the poorest State in the Union, our people spending in strong drink the entire value of all our property of every kind in a period of less than twenty years. Now all that is changeed. The grog shops having been mostly banished, our people have become industrious and thrifty. There are signs of neglect and decay nowhere and Maine is one of the most prosperous States in the country.

Our business is largely increased and is constantly expanding, we have abundant capital to support it; we borrow of nobody, but have a very large surplus seeking out-side investments. Securities come to us from other States, and if they are satisfactory, they never are withdrawn for lack of investors. In the old rum-time our business was on a small scale, with insufficient capital. We borrowed money of any one who was unwise enough to lend to us; and I think I am not mistaken in saying that now there is no State in the Union where money is more abundant and cheaper. The reason is that our earnings do not go to the grog shop, but to better ways of living and to encourage and develop all legitimate industries.

Portland, Me.

RIBTICKLERS.

Most men are mealy mouthed about three times a day.

A spirted conversaton between two mutes looks like the prelude of a fight with gloves.

No my son, do not learn to be an undertaker. If you settle in a healthy town, you will starve. If you start in an unhealthy town, you may die yourself.

A St. Louis man traveling on the plains was assaulted by wolves, but having a gasbill in his pocket he threw it among them, and they flew howling.—Boston Post.

Said Brown: "Smith won't have so soft a thing as he had." "I don't know," replied Johnson, "he'll have a soft thing as long as he don't lose his head."—Burlington Hawkeye.

Said a railroad engineer to an Irishman, whose cow had been killed: "But she didn't get out of the way when I rang the bell." "Faith, then" said Pat, "ye did n't sthop when she rang her bell, nayther."

Menial rushing in—"O Mr. Conkling, Governor Sprague is dead!" Conkling—"Ah! So much for Governor Sprague!" Menial—"It's the horse, Governor Sprague, your honor!" Conkling—"O, methought it the ass!"

They were courting. "Don't sit so near me," she said. "I aint near you," said he, "You are." "I ain't," "But you will be." "No I won't, either." "Then you'd better go home, for I hain't got no use for you." No cards.—Drummer.

A German professor asserts that chloride of lime is a good antidote for snake poison when introduced under the skin near the wound. It may be, but Texas will cling to the old antidote which is introduced under the nose near the chin.

A paper published in Biddeford, Me. contains an advertisment offering for sale "a cottage of nine rooms all furnished, with stable, including nice boat and piano directly fronting the ocean." This gives the piano a grand opportunity.

An Irishman who had a pig in his possession was observed to adopt the constant practice of filling it to repletion one day and starving it the next. On being asked his reason for doing so, he replied: "Och, sure, and isn't it that I like to have bacon with a strake o' fat and a strake of lane aqually, one after another?"

A livery man was sued for damages at Nebraska City, because the horse which he had hired out to a couple for a drive ran away and threw them out of the sleigh; but he proved by the plaintiff's own testimony that a struggle for a kiss was the cause of the accident, and the jury acquitted the horse of all blame.

A dialogue from life; Carrying the war into Africa: Visiting Briton—'Ya as, Miss Wosalin—but your politicians—aw—are a lot of blawsted cads, y' know. You are—aw—wuled by a set of wiotous wascals whom you wouldn't dweam of—aw—inviting to your house," Rosalind—"True; but in England you are governed by persons who wouldn't dream of inviting you to theirs."

GOLD DUST.

Tortoise shell ornaments are again in vogue.

Twenty hotels are now building in the city of Mexico.

The crown prince of Germany is an earnest Free Mason.

Florida has had her mosquito nets up since the 1st of January.

The Des Moines. Ia. city council has fixed saloon license at $1.000.

Frank Hatton has already named eighteen postoffices after himself.

There's still nearly $15.000,000 of fractional currency at large— or worn out

Little gold pigs are worn as ornaments, probably because they are stylish.

Voltair's old mansion is now used by the Geneva Bible society as a repository.

It is thought a dangerous volcano slumber under Lake Tahos.—[Nevads exchange,

The telephone has a great many connections, but no blood relations'—Utica Observer.

The oldest grave in the Frankfort-on-the-Main Jewish cemetery dates back to 1372.

The canvas-back duck is domesticating itself in the inland lakes of Iowa, and becoming quite plenty.

It is estimated that the pawnbrokers of New York City collectively have fully $20,090,000 of pledges in their possession.

The richest gold mine in the world is in Transvaal, South Africa. A ton of ore gives in some cases 1,000 ounces of metal.

Hon. David Davis has soured on politics. He considers the whole business noisy, monotonous and hollow as a base drum.

The color that comes and goes on the cheek can not be counterfeited. That which comes and goes on a saucer is different.

It is estimated that there are 1,200 towns west of the Mississippi river without churches or regular preaching of any kind.

The eight lines of railroad having their terminus at Boston have in the past year carried 41,129,285 passengers, and killed only eight.

The returns from Nova Scotia mines for 1885 show that 1,365.811 tons of coal were produced, 43.135 tons of iron and 14,107 ounces of gold.

It is said in Boston that the Methodist Episcopal Bishop Bowman believes that he holds spiritual communion with his deceased daughter.

The annual yield of the lead mines of the world is estimated at 400,000 tons. The United States furnishes about 100,000 and Spain 120,000 tons.

Miss Catharin Wolf the reputed $16,000,000 heiress, of New York, says she he has, an average, one offer of marriage every day from unknown suiaors.

If brooms are wet is boiling suds once a week they will become very tough, will not cut the carpet, last much longer and always look like a new broom.

The trade in idols is generally brisk in Birmingham, England. A thousand glass gods which cost 37 cents apiece and sell for $4 have just been sent to Burmah.

Ninety-three years ago the first Catholic church was built in New York, St. Peter's, in Barclay street. Now, not counting chapels, the metropolis has 190 churches.

Forty thousand dollars' worth of powder will be used in the explosion by which a mountain of rock is to be tumbled down into into the Yuba river, near Smartsville Cal.

Eight young men of Muncie rode to Union City, thirty-five miles, and back, on the bicicles, a round trip of seventy miles. They made thirty-five miles in four hours and a half

French silk manufacturers are reported to be very hopeful as to the capabilities of a big spider lately discovered in Africa which weaves a yellow web of great strenght and elasticity.

Nebraska has increased its population 1,467 per cent in twenty years, and its taxable property 1,120 per cent. Its per cent. of illiteracy is less than any other state in the territory.

San Francisco newspapers make mention of a rat recently captured in that city, in whose stomach a diamond was found. That rat had evidently caught the rage for "decorated interiors."

The National Temperance Society and Publibation House re-elected John N. Stearns secretary, and Chase Bishop Hopkins of Massachusetts, president. Receipts for the past year were $60,000 and the expenditure $61,000.

A Paris newspaper credits the widowed Baroness Rothsihild with the intentions of establishing in Versailles a home for aged and desitute authors and journalists. She is said to have set apart 500,000 francs for the purpose.

The last report on Kew Gardens, near London, contains an amount of the cow tree of Venezula. From the trunk, when cut, exudes a somewhat glutinous liquid, whose flavor is of cream with a slightly balsamic taste. Seeds blanted in India are thriving.

READ AND REFLECT

REASONS FOR A NEW PARTY

The strongest argument in favor of a Prohibition party is the constant assertion that Prohibition cannot be enforced and this assertion is fortified by a reference to the non-enforcement of our present Liqour Laws. One or the other of the two great political parties, control the muncipalities of our State, and if our liquor laws are not enforced it simply proves that the lawless element is in the ascendency in both these parties. The party that admits its inability to elect men to office that can or will enforce law, is utterly unworthy the confidence of all law abiding citizens. If our present laws are not enforced it is because these parties have given us for public officers a band of perjured villians.

The reason our Sunday law is a dead letter is not because the law cannot be enforced, but because the Mayor and Marshals elected by these parties lay on their conscience the dark crime of perjury when they take their official oath. Both the Democrat and Republican parties are the most humble suplicants at King Alcohol's feet competing for his smiles and piteously deprecating his wrath. They have solemnly covenanted with him to mark every man for official banishment who has any conscientious scruples about violating his oath when the interest of the liquor traffic demands it.

They elect men to fill our offices who not only let our liquor laws go by default, but only criminate themselves in daily violation of the laws and then vehemently bellow that Prohibition can not be enforced.

They set their papers howling that Prohibition does not prohibit and report over and over the stupendous lie that Maine and Kansas drink more liquors now than before Prohibition was enacted. They set party lines and help each other to defeat any temperance man that is fortunate enough to be nominated in spite of their log rolling, as in the case of Gov. St. John. They unite to ruin any business man who dares to be so presumptious as to actively identify himself with the temperance cause. They fall with terrific fury upon all gospel ministers who take a stand against the liquor traffic at the expense of these parties and demand that their congregation shall withdraw their support from "hypocritical" political preachers; in short they have engaged to unman themselves to the uttermost if the King will but grant them existence. At his behest they corrupt the ballot box, pack perjured juries and even turn the funeral train of our President into a Bacchanalian excursion and then draw the price of this hellish feast from our national treasury. See, this and more are these parties now doing, and they propose even deeper degradation as the demands from their haughty King grow more and more exacting. Who will deny the truth of the above indictment, and if true, is either of these parties worthy of anything but the repudiation of all good men?

And if the loyal men of our country would but listen for a moment they would hear another voice from heaven saying: "Come out of them my people, that ye be not partakers of the sins of this race of harlots, and that ye receive not of their plagues." The simple meaning of this cry that Prohibition cannot be enforced is that neither of these parties will do it, so we must look elsewhere for any help on the temperance question.—Minneapolis Review.

Indiana Woman Suffrage Convention.

The twenty-third annual meeting of the Indiana Woman Sufferage Association will be held at Logansport, Wednesday and Thursday, May 23 and 24. This city is accessible by railroad from all points of the State. No time since the first advocacy of this cause has there been more need of earnest consecration to our work than at present. Many things conspire to make this one of the most important meetings the association has ever held, and we cordialy invite the friends of this movemsnt in every locality to attend. Especialy we hope for large delegations from clubs in the State. Let us meet and confer together on the best interest of our cause. The citizens generglly tender their hospitality to members and visitors.

MARY F. THOMAS, Pres't.
LAURA SANDEFUR, Sec'y.

Decoration Day Excursions.

Cheap Excursion Tickets will be sold between all stations on the Pittsburgh, Cincinnati and St Louis Railway and Chicago, St. Louis and Pittsburgh Railroad for all trains scheduled to stop at the required destinations, on Tuesday and Wednesday, May 29th and 30th, 1883, good to return until Thursday, May 31st, 1883, inclusively. Children between the ages of five and twelve years will be carried at one-half the regular excursion rate. Apply to nearest Ticket Agent for excursion rates, time of trains, or any particular information in regard to excursion arrangements.

Farm and Household.

There are about 225,000 head of stock cattle in Nevada.

Seventeen New York dealers handle 40,000 horses annually.

Montana undulates with the tread of 300,000 cattle in pasture.

The capitol grounds, Washington, are a beautiful vista of violets.

Detroit now claims to be the leading bean market in the United States.

Mrs. Gilford, of New Haven, has given $20,000 for a sanitarium for sick animals.

America will surrender the English sparrow without the rigmarole of extradition.

In the first three months of this year more than 1,000 horses were cut up as beef in Berlin.

It is estimated that at least 5,000 persons have left Illinois for Dakota within the past year.

The grangers are organizing in Mississippi, and threaten to make truble for the democracy of that State.

Mr. Harris, the most successful orange planter in Florida, has cleared $63,000 on his crop of fruit this year.

All the great peach growers in the Madison district state that the chances for a good crop are decidedly favorable

The trotting stallion Govoner Sprague that was once sold for $27,500, died on the farm of P. P Todhunter, near Lexington, of pink-eye.

The greatest female land owner in England is baroness (in her own right) Willoughby d'Ersby, who has an income of $250,000 from land.

Nine thousand Marshal Neil roses were picked from one bush in a year at Newport, which, at ten cents a rose, afforded a fair profit.

Now that the peach crop will probably prove a bountiful one, the growers should plane off about an inch of wood from the bottom of their baskets.

A stallion belonging to William Hanson, of Fayette county, known as "C. C. C." and valued at $5,000, died a few days ago from a ruptured blood vessel.

SIMPLE REMEDIES—Half a teaspoonful of common salt dissolved in a little cold water, and drink, will instantly relieve "hart burn" or dyspepsia. If taken every morning before breakfast, increasing the quantity gradually to a teaspoonful of salt and a tumbler of water, it will in a few days cure any case of dyspepsia, if at the same time due attention is paid to the diet. There is no better remedy than the above for constipation. As a gargle for sore throat it is equal to chlorate of potash, and is entirely safe. It may be used as often as desired, and if a little is swallowed each time it will have a benefica effect on the throat by cleansing it and by allaying the irritation. In doses of one or four spoonsful in half a pint to a pint of water, it acts promptly as an emetic, and in cases of poising is always at hand. It is an excellant remedy for bites and stings of insects. It isa valuable astringent in hemorrhage, particularly for bleeding after the extraction of teeth. It both cleansing, and healing properties and is therefore a most excellent, application for supperfical ulcerations.

Mustard is another valable remedy. No family should be without it. Two or three teaspoonfuls of ground mustard stirred into a pint of water acts as an emetic very promptly, and is mild and easier to take than salt and water. Equal parts of ground mustard and flour or meal, made into a paste with warm water, and spread on a thin piece of muslin, with another piece of muslin laid over it, forms the often indispensable "mustard plaster." It is almost a specific for cholic, when applied for a few minutes over the "pit of the stomach." For all internal pains and congestions there is no remedy of such general utility. It acts as a counter-irritant, by drawing the blood to the surface; hence in severe cases of cramp a small mustard-plaster should be apliedto the back of the child's neck. The same tretment will relieve almost any case of headache. A mustard-plaster should be moved about over the spot to be acted upon for if left too long in one place it is liable to blister. A mustard-plaster acts as well when at considerable distance from the affected part An excellent substitute for mastard-plasters is what is known as "mustard leaves." They come a dozen in a box and are about four by five inches in size. They are perfectly dry, and will keep for a long time. For use it is only necessary to dip one in a dish of water for aminute and then apply it.

A barn belonging to a Mr. Wood who lives near Parker, Randolph county, was burned a few nights ago, together with its contents and three horses.

The grange store at Pleasant Vale, Warrick county, was entered by burglars on Tuesday night, and the safe was blown open and robbed of $8. A large amount of goods was also taken.

The Milwaukee police have L. L. Linsmore under arrest for forgery and confidence work. He is only twenty-one years of age, and is credited with having broken several ladies' hearts during his brief career in the Cream City.

Thieves successfully entered the drug store of Silas Hudson and the hardware and dry goods store of J. Sullivan, at Hardenburg, the other night, taking in all about $150 worth of shoes, cutlery, shirts, handkerchiefs, pocket books and jewelry.

J. & O. Summerland's business room at North Manchester, was burned yesterday morning. Loss $1,000. The blaze was the work of an incendiary.

Mrs. Charity Brown, aged twenty-seven, wife of George E. Brown, of Greensburg, either fell into a well near the house or threw herself into it, and was found dead soon after.

The barn of George Arnold, near La Gro Wabash county, together with valuable contents, burned yesterday. Loss $1,000; no insurance. The origin of the fire is unknown.